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Colloquies of Erasmus.

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The Colloquies of Erasmus.

TRANSLATED BY

N. BAILEY.

Edited, with Notes, by the Rev. E. Johnson, M.A.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
REEVES & TURNER, 196, STRAND.
1878.

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Prefatory Note.

THE present English version of Erasmus' *Colloquies* is a reprint of the translation of N. Bailey, the compiler of a well-known Dictionary. In his Preface Bailey says, "I have labour'd to give such a Translation as might in the general, be capable of being compar'd with the Original, endeavouring to avoid running into a paraphrase: but keeping as close to the original as I could, without Latinizing and deviating from the English Idiom, and so depriving the English reader of that pleasure that Erasmus so plentifully entertains his reader with in Latin."

This is a modest and fair account of Bailey's work. The chief peculiarity of his version is its reproduction of the idiomatic and proverbial Latinisms, and generally of the classical phrases and allusions in which Erasmus abounds, in corresponding or analogous English forms. Bailey had acquired, perhaps from his lexicographical studies, a great command of homely and colloquial English; the words and phrases by which he frequently *represents* rather than construes Erasmus' text have perhaps in many instances not less piquancy than the original. Thus his translation, as a piece of racy English, has a certain independent value of its own, and may be read with interest even by those who are familiar with the original.

In preparing this volume for the press, Bailey's text has been carefully revised, and clerical errors have been corrected, but the liberty has not been taken of altering his language, even to the extent of removing the coarsenesses of expression which disfigure the book and in which he exaggerates the plain speaking of the original. Literary feeling is jealous, no doubt justly, on general grounds, of expurgations.

Further, throughout the greater part of the work, the translation has been closely compared with the Latin original. Occasional inaccuracies on Bailey's part have been pointed out in the Appendix of Notes at the end of the volume. The literal sense of the original, sometimes its language, has in many of these notes been given, with the view of increasing the interest of perusal to the general reader. The remainder of the notes are, like the contents of the volume, of a miscellaneous character: philological, antiquarian, historical. They do not, of course, profess to supply an exhaustive commentary; but are designed to afford elucidations and illustrations of the text that may be intelligible and instructive to the English reader, and possibly to some extent to the scholar.

The Colloquies of Erasmus form a rich quarry of intellectual material, from which each student will extract that which he regards to be of peculiar value. The linguist, the antiquary, the observer of life and manners, the historian, the moralist, the theologian may all find themselves attracted to these pages. It is hoped that there are many who at the present time will welcome the republication, in English, of a book which not only produced so great a sensation in Europe on its appearance, but may be said to have had something to do with the making of history.

It is unnecessary to do more than refer to the fact that the Editor undertook his task under certain inconveniences, and limitations as to space and time, which have prevented him from satisfying his own idea of what the book should be. He trusts it will not be found wanting in accuracy, however falling short of completeness.

The Latin text used has been that of P. Scriver's edition, printed by the Elzevirs. 1643. A translation of Erasmus' dedication to young Froben has been added; also of several pieces from the *Coronis Apologetica*, not given by Bailey, which contain matters of interest bearing upon the history or contents of the book.

DEDICATION.

D. ERASMUS Rot.

TO

JOHN ERASMIUS FROBEN,

A Boy of Excellent Promise: Greeting.

THE Book dedicated to you has surpassed my expectation, my dearest Erasmius: it will be your part to take care that *you* do not disappoint my expectation. Our studious youth are so in love with the book, seize upon it so eagerly, handle it so constantly, that your father has had repeatedly to print it, and I to enrich it with new additions. You might say it too was an ἐράσμιον, the delight of the Muses, who foster sacred things. It will be the more your endeavour that you also may be what you are called, that is, that you may be, by learning and probity of manners, "most endeared" to all good men. It were deep cause for shame, if, while this book has rendered so many both better Latin scholars and better men, you should so act that the same use and profit should not return to yourself, which by your means has come to all. And since there are so many young fellows, who thank you for the sake of the Colloquies, would it not be justly thought absurd, if through your fault the fact should seem that you could not thank me on the same account? The little book has increased to the fair size of a volume. You must also endeavour, in proportion as your age increases, to improve in sound learning

and integrity of manners. No ordinary hopes are placed upon you : it is indispensable that you should answer to them ; it would be glorious for you to surpass them ; disappoint them you surely cannot without the greatest disgrace. Nor do I say this, because your course thus far gives me occasion for regret, but by way of spurring the runner, that you may run more nimbly ; especially since you have arrived at an age, than which none happier occurs in the course of life for imbibing the seeds of letters and of piety. Act then in such a way, that these Colloquies may be truly called yours.

The Lord Jesus keep the present season of your life pure from all pollutions, and ever lead you on to better things ! Farewell.

BASIL, *August 1st.*, 1524.

AN ADMONITORY NOTE OF ERASMUS ON THE TRICKS AND IMPOSTURES OF A CERTAIN DOMINICAN, WHO HAD PUBLISHED IN FRANCE THE COLLOQUIES OF ERASMUS RIDICULOUSLY INTERPOLATED BY HIMSELF.

A BOOK of Colloquies had appeared, the material of which was collected partly from domestic talks, partly from my papers; but with a mixture of certain trivialities, not only without sense, but also in bad Latin,—perfect solecisms. This trash was received with wonderful applause; for in these matters too Fortune has her sport. I was compelled therefore to lay hands on these trumperies. At length, having applied somewhat greater care, I added considerable matter, so that the book might be of fair size, and in fact might appear worthy even of the honour of being dedicated to John Erasmius, son of Froben, a boy then six years old, but of extraordinary natural ability. This was done in the year 1522. *But the nature of this work is such, that it receives addition as often as it is revised. Accordingly I frequently made an addition for the sake of the studious, and of John Froben; but so tempered the subject-matters, that besides the pleasure of reading, and their use in polishing the style, they might also contain that which would conduce to the formation of character. Even while the book I have referred to contained nothing but mere rubbish, it was read with wonderful favour by all. But when it had gained a richer utility, it could not escape* τῶν συκοφαντῶν δήγματα. *A certain divine of Louvain, frightfully blear of eye, but still more of mind, saw in it four heretical passages. There was also another incident connected with this work worth relating. It was lately printed at Paris with certain passages corrected, that is to say, corrupted, which appeared to attack monks, vows, pilgrimages, indulgences, and other things of that kind which, if held in great esteem among the people, would be a source of more plentiful profit to gentlemen of that order. But he did this so stupidly,*

so clumsily, that you would swear he had been some street buffoon: although the author of so silly a piece is said to be a certain divine of the Dominican order, by nation a Saxon. Of what avail is it to add his name and surname, which he himself does not desire to have suppressed? A monster like him knows not what shame is; he would rather look for praise from his villany. This rogue added a new Preface in my name, in which he represented three men sweating at the instruction of one boy: Capito, who taught him Hebrew, Beatus Greek, and me, Latin. He represents me as inferior to each of the others alike in learning and in piety; intimating that there is in the Colloquies a sprinkling of certain matters which savour of Luther's dogmas. And here I know that some will chuckle, when they read that Capito is favoured by such a hater of Luther with the designation of an excellent and most accomplished man. These and many things of the like kind he represents me as saying, taking the pattern of his effrontery from a letter of Jerome, who complains that his rivals had circulated a forged letter under his name amongst a synod of bishops in Africa; in which he was made to confess that, deceived by certain Jews, he had falsely translated the Old Testament from the Hebrew. And they would have succeeded in persuading the bishops that the letter was Jerome's, had they been able in any tolerable degree, to imitate Jerome's style. Although Jerome speaks of this deed as one of extreme and incurable roguery, our Phormio takes peculiar delight in this, which is more rascally than any notorious book. But his malicious will was wanting in power to carry out what he had intended. He could not come up to Erasmus' style, unpolished though it be: for he thus closes his flowery preface: Thus age has admonished, piety has bidden me, while life is still spared in my burdensome age, to cleanse my writings, lest those who follow my mournful funeral should transcribe my departed soul!

Such being the man's style throughout, he has nevertheless not shrunk from interweaving his flowers with my crowns; either pleasing himself in a most senseless manner, or having a very ill opinion of the judgment of divines. For these things were composed for their benefit, all of whom he supposes to be such blockheads that they will not instantly detect the patch-work he has so awkwardly sewn together. So abjectly does he everywhere flatter France, Paris, the theologians, the Sorbonne, the Colleges, no beggar could be more cringing. Accordingly, if anything uncomplimentary seems to be

said against the French, he transfers it to the British; or against Paris, he turns it off to London. He added some odious sayings as if coming from me, with the view of stirring up hatred against me amongst those by whom he is grieved to know me beloved. It is needless to dwell upon the matter. Throughout he curtails, makes additions, alterations after his fashion, like a sow smeared with mud, rolling herself in a strange garden, bespattering, disturbing, rooting up everything. Meanwhile, he does not perceive that the points made by me are quite lost. For example, when to one who says, 'From a Dutchman you are turned into a Gaul,'* *the answer is made,* 'What? was I a Capon then, when I went hence?': *he alters* 'From a Dutchman you are turned into a Briton. What? was I a Saxon, then, when I went hence?' *Again, when the same speaker had said,* 'Your garb shows that you are changed from a Batavian into a Gaul,' *he puts* 'Briton' *for* 'Gaul'; *and when the speaker had replied,* 'I had rather that metamorphosis, than into a Hen,' *alluding to* 'Cock:' *he changed* 'Hen' *into* 'Bohemian.' *Presently, when there is a joke,* 'that he pronounces Latin in French style,' *he changes* 'French' *into* 'British,' *and yet allows the following to stand,* 'Then you will never make good verses, because you have lost your quantities'; *and this does not apply to the British. Again, when my text reads,* 'What has happened to the Gauls' *(cocks)* 'that they should wage war with the Eagle?' *he thus spoils the joke,* 'What has happened to the pards, that they should go to war with the lilies? *as if lilies were in the habit of going forth to war. Occasionally he does not perceive that what follows his alterations does not hang together with them. As in the very passage I had written,* 'Is Paris free from the plague?' *he alters,* 'Is London free† from the plague?' *Again, in another place, where one says,* 'Why are we afraid to cut up this capon?' *he changes* 'capon' *into* 'hare'; *yet makes no alteration in what follows,* 'Do you prefer wing or leg?' *Forsooth, although he so kindly favours the Dominican interest that he desired to sit among the famous Commissaries: nevertheless he bears with equal mind a cruel attack on Scotus. For he made no change in what one says in my text,* 'I would sooner let the whole of Scotus perish than the books of one Cicero.' *But as these things are full of folly, so very many of the contents bear an equal malice joined to*

* Gallus: meaning also a Cock.

† *Immunis* instead of *immune* agreeing with Londinum.

folly. A speaker in my text rallies his comrade, who, although of abandoned life, nevertheless puts faith in indulgentiary bulls. My Corrector makes the former confess that he, along with his master Luther, was of opinion that the Pope's indulgences were of no value; presently he represents the same speaker as recanting and professing penitence for his error. And these he wants to appear my corrections. O wondrous Atlases of faith! This is just as if one should feign, by means of morsels dipped in blood, a wound in the human body, and presently, by removing what he had supplied, should cure the wound. In my text a boy says, 'that the confession which is made to God is the best;' *he made a correction, asserting* 'that the confession which is made to the priest is the best.' *Thus did he take care for imperilled confession. I have referred to this one matter for the sake of example, although he frequently indulges in tricks of this kind. And these answer to the palinode (recantation) which he promises in my name in his forged preface. As if it were any man's business to sing a palinode for another's error; or as if anything that is said in that work of mine under any character whatever, were my own opinion. For it does not at all trouble me, that he represents a man not yet sixty, as burdened with old age. Formerly, it was a capital offence to publish anything under another man's name; now, to scatter rascalities of this kind amongst the public, under the pretended name of the very man who is slandered, is the sport of divines. For he wishes to appear a divine when his matter cries out that he does not grasp a straw of theological science. I have no doubt but that yonder thief imposed with his lies upon his starved printer; for I do not think there is a man so mad as to be willing knowingly to print such ignorant trash. I ceased to wonder at the incorrigible effrontery of the fellow, after I learnt that he was a chick who once upon a time fell out of a nest at Berne, entirely* ἐκ κακίστου κόρακος κάκιστον ὠόν. *This I am astonished at, if the report is true: that there are among the Parisian divines those who pride themselves on having at length secured a man who by the thunderbolt of his eloquence is to break asunder the whole party of Luther and restore the church to its pristine tranquility. For he wrote also against Luther as I hear. And then the divines complain that they are slandered by me, who aid their studies in so many night-watches; while they themselves willingly embrace monsters of this description, who bring more dishonour to the order of divines and*

even of monks, than any foe, however foul-mouthed, can do. He who has audacity for such an act as this,will not hesitate to employ fire or poison. And these things are printed at Paris, where it is unlawful to print even the Gospel, unless approved by the opinion of the faculty.

This last work of the Colloquies, with the addition of an appendix, is issued in the month of September, 1524.

From a letter of Erasmus dated 5th Oct. 1532, *we gather some further particulars about the obnoxious person above referred to. His name was Lambert Campester. Subsequently to his exploit at Paris in printing a garbled edition of the Colloquies, he "fled to Leyden; and pretending to be a great friend of Erasmus, found a patron, from whom having soon stolen* 300 *crowns, fled, was taken in his flight amongst some girls, and would have been nailed to a cross, had not his sacred Dominican cowl saved him. He, I say, many other offences and crimes having been proved against him, is at length in a certain town of Germany, called, I think, Zorst, in the Duchy of Juliers,—his cowl thrown aside, teaching the Gospel, that is, mere sedition. The Duke begged them to turn the fellow out. They answered that they could not do without their preacher. And this sort of plague spreads from day to day."*

ERASMUS ROTERODAMUS

TO THE

DIVINES OF LOUVAIN,

His dearly beloved brethren in the Lord,

greeting.

A MATTER has been brought to my knowledge, not only by rumour, but by the letters of trustworthy friends, expressly stating in what words, in what place, a calumny was directed against me in our midst, through the agency of a well-known person, who is ever true to himself; whose very character and former doings lead one to assume as ascertained fact what in another would have been but probable. Accordingly, I thought I ought to make no concealment of the matter; especially from you, whose part it was to restrain the unbridled impudence of the fellow, if not for my sake, at all events for that of your Order.

He boasts and vociferates that in the book of Colloquies there are four passages more than heretical: concerning the *Eating of meats* and *Fasting*, concerning *Indulgences*, and concerning *Vows*. Although such be his bold and impudent assertion, whoever reads the book in its entirety will find the facts to be otherwise. If, however, leisure be wanting for the reading of trifles of this description, I will briefly lay the matter open. But before I approach it, I think well to make three prefatory remarks.

First, in this matter contempt of the Emperor's edict* cannot be laid to my charge. For I understand it was published May 6th, 1522, whereas this book was printed long before: and that at Basle, where no Imperial edict had up to the time been made known, whether publicly or privately.

Secondly, although in that book I do not teach dogmas of Faith, but formulae for speaking Latin; yet there are matters intermixed by the way, which conduce to good manners. Now if, when a theme has been previously written down in German or French, a master should teach his boys to render the sense in Latin thus: *Utinam nihil edant praeter allia, qui nobis hos dies pisculentos invexerunt.* ("Would they might eat naught but garlic, who imposed these fish-days upon us.") Or this: *Utinam inedia pereant, qui liberos homines adigunt ac jejunandi necessitatem.* ("Would they might starve to death, who force the necessity of fasting on free men.") Or this: *Digni sunt ut fumo pereant qui nobis Dispensationum ad Indulgentiarum fumos tam care vendunt.* ("They deserve to be stifled to death who sell us the smokes (pretences) of dispensations and indulgences at so dear a rate.") Or this: *Utinam vere castrentur, qui nolentes arcent à matrimonio.* ("Would they might indeed be made eunuchs of, who keep people from marrying, against their will")—I ask, whether he should be forced to defend himself, for having taught how to turn a sentence, though of bad meaning, into good Latin words? I think there is no one so unjust, as to deem this just.

Thirdly, I had in the first instance to take care what sort of person it should be to whom I ascribe the speech in the dialogue. For I do not there represent a divine preaching, but good fellows having a gossip together. Now if any one is so unfair as to refuse to concede me the quality of the person represented, he ought, by the same reasoning, to lay it to my charge, that there one Augustine (I think)

* Edict of the Emperor Charles V.: 1523.

disparages the Stoics' principle of the *honestum*, and prefers the sect of the Epicureans, who placed the highest good in pleasure. He may also bring it against me, that in that passage a soldier, amongst many things which he speaks about in true soldier-fashion, says that he will look for a priest to confess to, who shall have as little of good as possible about him. The same objector would, I imagine, bring it up against me, were I to ascribe to Arius in a dialogue a discourse at variance with the Church. If such charges against me would be absurd, why in other matters should not regard be had to the quality of the person speaking? Unless perchance, were I to represent a Turk speaking, they should decide to lay at my door whatever he might say.

With this preface, I will make a few general remarks on the passages criticised by the person to whom I refer. In the first passage, a boy of sixteen years says that he confesses only sins that are unquestionably capital, or gravely suspected; while the Lutherans teach, as I understand, that it is not necessary to confess all capital offences. Thus the very facts show, that this boy's speech is in great disagreement with the dogma which you condemn. Presently, the same boy being asked, whether it be sufficient to confess to Christ himself, answers that it will satisfy his mind, if the fathers of the Church were of the same opinion. From this my critic argues, not with dialectic art, but with rascally cunning, that I suggest that this *Confession* which we now practise was not instituted by Christ, but by the leaders of the Church. Such an inference might appear sound, were not Christ one of the Primates of the Church, since according to Peter's saying He is Chief Shepherd, and according to the word of the Gospel, Good Shepherd. Therefore he who speaks of princes of the Church, does not exclude Christ, but includes Him along with the Apostles, and the successors of the Apostles, in the same manner as he who names the principal members of the body does not exclude the head. But if any one shall deem this reply to savour

of artifice: well now, let us grant that the boy was thinking of pure men, heads of the Church: is it then not enough for the boy that he follows in the matter of confession their authority, even although he is not assured whether the Popes could ordain this on their own authority, or handed it down to us from the ordinance of Christ? For he has a mind to obey, in whatever way they have handed it down. I am not even myself fully convinced as yet, that the Church defined the present practice of Confession to be of Christ's ordinance. For there are very many arguments, to me in fact insoluble, which persuade to the contrary. Nevertheless, I entirely submit this feeling of my own to the judgment of the Church. Gladly will I follow it, so soon as on my watch, for certainty I shall have heard its clear voice. Nay, had Leo's Bull given the fullest expression of this doctrine, and any one should either be ignorant of it, or should have forgotten it, it would meanwhile suffice (I imagine) to obey in this matter the authority of the Church, with a disposition of obedience, should the point be established. Nor in truth can it be rightly inferred, *This Confession is of human ordinance, therefore Christ is not its Author.* The Apostles laid down the discipline of the Church, without doubt from Christ's ordinances; they ordained Baptism, they ordained Bishops, &c., but by the authority of Christ. And yet it cannot be denied, that many particulars of this Confession depend on the appointment of the Pontiffs, viz., that we confess once a year, at Easter, to this or that priest; that any priest absolves us from any trespasses whatever. Hence I judge it to be clear how manifest is the calumny in what relates to *Confession.*

Further, no mention is there made of *fasting*, to which the Gospel and the Apostolic epistles exhort us, but *concerning the choice of foods*, which Christ openly sets at naught in the Gospel, and the Pauline epistles not seldom condemn; especially that which is Jewish and superstitious. Some one will say, this is to accuse the Roman Pontiff who teaches

that which the Apostle condemns. What the Gospel teaches, is perfectly plain. The Pontiff himself must declare with what intention he commands what the Gospel does not require. Yet no one there says—what I know not whether Luther teaches—that the constitutions of the Pontiffs do not render us liable to guilt, unless there has been contempt besides. In fact, he who speaks in that passage grants that the Pope may appoint an observance; he simply enquires, whether this were the intention of the Pope, to bind all equally to abstinence from meats, so that one who should partake would be liable to hell-fire, even although no perverse contempt should be committed. And he who says this in the Colloquies, adds that he hates fishes not otherwise than he does a serpent. Now, there are some so affected that fish is poison to them, just as there are found those who in like manner shrink from wine. If one who is thus affected with regard to fishes, should be forbidden to feed on flesh and milk-food, will he not be hardly treated? Is it possible that any man can desire him to be exposed to the pains of hell, if for the necessity of his body he should live on flesh? If any constitution of Popes and Bishops involves liability to the punishment of hell, the condition of Christians is hard indeed. If some impose the liability, others not; no one will better declare his intention than the Pope himself. And it would conduce to the peace of consciences to have it declared. What if some Pope should decree that priests should go girt; would it be probable that he declared this with the intention that if one because of renal suffering should lay aside the girdle, he should be liable to hell? I think not. St. Gregory laid down, That if any one had had intercourse with his wife by night, he should abstain the next day from entering church: in this case, supposing that a man, concealing the fact of intercourse having taken place, should have gone to church for no other reason than that he might hear the preaching of the Gospel, would he be liable to hell? I do not think the holiest man could be so harsh. If a man

with a sick wife should live on meat, because otherwise she could not be provoked to eat, and her health required food, surely the Pope would not on that account determine him to be liable to hell! This matter is simply made a subject of enquiry in the passage referred to, and no positive statement is made. And certainly before the Imperial Edict, men were at liberty to enquire concerning these matters.

In point of fact, neither in that place nor elsewhere do I absolutely condemn the *Indulgences* of the Popes, although hitherto more than sufficient indulgence has been shown them. It is simply that a speaker ridicules his comrade, who, although in other respects the most frivolous of triflers (for so he is depicted), yet believed that by the protection of a Bull he would get safely to heaven. So far from thinking this to be heretical, I should imagine there was no holier duty than to warn the people not to put their trust in Bulls, unless they study to change their life and correct their evil desires.

But *Vows* are ridiculed in that passage. Yes, they are ridiculed, and those (of whom there is a vast multitude) are admonished, who, leaving wife and children at home, under a vow made in their cups, run off along with a few pot-companions to Rome, Compostella, or Jerusalem. But, as manners now are, I think it a holier work to dissuade men altogether from such Vows than to urge to the making of them.

These, forsooth, are the execrable heresies which yonder Lynceus descries in the Puerile Colloquy. I wonder why he does not also give my Catunculus and the Publian mimes* a dusting. Who does not perceive that these attacks proceed from some private grudge? Yet in nothing have I done him an injury, except that I have favoured good literature, which he hates more than sin; and knows not why. Meantime he boasts that he too has

* Publius Syrus (B.C. 45), a writer of *mimes*, or familiar prose dramas. A collection of apophthegms from his works is said to have been used as a school-book in Jerome's days.

a weapon, by which he may take his revenge. If a man at a feast calls him Choroebus or a drunkard, he in his turn will in the pulpit cry heretic, or forger, or schismatic upon him. I believe, if the cook were to set burnt meat on the dinner-table, he would next day bawl out in the course of his sermon that she was suspected of heresy. Nor is he ashamed, nor does he retreat, though so often caught, by the very facts, in manifest falsehood.

In the first place what a foolish, what a mad blather he made against my revised New Testament! Next, what could be more like madness than that remark which he threw out against J. Faber and myself, when the very facts bespoke that he did not understand what agreement there was between me and Faber, or what was the subject of controversy! What more shameless than his fixing a charge of forgery and heresy in the course of a public address on me, because I rendered according to the Greek: *Omnes quidem non resurgemus, sed omnes immutabimur* ("We shall not all rise again, but we shall all be changed.") What more like a raging madman, then his warning the people at Mechlin, in a public address, to beware of the heresy of Luther and Erasmus! Why should I now recall the ravings that he belches out rather than utters in the midst of his high feasting as often as his zeal for the house of the Lord is inflamed from his cups? He lately said in Holland, that I was set down for a forger among the divines of Louvain. (One who was present and heard it wrote to me.) When asked, Why? Because, says he, he so often corrects the New Testament! What a dolt of a tongue! Jerome so often corrected the Psalter: is he therefore a forger? In short if he is a forger, who either rashly or from ignorance translates anything otherwise than it should be, he was a forger, whose translation we use at the present day in the Church. But what good does this sort of behavior do him? All men laugh at him as a Morychus,* shun him as a crack-

* Lit.: One stained or smeared: an epithet of Bacchus (Dionysos) in Sicily, "smeared with wine-lees." (μορύσσω.)

brain,—get out of his way as a peevish fellow you can do nothing with. Nor can they think ill of him, of whom he says such spiteful things. And though he displeases all, himself alone he cannot displease.

This doubtless he holds to be an Imperial edict, that he with raging insolence of tongue should rave at whomsoever he pleases. Thus does this wise and weighty man support the interests of the orthodox faith. This is not a zeal of God, to hurt the harmless ; but it is a rage of the devil. The Jewish zeal of Phinehas was once extolled, but not that it might pass as a pattern with Christians. And yet Phinehas openly slew impious persons. To your colleague whatever he hates is Lutheran and heretical. In the same way, I suppose, he will call small-beer, flat wine, and tasteless broth, Lutheran. And the Greek tongue, which is his *unique* aversion,—I suppose for this reason, that the Apostles dignified it with so great an honour as to write in no other,—will be called Lutheran. Poetic art, for he hates this too, being fonder of the *potatic*, will be Lutheran.

He complains that his authority is lessened by our means, and that he is made a laughing-stock in my writings. The fact is, he offers himself as an object of ridicule to all men of education and sense; and this without end. I *repel slander.* But if learned and good men think ill of *a man* who directs a slander at one who has not deserved it, which is it fair to consider the accountable person, he who rightly repels what he ought not to acknowledge, or he who injuriously sets it afoot? If a man were to be laughed at for saying that asses in Brabant have wings, would he not himself make the laughing-matter? He cries out that *the whole of Luther is in my books*, that on all sides they swarm with heretical errors. But when those who read my writings find nothing of the kind, even if ignorant of dialectics, they readily infer the true conclusion. He has authority from the Emperor. Let him therefore conduct himself in the spirit of the Emperor, who would rather that wrong-doers should be cured than punished, and certainly does not desire that the

harmless should be injured. He has entrusted this function to a man he did not know; when he shall have ascertained the fellow's character, he will doubtless recall what he has entrusted. It is not the disposition of the mildest of Emperors, nor of the most upright of Popes, that those who spend their night-watches in studying how to adorn and assist the State, should be exposed to the spite of such men; even although there were some human infirmity in the case. So far are they from desiring to estrange good and honest men, and force them to take a different side.

These matters are more your concern than mine. For this man's manners invite much discredit upon your order, while the mass of the people judge of you all by this one sample. Unjustly so, I admit; but so the world wags. And the harshness of your brother estranges no small number from the study of divinity. I know that the man is utterly disliked by you, with the exception of two or three boon companions, and one old hand, who abuses the man's folly in the interests of his own lusts. But all would definitely understand that you disapprove of him, if, since he cannot be restrained, you were to expel him from your table. I well know such a step will be very difficult to take. For men of his stamp are reluctantly torn away from the smell of stated, sumptuous, and free repasts. Nevertheless this concerns the honour of your Order, towards which I have good reason to be well-disposed. Farewell.

Supposed to have been written in 1531.

ALL THE

Familiar Colloquies

OF

Deſiderius Eraſmus,

OF

ROTERDAM,

Concerning Men, Manners, and Things, tranſlated into *Engliſh.*

By *N. BAILEY.*

Unlike in Method, with conceal'd Deſign,
Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers join;
And, with a ſly inſinuating Grace,
Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in the Face:
Would raiſe a Bluſh, when ſecret Vice he found;
And tickled, while he gently prob'd the Wound:
With ſeeming Innocence the Crowd beguil'd;
But made the deſperate Paſſes, when he ſmil'd.

Perſius Sat. I. Dryden.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Darby, A. Bettesworth, F. Fayram, J. Pemberton, J. Hooke, C. Rivington, F. Clay, J. Batley,* and *E. Symon.* 1725.

THE PREFACE.

THERE are two Things I would take some Notice of: The first relates to my Author, and the second to myself, or the Reasons why I have attempted this Translation of him. And in speaking of the first, I presume I shall save myself much of what might be said as to the second. Tho' Erasmus *is so well known, especially to those versed in the* Latin *Tongue, that there seems to be but little Occasion to say any Thing in his Commendation; yet since I have taken upon me to make him an* English-man, *give me Leave to say, that in my Opinion, he as well deserves this Naturalization, as any modern Foreigner whose Works are in* Latin, *as well for the Usefulness of the Matter of his Colloquies, as the Pleasantness of Style, and Elegancy of the* Latin.

They are under an egregious Mistake, who think there is nothing to be found in them, but Things that savour of Puerility, written indeed ingeniously, and in elegant Latin. *For this Book contains, besides those, Things of a far greater Concern; and indeed, there is scarce any Thing wanting in them, fit to be taught to a* Christian *Youth, design'd for liberal Studies.*

The Principles of Faith are not only plainly and clearly laid down, but establish'd upon their own firm and genuine Basis. The Rules of Piety, Justice, Charity, Purity, Meekness, Brotherly Concord, the Subjection due to Superiors, are so treated of, that, in a Word, scarce any Thing is omitted that belongs to a Man, a Subject, or a Christian.

Neither are those Things omitted, which respect a Medium of Life, by which every one may chuse out safely what Ratio of Life he has most Mind to, and by which he may be taught, not only Civility and Courtesy, but also may know how to behave himself in the World,

so as to gain himself the good Will of many, and a good Name among all, and may be able to discern the Follies and Childishnesses of Fools, and the Frauds and Villanies of Knaves, so as to guard against 'em all.

And neither are there wanting Sketches, and that ample ones too, of Poetical Story, or Pagan Theology, universal History, sacred and profane, Poetry, Criticism, Logick, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Oeconomics and Politics; to which are added, a good Number of Proverbs and Apothegms used by the most celebrated of the Antients.

But there is one Thing in an especial Manner, that should recommend this Book to all Protestants *in general, and cause them to recommend it to be read by their Children, that there is no Book fitter for them to read, which does in so delightful and instructing a Manner utterly overthrow almost all the Popish Opinions and Superstitions, and erect in their Stead, a Superstructure of Opinions that are purely Protestant.*

And notwithstanding whatsoever Erasmus *hath said in his Apology concerning the Utility of his Colloquies, that he could say with Modesty, according to his wonted Dexterity, to temper, and alleviate the Bitterness of the Wormwood that he gave the* Papists *to drink in the Colloquies, it is past a Question, that he lays down a great many Things agreeable to the* Protestant *Hypothesis, so that (if you except Transubstantiation) he reprehends, explodes and derides almost all the* Popish *Opinions, Superstitions and Customs.*

Therefore if this golden Book be read with Attention, I doubt not but it will plainly appear, that the Scripture was in all Things preferr'd by the Author before them all; and that he accounted that alone truly infallible, and of irrefragable Authority, and did not account the Councils, Popes or Bishops so.

And as to the praying to Saints, it was his Opinion, the christian World would be well enough without it, and that he abhor'd that common Custom of asking unworthy Things of them, and flying to them for Refuge more than to the Father and Christ.

That he look'd upon all external Things of very small Account, of whatsoever Species they were: Either the Choice of Meats, Processions, Stations, and innumerable other Ordinances and Ceremonies, and that they were in themselves unprofitable, although he, for the sake of Peace and Order, did conform himself to all harmless Things that publick Authority had appointed. Not judging those Persons,

who out of a Scrupulousness of Conscience thought otherwise, but wishing that those in Authority would use their Power with more Mildness.

And that he esteem'd, as Trifles and Frauds, the Community of good Works, of all Men whatsoever, or in any Society whatsoever; that he abhor'd the Sale of Pardons for Sins, and derided the Treasury of Indulgences, from whence it is a plain Inference, that he believ'd nothing of Purgatory.

And that he more than doubted, whether auricular Confession was instituted by Christ or the Apostles; and he plainly condemns Absolution, and laugh'd at the giving it in an unknown Tongue. From whence we may fairly infer, that he was against having the Liturgy (which ought to be read to Edification) in an unknown Tongue. But he either thought it not safe, or not convenient, or at least not absolutely necessary to speak his Mind plainly as to that Matter.

Likewise, he particularly laugh'd at all the Species of popular and monastical Piety; such as Prayers repeated over and over, without the Mind, but recited by a certain Number with their Rosaries, *and* Ave-Maria's, *by which, God being neglected, they expected to obtain all Things, though none were particularly nam'd: Their* tricenary, *and* anniversary Masses, *nay, and all those for the Dead: The dying and being buried in a* Franciscan's *and* Dominican's *Garment or Cowl, and all the Trumpery belonging to it; and did, in a manner condemn all Sorts of Monastical Life and Order, as practis'd among the Papists.*

He shews it likewise to have been his Opinion, as to the Reliques of Christ, *and he and she Saints, that he judg'd the Worship of them a vain and foolish Thing, and believ'd no Virtue to be in any of them, nay, that the most, if not all of them, were false and counterfeit.*

And to crown the Whole, he did not spare that beloved Principle and Custom of the Papists, so zealously practis'd by them upon Protestants, viz. *the Persecution and Burning of Hereticks.*

And now, of how much Use and Advantage such Things, and from such a Person as Erasmus, *may be, and how much they may conduce to the extirpating those Seeds of Popery, that may have been unhappily sown, or may be subtilly instill'd into the Minds of uncautious Persons, under the specious Shew of Sanctity, will, I presume, easily appear. Tho' the Things before-mention'd may be Reason sufficient for the turning these Colloquies of* Erasmus *into*

English, *that so useful a Treatise may not be a Book seal'd, either to Persons not at all, or not enough acquainted with the* Latin *tongue, as to read them with Edification; yet I did it from another Motive,* i. e. *the Benefit of such as having been initiated, desire a more familiar Acquaintance with the* Latin *Tongue (as to the Speaking Part especially, to which* Erasmus's *Colloquies are excellently adapted) that by comparing this Version with the Original, they may be thereby assisted, to more perfectly understand, and familiarize themselves with those Beauties of the* Latin *Language, in which* Erasmus *in these Colloquies abounds.*

And for that End, I have labour'd to give such a Translation of them, as might in the general, be capable of being compar'd with the Original, endeavouring to avoid running into a Paraphrase: But keeping as close to the Original as I could, without Latinizing and deviating from the English *Idiom, and so depriving the* English *Reader of that Pleasure, that* Erasmus *so plentifully entertains his Reader with in* Latin.

It is true, Sir Roger l' Estrange *and Mr.* Tho. Brown, *have formerly done some select Colloquies, and Mr.* H. M. *many years since has translated the whole; but the former being rather Paraphrases than Translations, are not so capable of affording the Assistance before-mention'd; and as to the latter, besides that his Version is grown very scarce, the Style is not only antient, but too flat for so pleasant and facetious an Author as* Erasmus *is.*

I do not pretend to have come up in my English, *to that Life and Beauty of* Erasmus *in Latin, which as it is often inimitable in the* English *Language, so it is also a Task fit to be undertaken by none but an* English Erasmus *himself,* i. e. *one that had the same Felicity of Expression that he had; but I hope it will appear that I have kept my Author still in my Eye, tho' I have follow'd him* passibus haud æquis, *and could seldom come up to him. I shall not detain you any longer; but subscribe my self, yours to serve you,*

Jan. 25th,
1724-5.

N. BAILEY.

The LIFE *of* ERASMUS.

DESIDERIUS *Erasmus*, surnamed *Roterodamus*, was born at *Roterdam*, a Town of *Holland*, on the Vigil of *Simon and Jude*, or *October* the 20th or 28th, 1465, according to his Epitaph at *Basil*; or according to the Account of his life, *Erasmo Auctore, circa annum, &c.* about the Year 1467, which agrees with the Inscription of his Statue at *Roterdam*, which being the Place of his Nativity, may be suppos'd to be the most authentick. His Mother's Name was *Margaret*, the Daughter of one *Peter*, a Physician of *Sevenbergen*. His Father's Name was *Gerard*, who carried on a private Correspondence with her, upon Promise of Marriage; and as it should seem from the Life which has *Erasmus's* Name before it, was actually contracted to her, which seems plainly to be insinuated by these Words; *Sunt qui intercessisse verba ferunt*: However, it is not to be denied that *Erasmus* was born out of Wedlock, and on that Account, Father *Theophilus Ragnaud*, has this pleasant Passage concerning him: *If one may be allow'd to droll upon a Man, that droll'd upon all the World*, Erasmus, *tho' he was not the Son of a King, yet he was the Son of a crown'd Head*, meaning a Priest. But in this he appears to have been mistaken, in that his Father was not in Orders when he begat him. His Father *Gerard* was the Son of one *Elias*, by his Mother *Catherine*, who both liv'd to a very advanc'd Age; *Catherine* living to the Age of 95. *Gerard* had nine Brethren by the same Father and Mother, without one Sister coming between them; he himself was the youngest of the ten, and liv'd to see two of his Brothers at *Dort* in *Holland*, near 90 Years of Age each. All his Brothers were married but himself; and according to the Superstition of those Times, the old People had a mind to consecrate him to God, being a tenth Child, and his Brothers lik'd the Motion well enough, because by that Means they thought they should have a sure Friend, where they might eat and drink, and be merry upon Occasion. They being all very pressing upon him

to turn Ecclesiastick, (which was a Course of Life that he had no Inclination to,) *Gerard* finding himself beset on all Sides, and by their universal Consent excluded from Matrimony, resolving not to be prevail'd upon by any Importunities, as desperate Persons do, fled from them, and left a Letter for his Parents and Brothers upon the Road, acquainting them with the Reason of his Elopement, bidding them an eternal Farewell, telling them he would never see them more. He prosecuted his Journey to *Rome*, leaving *Margaret*, his Spouse that was to be, big with Child of *Erasmus*. *Gerard* being arriv'd at *Rome*, betook himself to get his Living by his Pen, (by transcribing Books) being an excellent Penman; and there being at that Time a great deal of that Sort of Business to do (for as the Life that is said to be *Erasmo Auctore* has it, *tum nondum ars typographorum erat*, i. e. *The Art of Printing was not then found out*; which was a Mistake, for it had been found out twenty-four Years before, in the Year 1442. But perhaps the Meaning may be, tho' it was found out, it was not then commonly used) he got Money plentifully, and for some Time, as young Fellows us'd to do, liv'd at large; but afterwards apply'd himself in good Earnest to his Studies, made a considerable Progress in the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues, which was very much facilitated by his Employment of transcribing Authors, which could not but strongly impress them on his Memory; and he had also another great Advantage, in that a great many learned Men then flourish'd at *Rome*, and he heard particularly one *Guarinus*. But to return to *Erasmus*, his Mother *Margaret* being delivered of him, he was after his Father called *Gerard*, which in the *German* Tongue, signifies *Amiable*; and as it was the Custom among learned Men in those Times, (who affected to give their Names either in *Latin* or *Greek*,) it was turn'd into *Desiderius* (*Didier*) in *Latin*, and into *Erasmus* [Ἐράσμιος] in *Greek*, which has the same Signification. He was at first brought up by his Grandmother, till *Gerard's* Parents coming to the Knowledge that he was at *Rome*, wrote to him, sending him Word, that the young Gentlewoman whom he courted for a Wife was dead; which he giving Credit to, in a melancholy Fit, took Orders, being made a Presbyter, and apply'd his Mind seriously to the Study of Religion. But upon his Return into his own Country, he found that they had impos'd upon him. Having taken Orders, it was too late to think of Marriage; he

therefore quitted all further Pretensions to her, nor would she after this, be induced to marry. *Gerard* took Care to have his Son *Erasmus* liberally educated, and put him to School when he was scarce four Years old. (They have in *Holland*, an ill-grounded Tradition; that *Erasmus*, when he was young, was a dull Boy, and slow at Learning; but Monsieur *Bayle* has sufficiently refuted that Error, tho' were it true, it were no more Dishonour to him, than it was to *Thomas Aquinas*, *Suarez*, and others.) He was a Chorister at *Utrecht*, till he was nine Years old, and afterwards was sent to *Daventer*, his Mother also going thither to take Care of him. That School was but barbarous, the most that was minded, was *Matins*, Even-Song, *&c.* till *Alexander Hegius* of *Westphalia*, and *Zinthius*, began to introduce something of better Literature. (This *Alexander Hegius*, was an intimate Friend to the learned *Rodolphus Agricola*, who was the first that brought the *Greek* Tongue over the Mountains of *Germany*, and was newly returned out of *Italy*, having learned the *Greek* Tongue of him.) *Erasmus* took his first Taste of solid Learning from some of his Playfellows, who being older than himself, were under the Instruction of *Zinthius*: And afterwards he sometimes heard *Hegius*; but that was only upon holy Days, on which he read publickly, and so rose to be in the third Class, and made a very good Proficiency: He is said to have had so happy a Memory, as to be able to repeat all *Terence* and *Horace* by Heart. The Plague at that Time raging violently at *Daventer*, carry'd off his Mother, when *Erasmus* was about thirteen Years of Age; which Contagion increasing more and more every Day, having swept away the whole Family where he boarded, he returned Home. His Father *Gerard* hearing of the Death of his Wife, was so concern'd at it, that he grew melancholy upon it, fell sick, and died soon after, neither of them being much above forty Years of Age. He assign'd to his Son *Erasmus* three Guardians, whom he esteem'd as trusty Friends, the Principal of whom was *Peter Winkel*, the Schoolmaster of *Goude*. The Substance that he left for his Education, had been sufficient for that Purpose, if his Guardians had discharg'd their Trust faithfully. By them he was remov'd to *Boisleduc*, tho' he was at that Time fit to have gone to the University. But the Trustees were against sending him to the University, because they had design'd him for a Monastick Life. Here he liv'd (or, as he himself says, rather

lost three Years) in a *Franciscan* Convent, where one *Rombold* taught Humanity, who was exceedingly taken with the pregnant Parts of the Youth, and began to sollicit him to take the Habit upon him, and become one of their Order. *Erasmus* excused himself, alledging the Rawness and Unexperiencedness of his Age. The Plague spreading in these Parts, and after he had struggled a whole Year with an Ague, he went Home to his Guardians, having by this Time furnished himself with an indifferent good Style, by daily reading the best Authors. One of his Guardians was carried off by the Plague; the other two not having manag'd his Fortune with the greatest Care, began to contrive how they might fix him in some Monastery. *Erasmus* still languishing under this Indisposition, tho' he had no Aversion to the Severities of a pious Life, yet he had an Aversion for a Monastery, and therefore desired Time to consider of the Matter. In the mean Time his Guardians employ'd Persons to sollicit him, by fair Speeches, and the Menaces of what he must expect, if he did not comply, to bring him over. In this Interim they found out a Place for him in *Sion*, a College of Canons Regulars near *Delft*, which was the principal House belonging to that Chapter. When the Day came that *Erasmus* was to give his final Answer, he fairly told them, he neither knew what the World was, nor what a Monastery was, nor yet, what himself was, and that he thought it more advisable for him to pass a few Years more at School, till he came to know himself better. *Peter Winkel* perceiving that he was unmoveable in this Resolution, fell into a Rage, telling him, he had taken a great deal of Pains to a fine Purpose indeed, who had by earnest Sollicitations, provided a good Preferment for an obstinate Boy, that did not understand his own Interest: And having given him some hard Words, told him, that from that Time he threw up his Guardianship, and now he might look to himself. *Erasmus* presently reply'd, that he took him at his first Word; that he was now of that Age, that he thought himself capable of taking Care of himself. When his Guardian saw that threatening would not do any Thing with him, he set his Brother Guardian, who was his Tutor, to see what he could do with him: Thus was *Erasmus* surrounded by them and their Agents on all Hands. He had also a Companion that was treacherous to him, and his old Companion his Ague stuck close to him; but all these would not make a

monastick Life go down with him ; till at last, by meer Accident, he went to pay a Visit at a Monastery of the same Order at *Emaus* or *Steyn* near *Goude*, where he found one *Cornelius*, who had been his Chamber-fellow at *Daventer*. He had not yet taken the Habit, but had travelled to *Italy*, and came back without making any great Improvements in Learning. This *Cornelius*, with all the Eloquence he was Master of, was continually setting out the Advantages of a religious Life, the Conveniency of noble Libraries, Retirement from the Hurry of the World, and heavenly Company, and the like. Some intic'd him on one Hand, others urg'd him on the other, his Ague stuck close to him, so that at last he was induc'd to pitch upon this Convent. And after his Admission he was fed up with great Promises to engage him to take upon him the holy Cloth. Altho' he was but young, he soon perceived how vastly short all Things there fell of answering his Expectations ; however, he set the whole Brotherhood to applying their Minds to Study. Before he professed himself he would have quitted the Monastery ; but his own Modesty, the ill Usage he was treated with, and the Necessities of his Circumstances, overcame him, so that he did profess himself. Not long after this, by the means of *Gulielmus Hermannus* of *Buda*, his intimate Associate, he had the Honour to be known to *Henry a Bergis* Bishop of *Cambray*, who was then in Hopes of obtaining a Cardinal's Hat, which he had obtained, had not Money been wanting : In order to sollicit this Affair for him, he had Occasion for one that was Master of the *Latin* Tongue ; therefore being recommended by the Bishop of *Utrecht*, he was sent for by him ; he had also the Recommendation of the *Prior*, and General, and was entertained in the Bishop's Family, but still wore the Habit of his Order : But the Bishop, disappointed in his Hope of wearing the Cardinal's Hat, *Erasmus* finding his Patron fickle and wavering in his Affections, prevail'd with him to send him to *Paris*, to prosecute his Studies there. He did so, and promised him a yearly Allowance, but it was never paid him, according to the Custom of great Men. He was admitted of *Montague* College there, but by Reason of ill Diet and a damp Chamber, he contracted an Indisposition of Body, upon which he return'd to the Bishop, who entertain'd him again courteously and honourably : Having recover'd his Health, he return'd into *Holland*, with a Design to settle there ; but being

again invited, he went back to *Paris*. But having no Patron to support him, he rather made a Shift to live (to use his own Expression) than to study there; and undertook the Tuition of an *English* Gentleman's two Sons. And the Plague returning there periodically for many Years, he was obliged every Year to return into his own Country. At length it raging all the Year long, he retir'd to *Louvain*.

After this he visited *England*, going along with a young Gentleman, to whom he was Tutor, who, as he says himself, was rather his Friend than his Patron. In *England* he was received with universal Respect; and, as he tells us himself in his Life, he won the Affections of all good Men in our Island. During his Residence here, he was intimately acquainted with *Sir Thomas More*, *William Warham*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, *John Colet*, Dean of St. *Pauls*, the Founder of St. *Paul's School*, a Man remarkable for the Regularity of his Life, great Learning and Magnificence; with *Hugh Latimer* Bishop of *Winchester*, *Linacre*, *Grocinus*, and many other honourable and learned Persons, and passed some Years at *Cambridge*, and is said to have taught there; but whether this was after his first or second Time of visiting *England*, I do not determine: However, not meeting with the Preferment he expected, he went away hence to make a Journey to *Italy*, in the Company of the Sons of *Baptista Boetius*, a *Genoese*, Royal Professor of Physick in *England*; which Country, at that Time, could boast of a Set of learned Men, not much inferior to the *Augustan* Age: But as he was going to *France*, it was his ill Fortune, at *Dover*, to be stripp'd of all he had; this he seems to hint at in his *Colloquy*, intitled, the *Religious Pilgrimage*: But yet he was so far from revenging the Injury, by reflecting upon the Nation, that he immediately published a Book in Praise of the King and Country; which Piece of Generosity gained him no small Respect in *England*. And it appears by several of his Epistles, that he honoured *England* next to the Place of his Nativity.

It appears by *Epist.* 10. *Lib.* 16. that when he was in *England* Learning flourished very much here, in that he writes, *Apud Anglos triumphant bonæ Literæ, recta Studia;* and in *Epist.* 12. *Lib.* 16. he makes no Scruple to equal it to *Italy* itself; and *Epist.* 26. *Lib.* 6. commends the *English* Nobility for their great Application to all useful Learning, and entertaining themselves at

Table with learned Discourses, when the Table-Talk of Churchmen was nothing but Ribaldry and Profaneness. In *Epist.* 10. *Lib.* 5, which he addresses to *Andrelinus*, he invites him to come into *England*, recommending it as worth his While, were it upon no other Account, than to see the charming Beauties with which this Island abounded; and in a very pleasant Manner describes to him the Complaisance and innocent Freedom of the *English* Ladies, telling him, that when he came into a Gentleman's House he was allowed to salute the Ladies, and also to do the same at taking Leave: And tho' he seems to talk very feelingly on the Subject, yet makes no Reflections upon the Virtue of *English* Women. But to return to him; as to his Voyage to *Italy*, he prosecuted his Journey to *Turin*, and took the Degree of Doctor of Divinity in that University; he dwelt a whole year in *Bolognia*, and there obtain'd a Dispensation from Pope *Julian* to put off his Canon's Habit, but upon Condition not to put off the Habit of Priest; and after that went to *Venice*, where was the Printing-House of the famous *Manutius Aldus*, and there he published his Book of *Adagies*, and staying some Time there, wrote several Treatises, and had the Conversation of many eminent and learned Men. From thence he went to *Padua*, where at that Time *Alexander* the Son of *James* King of *Scotland*, and Bishop of St. *Andrews* in *Scotland*, studied, who chose *Erasmus* for his Tutor in Rhetorick, and went to *Seana*, and thence to *Rome*, where his great Merits had made his Presence expected long before. At *Rome* he gained the Friendship and Esteem of the most considerable Persons in the City, was offered the Dignity of a Penitentiary, if he would have remained there: But he returned back to the Archbishop, and not long after went with him again to *Italy*, and travelling farther into the Country, went to *Cuma*, and visited the Cave of *Sybilla*. After the Death of the Archbishop he began to think of returning to his own Country, and coming over the *Rhetian Alps*, went to *Argentorat*, and thence by the Way of the *Rhine* into *Holland*, having in his Way visited his Friends at *Antwerp* and *Louvain*; but *Henry* VIII. coming to the Crown of *England*, his Friends here, with many Invitations and great Promises, prevailed upon him to come over to *England* again, where it was his Purpose to have settled for the remaining Part of his Life, had he found Things according to the Expectation they

had given him: But how it came about is uncertain, whether *Erasmus* was wanting in making his Court aright to Cardinal *Wolsey*, who at that Time manag'd all Things at his Pleasure; or, whether it were that the Cardinal look'd with a jealous Eye upon him, because of his intimate Friendship with *William Warham*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, who had taken him into his Favour, between whom and *Wolsey* there was continual Clashing, (the Cardinal after he had been made the Pope's Legate, pretending a Power in the Archbishoprick of *Canterbury*.) On this Disappointment he left *England*, and went to *Flanders*; Archbishop *Warham* had indeed shewed his Esteem for him, in giving him the Living of *Aldington*. In short, *Erasmus* takes Notice of the Friendship between himself and *Warham* in the *Colloquy* called, *The Religious Pilgrimage*.

As to his Familiarity with Sir *Thomas More*, there are several Stories related, and especially one concerning the Disputes that had been between them about *Transubstantiation*, or the *real Presence* of Christ in the consecrated Wafer, of which Sir *Thomas* was a strenuous Maintainer, and *Erasmus* an Opponent; of which, when *Erasmus* saw he was too strongly byassed to be convinced by Arguments, he at last made use of the following facetious Retortion on him. It seems in their Disputes concerning the real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament, which were in *Latin*, Sir *Thomas* had frequently used this Expression, and laid the Stress of his Proof upon the Force of Believing, *Crede quod edis et edis, i. e.* Believe you eat [Christ] and you do eat him; therefore *Erasmus* answers him, *Crede quod habes et habes, Believe that you have* [*your Horse*] *and you have him.* It seems, at *Erasmus's* going away, Sir *Thomas* had lent him his Horse to carry him to the Sea-side or *Dover*; but he either carried him with him over Sea to *Holland*, or sent him not back to Sir *Thomas*, at least for some Time; upon which Sir *Thomas* writing to *Erasmus* about his Horse, *Erasmus* is said to have written back to him as follows.

Ut mihi scripsisti de corpore Christi,
Crede quod edis et edis.
Sic tibi rescribo de tuo Palfrido;
Crede quod habes et habes.

Being arriv'd at *Flanders* by the Interest of *Sylvagius* Chancellor to *Charles* of *Austria*, afterwards Emperor of *Germany*, known by the name of *Charles* V. he was made one of his Counsellors.

In the mean Time *Johannes Frobenius*, a famous Printer, having printed many of his Works at *Basil* in *Switzerland*, and being much taken with the Elegancy of his Printing, and the Neatness of his Edition, he went thither, pretending that he undertook that Journey for the Performance of some Vow he had made; he was kindly entertain'd by him, and publish'd several Books there, and dedicated this his Book of Colloquies to *Frobenius's* Son, and resided till the Mass had been put down there by the Reformers. When he left that Place, he retir'd to *Friburg* in *Alsace*. Before his going to *Friburg*, he visited the low Countries to settle certain Affairs there. And was at *Cologn* at the Time that the Assembly was at *Worms*, which being dissolv'd, he went again to *Basil*, either, as some say, for the Recovery of his Health, or, as others, for the publishing of several Books. He receiv'd the Bounty and Munificence of several Kings, Princes, and Popes, and was honourably entertain'd by many of the chief Cities which he pass'd through. And by his Procurement, a College of three Languages was instituted at *Louvain*, at the Charge of *Hieronimus Buslidius*, Governour of *Aria*, out of certain Monies he at his Death bequeath'd to the use of studious and learned Men. An Account of which coming to the Ears of *Francis* King of *France*, he invited him by Letters to *Paris*, in order, by his Advice to erect the like College there. But certain Affairs happening, his Journey thither was hindred. He went to *Friburg* in *Alsace*, where he bought him an House, and liv'd seven Years in great Esteem and Reputation, both with the chief Magistrates and Citizens of the Place, and all Persons of any Note in the University. But his Distemper, which was the Gout, coming rudely upon him, he, thinking the Change of Air would afford him Relief, sold his House, and went again to *Basil*, to the House of *Frobenius*; but he had not been there above nine Months before his Gout violently assaulted him, and his strength having gradually decay'd, he was seized with a Dysentery, under which having laboured for a Month, it at last overcame him, and he died at the House of *Jerome Frobenius*, the son of *John* the

famous Printer, the 12th of *July* 1536, about Midnight, being about seventy Years of Age: After his last retreat to *Basil*, he went seldom abroad; and for some of the last Months stirred not out of his Chamber. He retained a sound Mind, even to the last Moments of his Life; and, as a certain Author saith, bid Farewell to the World, and passed into the State of another Life, after the Manner of a Protestant, without the Papistical Ceremonies of Rosaries, Crosses, Confession, Absolution, or receiving the transubstantiated Wafer, and in one Word, not desiring to have any of the *Romish* Superstitions administered, but according to the true Tenor of the Gospel, taking Sanctuary in nothing but the Mercies of God in Christ. And finding himself near Death, he gave many Testimonies of Piety and Christian Hope in God's Mercy, and oftentimes cry'd out in the *German* Language, *Liever Godt*, *i. e.* dear God; often repeating, O Jesus have Mercy on me! O Lord, deliver me! Lord, put an End to my Misery! Lord, have Mercy upon me.

In his last Will, he made the celebrated Lawyer *Bonifacius Amerbachius* his Executor, bequeathing the greatest Part of his Substance to charitable Uses; as for the Maintenance of such as were poor and disabled through Age or Sickness; for the Marrying of poor young Virgins, to keep them from Temptations to Unchastity; for the maintaining hopeful Students in the University, and such like charitable Uses. In the overseeing of his Will, he join'd with *Amerbachius*, two others, *Jerome Frobenius*, and *Nicholas Episcopius*, who were his intimate Friends, and whom a certain Author says, had then espoused the Reformation began by *Luther* and other Reformers. The city of *Basil* still pays *Erasmus* the Respect which is due to the Memory of so eminent a Person; they not only call'd one of the Colleges there after his Name, but shew the House where he died to Strangers, with as much Veneration as the People of *Roterdam* do the House where he was born.

I shall not here pretend to give a Catalogue of all *Erasmus*'s genuine Pieces, which they shew at *Basil*: As to his Colloquies and *Moriæ Encomium*, they have seen more Editions than any other of his Works; and *Moreri* says, that a Bookseller at *Paris*, who thoroughly understood his Trade, sold twenty four thousand of them at one Impression, by getting it whisper'd to his Customers, that the Book was prohibited, and would suddenly be call'd in.

He was buried at *Basil*, in the Cathedral Church, on the left Side near the Choir, in a Marble Tomb; on the fore Side of which was this Inscription:

CHRISTO SERVATORIS.
DESID. ERASMO ROTERODAMO.
Viro omnibus modis maximo;
Cujus incomparabilem in omni disciplinarum genere eruditionem, pari conjunctam prudentia,
Posteri et admirabuntur et prædicabunt.
BONIFACIUS AMERBACHIUS, HIERONYMUS FROBENIUS, NICHOLAS EPISCOPIUS Hæredes,
Et nuncupati supremæ suæ voluntatis *vindices*
Patrono optimo,
non *Memoriæ*, quam immortalem sibi Editis Lucubrationibus comparavit, iis, tantisper dum orbis Terrarum stabit, superfuturo, ac eruditis ubique gentium colloquuturo: sed *Corporis Mortalis*, quo reconditum sit ergo, hoc saxum posuere.
Mortuus est IV. Eidus Julias jam septuagenarius, Anno à Christo nato, M. D. XXXVI.

Upon the upper Part of the Tomb is a quadrangular Base, upon which stands the Effigies of the Deity of *Terminus*, which *Erasmus* chose for the Impress of his Seal, and on the Front of that Base is this Inscription.

DES. ERASMUM ROTERODAMUM *Amici* sub hoc saxo condebant,
IV. eid. Julias M. D. XXXVI.

In the Year 1549, a wooden Statue, in Honour of so great a Man, was erected in the Market-place at *Roterdam*; and in the Year 1557, a Stone one was erected in the Stead of it; but this having been defaced by the *Spaniards* in the Year 1572, as soon as the Country had recovered its Liberty it was restored again. But in the Year 1622, instead of it, a very compleat one of Brass eight Foot high with the Pedestal, was erected, which is now

standing on the Bridge at *Roterdam*, and likely long to remain there, on the Foot of which is the following Inscription.

DESIDERIO ERASMO MAGNO,

Scientiarum atque Literaturæ politioris *vindici et instauratori: Viro* sæculi sui *Primario, civi* omnium præstantissimo, ac nominis immortalitatem scriptis æviternis jure *consecuto*, S. P. Q. ROTERODAMUS.

Ne quod tantis apud se suosque posteros *virtutibus* præmium deesset, *Statuam* hanc ex ære publico erigendam curaverunt.

On the right Side are these Verses of *Nicholas Heinsius.*

Barbariæ talem se debellator Erasmus,
Maxima laus Batavi nominis, ore tulit.
Reddidit, en, fatis, Ars obluctata sinistris,
De tanto spolium nacta quod urna viro est.
Ingenii cæleste jubar, majusque caduco
Tempore qui reddat, solus Erasmus *erit.*

On the left Side, and behind, there is an Inscription in the *Dutch* Language, much to the Purport of the first Inscription. On the House where *Erasmus* was born, formerly was this Inscription.

Hæc est parva Domus, magnus quâ natus Erasmus.

The same House being rebuilt and enlarged, has the following Inscription.

Ædibus his ortus Mundum decoravit Erasmus,
Artibus ingenuis, Religione, Fide.

As for his Stature, he was neither very low nor very tall, his Body well set, proportioned and handsome, neither fat nor lean, but of a nice and tender Constitution, and easily put out of Order with the least Deviation from his ordinary Way of Living; he had from his Childhood so great an Aversion to eating of Fish, that he never attempted it without the Danger of his Life, and therefore obtain'd a Dispensation from the Pope from eating Fish in *Lent*,

as appears by the Story of *Eras*, (as he stiles himself) in the Colloquy call'd *Ichthyophagia.* He was of a fair and pale Complexion, had a high Forehead, his Hair, in his younger Years, inclining to yellow, his Nose pretty long, a little thick at the End, his Mouth something large, but not ill made, his Eyes grey but lively, his Countenance chearful and pleasant, his Voice small, but musical, his Speech distinct and plain, pleasant and jocose, his Gaite handsome and grave; he had a most happy Memory and acute Wit, he was very constant to his Friend, and exceeding liberal to those that were under Necessity, especially to studious and hopeful Youths, and to such as were destitute in their Journey: In his Conversation he was very pleasant and affable, free from peevish and morose Humours, but very witty and satyrical. It is related, that when *Erasmus* was told, that *Luther* had married and gotten the famous *Catharine Bora* with Child, he should in a jesting Manner say, that, if according to the popular Tradition, *Antichrist* was to be begotten between a Monk and a Nun, the World was in a fair Way now to have a Litter of Antichrists.

I shall conclude with the Character given of *Erasmus* by Mr. *Thomas Brown*, who comparing him with *Lucian*, says, That whereas *Erasmus* had translated Part of his Dialogues into *Latin*, he had made *Lucian* the Pattern of his Colloquies, and had copied his Graces with that Success, that it is difficult to say which of the two was the Original.

That both of them had an equal Aversion to austere, sullen, designing Knaves, of what Complexion, Magnitude, or Party soever. That both of them were Men of Wit and Satyr, but that *Erasmus*, according to the Genius of his Country, had more of the Humourist in him than *Lucian*, and in all Parts of Learning was infinitely his Superior. That *Lucian* liv'd in an Age, when Fiction and Fable had usurp'd the Name of Religion, and Morality was debauch'd by a Set of sowr Scoundrels, Men of Beard and Grimace, but scandalously lewd and ignorant, who yet had the Impudence to preach up Virtue, and stile themselves Philosophers, perpetually clashing with one another about the Precedence of their several Founders, the Merits of their different Sects, and if it is possible, about Trifles of less Importance; yet all agreeing in a different Way, to dupe and amuse the poor

People by the fantastick Singularity of their Habits, the unintelligible Jargon of their Schools, and their Pretentions to a severe and mortified Life. This motly Herd of Jugglers *Lucian* in a great Measure help'd to chase out of the World, by exposing them in their proper Colours.

But in a few Generations after him, a new Generation sprung up in the World, well known by the Name of Monks and Friars, differing from the former in Religion, Garb, and a few other Circumstances, but in the main, the same individual Imposters; the same everlasting Cobweb-Spinners as to their nonsensical Controversies, the same abandon'd Rakehells as to their Morals; but as for the mysterious Arts of heaping up Wealth, and picking the Peoples Pockets, as much superior to their Predecessors the *Pagan* Philosophers, as an overgrown Favourite that cheats a whole Kingdom, is to a common Malefactor.

These were the sanctified Cheats, whose Follies and Vices *Erasmus* has so effectually lash'd, that some Countries have entirely turn'd these Drones out of their Cells, and in other Places where they are still kept, they are grown contemptible to the highest Degree, and oblig'd to be always upon their Guard.

THE
Familiar Colloquies
OF
DESIDERIUS ERASMUS,
OF
ROTERDAM.

The ARGUMENT.

This Colloquy teaches Courtesy and Civility in Saluting, who, when, and by what Title we ought to Salute.

At the First Meeting.

A Certain Person teaches, and not without Reason, that we should Salute freely. For a courteous and kind Salutation oftentimes engages Friendship, and reconciles Persons at Variance, and does undoubtedly nourish and increase a mutual Benevolence. There are indeed some Persons that are such Churls, and of so clownish a Disposition, that if you salute them, they will scarcely salute you again. But this Vice is in some Persons rather the Effect of their Education, than their natural Disposition.

It is a Piece of Civility to salute those that come in your Way; either such as come to us, or those that we go to

speak with. And in like Manner such as are about any Sort of Work, either at Supper, or that yawn, or hiccop, or sneeze, or cough. But it is the Part of a Man that is civil even to an Extreme, to salute one that belches, or breaks Wind backward. But he is uncivilly civil that salutes one that is making Water, or easing Nature.

God save you Father, God save you little Mother, God save you Brother, God save you my worthy Master, God save you heartily Uncle, God save you sweet Cousin.

It is courteous to make Use of a Title of Relation or Affinity, unless when it carries something of a Reflection along with it, then indeed it is better not to use such Titles, tho' proper; but rather some that are more engaging, as when we call a Mother in Law, Mother; a Son in Law, Son; a Father in Law, Father; a Sister's Husband, Brother; a Brother's Wife, Sister: And the same we should do in Titles, either of Age or Office. For it will be more acceptable to salute an antient Man by the Name of Father, or venerable Sir, than by the Sirname of Age; altho' in antient Times they used to make use of ὦ γέρον, as an honourable Title. God save you Lieutenant, God save you Captain; but not God save you Hosier or Shoe-maker. God save you Youth, or young Man. Old Men salute young Men that are Strangers to them by the Name of Sons, and young Men again salute them by the Name of Fathers or Sirs.

A more affectionate Salutation between Lovers.

God save you my little *Cornelia*, my Life, my Light, my Delight, my Sweet-heart, my Honey, my only Pleasure, my little Heart, my Hope, my Comfort, my Glory.

Either for the Sake of Honour or otherwise.

Sal. O Master, God bless ye.

Ans. Oh! Good Sir, I wish you the same.

Sal. God bless you most accomplish'd, and most famous

Sir. God bless you again and again thou Glory of Learning. God save you heartily my very good Friend. God save you my *Mæcenas.*

Ans. God save you my Singular Patron. God save you most approv'd Sir. God save you, the only Ornament of this Age. God bless you, the Delight of *Germany.*

Sal. God bless you all together. God bless you all alike.

Ans. God bless you my brave Boys.

Sal. God save you merry Companion. God bless you Destroyer of Wine.

Ans. God bless you Glutton, and unmerciful Devourer of Cakes.

Sal. God bless you heartily President of all Virtue.

Ans. God bless you in like Manner, Pattern of universal Honesty.

Sal. God save you little old Woman of Fifteen Years of Age.

Ans. God save you Girl, eighty Years old.

Sal. Much good may it do you with your bald Pate.

Ans. And much good may it do you with your slit Nose. As you salute, so you shall be saluted again. If you say that which is ill, you shall hear that which is worse.

Sal. God save you again and again.

Ans. God save you for ever and ever.

Sal. God save you more than a thousand Times.

Ans. In truth I had rather be well once for all.

Sal. God bless you as much as you can desire.

Ans. And you as much as you deserve.

Sal. I wish you well.

Ans. But what if I won't be so? In truth I had rather be sick, than to enjoy the Health that you want.

God bless your Holiness, Your Greatness, Your Highness, Your Majesty, Your Beatitude, Your High Mightiness, are Salutations rather us'd by the Vulgar, than approv'd by the Learned.

In the Third Person.

Sapidus wishes Health to his *Erasmus.*
Sapidus salutes his *Beatus*, wishing him much Health.

Another Form.

Sal. God bless you *Crito*, I wish you well good Sir.
Ans. And I wish you better. Peace be to thee Brother, is indeed a Christian Salutation, borrow'd from the *Jews*: but yet not to be rejected. And of the like Kind is, A happy Life to you.
Sal. Hail Master.
Ans. In truth I had rather have than crave.
Sal. Χαῖρε.
Ans. Remember you are at *Basil*, and not at *Athens.*
Sal. How do you then dare to speak *Latin* when you are not at *Rome?*

Forms of well Wishing.

And to wish well is a Sort of Salutation.

To a Woman with Child.

God send you a good Delivery, and that you may make your Husband Father of a fine Child. May the Virgin Mother make you a happy Mother. I wish that this swell'd Belly may asswage happily. Heaven grant that this Burthen you carry, whatsoever it is, may have as easy an out-coming as it had an in-going. God give you a good Time.

To Guests.

Happy be this Feast. Much good may it do all the Company. I wish all Happiness to you all. God give you a happy Banquet.

To one that sneezes.

May it be lucky and happy to you. God keep you. May it be for your Health. God bless it to you.

To one that is about to begin any Business.

May it prove happy and prosperous for the Publick Good. May that you are going about be an universal Good. God prosper what you are about. God bless your Labours. God bless your Endeavours. I pray that by God's Assistance you may happily finish what you have begun. May Christ in Heaven prosper what is under your Hand. May what you have begun end happily. May what you are set about end happily. You are about a good Work, I wish you a good End of it, and that propitious Heaven may favour your pious Undertakings. Christ give Prosperity to your Enterprise. May what you have undertaken prosper. I heartily beg of Almighty God that this Design may be as successful as it is honourable. May the Affair so happily begun, more happily end. I wish you a good Journey to *Italy*, and a better Return. I wish you a happy Voyage, and a more happy Return. I pray God that, this Journey being happily perform'd, we may in a short Time have the Opportunity of congratulating you upon your happy Return. May it be your good Fortune to make a good Voyage thither and back again. May your Journey be pleasant, but your Return more pleasant. I wish this Journey may succeed according to your Heart's Desire. I wish this Journey may be as pleasant to you, as the want of your good Company in the mean Time will be troublesome to us. May you set Sail with promising Presages. I wish this Journey may succeed according to both our Wishes. I wish this Bargain may be for the Good and Advantage of us both. I wish this may be a happy Match to us all. The blessed Jesus God keep thee. Kind Heaven return you safe. God keep thee who art one Half of my Life. I wish you a safe Return. I wish that this New-Year may begin

happily, go on more happily, and end most happily to you, and that you may have many of them, and every Year happier than other.

Ans. And I again wish you many happy Ages, that you mayn't wish well to me *gratis.*

Sal. I wish you a glorious Day to Day. May this Sun-rising be a happy one to you.

Ans. I wish you the same. May this be a happy and a prosperous Morning to both of us.

Sal. Father, I wish you a good Night. I wish you good Repose to Night. May you sleep sweetly. God give you good Rest. May you sleep without dreaming. God send you may either sleep sweetly or dream pleasantly. A good Night to you.

Ans. Since you always love to be on the getting Hand, I wish you a thousand Happinesses to one you wish to me.

Farewell at parting.

Fare ye all well. Farewell. Take care of your Health. Take a great Care of your Health. I bid you good by, Time calls me away, fare ye well. I wish you as well as may be. Farewell mightily, or if you had rather have it so, lustily. Fare you well as you are worthy. Fare you as well as you deserve. Farewell for these two Days. If you send me away, farewell till to-morrow. Would you have any Thing with me? Have you any Thing else to say to me?

Ans. Nothing but to wish you well.

Sal. Take Care to preserve your Health. Take Care of your Health. Look well to your Health. See that at the next Meeting we see you merry and hearty. I charge you make much of your self. See that you have a sound Mind in a healthful Body. Take Care you be universally well both in Body and Mind.

Ans. I'll promise you I will do my Endeavour. Fare you well also; and I again wish you prosperous Health.

Of saluting by another.

Remember my hearty Love to *Frobenius.* Be sure to remember my Love to little *Erasmus.* Remember me to *Gertrude's* Mother with all imaginable Respect; tell them I wish 'em all well. Remember me to my old Companions. Remember me to my Friends. Give my Love to my Wife. Remember me to your Brother in your Letter. Remember my Love to my Kinsman. Have you any Service to command by me to your Friends?

Ans. Tell them I wish them all heartily well.

Sal. Have you any Recommendations to send by me to your Friends?

Ans. Much Health to them all, but especially to my Father.

Sal. Are there any Persons to whom you would command me any Service?

Ans. To all that ask how I do. The Health you have brought from my Friends to me, carry back again with much Interest. Carry my hearty Service to all them that have sent their Service to me. Pray do so much as be my Representative in saluting my Friends. I would have written to my Son in Law, but you will serve me instead of a Letter to him.

Sal. Soho, soho, whither are you going so fast?

Ans. Strait to *Louvain.*

Sal. Stay a little, I have something to send by you.

Ans. But it is inconvenient for a Footman to carry a Fardel? What is it?

Sal. That you recommend me to *Goclenius, Rutgerus, John Campensis,* and all the Society of Trilinguists.

Ans. If you put nothing into my Snapsack but Healths, I shall carry them with Ease.

Sal. And that you may not do that for nothing, I pray that Health may be your Companion both going and coming back.

How we ought to congratulate one that is return'd from a Journey.

We are glad you are come well Home. It is a Pleasure that you are come Home safe. It is a Pleasure to us that you are come well Home. We congratulate your happy Return. We give God Thanks that you are come safe Home to us. The more uneasy we were at the Want of you, the more glad we are to see you again. We congratulate you and ourselves too that you are come Home to us alive and well. Your Return is the more pleasant by how much it was less expected.

Ans. I am glad too that as I am well myself I find you so. I am very glad to find you in good Health. I should not have thought myself well come Home if I had not found you well; but now I think myself safe, in that I see you safe and in good Health.

A Form of asking Questions at the first meeting.

The Argument.

This Colloquy teaches Forms of enquiring at the first meeting. Whence come you? What News bring you? How do you do? &c.

GEORGE, LIVINUS.

GEORGE. Out of what Hen-Coop or Cave came you?

Liv. Why do you ask me such a Question?

Ge. Because you have been so poorly fed; you are so thin a Body may see thro' you, and as dry as a Kecks. Whence came you from?

Liv. From *Montacute* College.

Ge. Then sure you are come loaden with Letters for us.

Liv. Not so, but with Lice I am.

Ge. Well then you had Company enough.

Liv. In truth it is not safe for a Traveller now a Days to go without Company.

Ge. I know well enough a Louse is a Scholar's Companion. Well but do you bring any News from *Paris?*

Liv. Ay, I do, and that in the first Place that I know you won't believe. At *Paris* a *Bete* is wise, and an *Oak* preaches.

Ge. What's that you tell me?

Liv. That which you hear.

Ge. What is it I hear?

Liv. That which I tell you.

Ge. O monstrous! Sure Mushrooms and Stones must be the Hearers where there are such Preachers.

Liv. Well, but it is even so as I tell you, nor do I speak only by hear say, but what I know to be true.

Ge. Sure Men must needs be very wise there where *Betes* and *Oaks* are so.

Liv. You are in the right on't.

Of enquiring concerning Health.

Ge. Are you well?

Liv. Look in my Face.

Ge. Why do you not rather bid me cast your Water? Do you take me for a Doctor? I don't ask you if you are in Health, for your Face bespeaks you so to be; but I ask you how you like your own Condition?

Liv. I am very well in my Body, but sick in my Mind.

Ge. He's not well indeed that is sick in that Part.

Liv. This is my Case, I'm well in my Body, but sick in my Pocket.

Ge. Your Mother will easily cure that Distemper. How have you done for this long Time?

Liv. Sometimes better, and sometimes worse, as human Affairs commonly go.

Ge. Are you very well in health? Are your Affairs in a

good Condition? Are your Circumstances as you would have them? Have you always had your Health well?

Liv. Very well, I thank God. By God's Goodness I have always had my Health very well. I have always been very well hitherto. I have been in very good, favourable, secure, happy, prosperous, successful, perfect Health, like a Prince, like a Champion, fit for any Thing.

Ge. God send you may always enjoy the same. I am glad to hear it. You give me a Pleasure in saying so. It is very pleasant to me to hear that. I am glad at my Heart to hear this from you. This is no bad News to me. I am exceeding glad to hear you say so. I wish you may be so always. I wish you may enjoy the same Health as long as you live. In congratulating you, I joy myself, Thanks to Heaven for it.

Li. Indeed I am very well if you are so.

Ge. Well, but have you met with no Trouble all this while?

Li. None but the Want of your good Company.

Ge. Well, but how do you do though?

Li. Well enough, finely, bravely, very well as may be, very well indeed, happily, commodiously, no Way amiss. I enjoy rather what Health I wish, than what I deserved, Princely, Herculean, Champion-like.

Ge. I was expecting when you would say Bull-like too.

Of being Ill.

Ge. Are you in good Health?

Li. I wish I were. Not altogether so well as I would be. Indeed I am so, so. Pretty well. I am as well as I can be, since I can't be so well as I would be. As I use to be. So as it pleases God. Truly not very well. Never worse in all my Life. As I am wont to be. I am as they use to be who have to do with the Doctor.

Ge. How do you do?

Li. Not as I would do.

Ge. Why truly not well, ill, very ill, in an unhappy, unprosperous, unfavourable, bad, adverse, unlucky, feeble, dubious, indifferent, State of Health, not at all as I would, a tolerable, such as I would not wish even to my Enemies.

Ge. You tell me a melancholy Story. Heavens forbid it. God forbid. No more of that I pray. I wish what you say were not true. But you must be of good Chear, you must pluck up a good Heart. A good Heart is a good Help in bad Circumstances. You must bear up your Mind with the Hope of better Fortune. What Distemper is it? What Sort of Disease is it? What Distemper is it that afflicts you? What Distemper are you troubled with?

Li. I can't tell, and in that my Condition is the more dangerous.

Ge. That's true, for when the Disease is known, it is half cured. Have you had the Advice of any Doctor?

Li. Ay, of a great many.

Ge. What do they say to your Case?

Li. What the Lawyers of *Demiphon* (in the Play) said to him. One says one Thing, another he says another, and the third he'll consider of it. But they all agree in this, that I am in a sad Condition.

Ge. How long have you been taken with this Illness? How long have you been ill of this Distemper? How long has this Illness seiz'd you?

Li. About twenty Days more or less, almost a Month. It's now near three Months. It seems an Age to me since I was first taken ill.

Ge. But I think you ought to take care that the Distemper don't grow upon you.

Li. It has grown too much upon me already.

Ge. Is it a Dropsy?

Li. They say it is not.

Ge. Is it a Dissentery?

Li. I think not.

Ge. Is it a Fever?

Li. I believe it is a Kind of Fever; but a new one, as

ever and anon new ones spring up that were unknown before.

Ge. There were more old ones than enough before.

Li. Thus it pleases Nature to deal with us, which is a little too severe.

Ge. How often does the Fit come?

Li. How often do you say? Every Day, nay every Hour indeed.

Ge. O wonderful! It is a sad Affliction. How did you get this Distemper? How do you think you came by it?

Li. By Reason of Want.

Ge. Why you don't use to be so superstitious as to starve yourself with Fasting.

Li. It is not Bigotry but Penury.

Ge. What do you mean by Penury?

Li. I mean I could get no Victuals, I believe it came by a Cold. I fancy I got the Distemper by eating rotten Eggs. By drinking too much Water in my Wine. This Crudity in my Stomach came by eating green Apples.

Ge. But consider whether you han't contracted this Distemper by long and late Studying, by hard Drinking, or immoderate use of Venery? Why don't you send for a Doctor?

Li. I am afraid he should do me more Harm than good. I am afraid he should poison me instead of curing me.

Ge. You ought to chuse one that you can confide in.

Li. If I must dye, I had rather dye once for all, than to be tormented with so many Slops.

Ge. Well then, be your own Doctor. If you can't trust to a Doctor, pray God be your Physician. There have been some that have recover'd their Health, by putting on a Dominican or a Franciscan Fryars Cowl.

Li. And perhaps it had been the same Thing, if they had put on a Whore-master's Cloak. These things have no Effect upon those that have no Faith in 'em.

Ge. Why then, believe that you may recover. Some have been cur'd by making Vows to a Saint.

Li. But I have no Dealings with Saints.

Ge. Then pray to Christ that you may have Faith, and that he would be pleased to bestow the Blessing of Health upon you.

Li. I can't tell whether it would be a Blessing or no.

Ge. Why, is it not a Blessing to be freed from a Distemper?

Li. Sometimes it is better to dye. I ask nothing of him, but only that he'd give me what would be best for me.

Ge. Take something to purge you.

Li. I am laxative enough already.

Ge. Take something to make you go to Stool. You must take a Purge.

Li. I ought to take something that is binding rather, for I am too laxative.

Of enquiring of a Person upon his Return.

The Argument.

Of interrogating a Person returning from a Journey, concerning War, private Affairs, a Disappointment, great Promises, a Wife Lying-in, Dangers, Losses, &c.

George. Have you had a good and prosperous Journey?

Li. Pretty good; but that there is such Robbing every where.

Ge. This is the Effect of War.

Li. It is so, but it is a wicked one.

Ge. Did you come on Foot or on Horse-back?

Li. Part of the Way a Foot, Part in a Coach, Part on Horse-back, and Part by Sea.

Ge. How go Matters in *France?*

Li. All's in Confusion, there's nothing but War talk'd of. What Mischiefs they may bring upon their Enemies I know not; but this I'm sure of, the *French* themselves are afflicted with unexpressible Calamities.

Ge. Whence come all these tumultuary Wars?

Li. Whence should they come but from the Ambition of Monarchs?

Ge. But it would be more their Prudence to appease these Storms of human Affairs.

Li. Appease 'em! Ay, so they do, as the South Wind does the Sea. They fancy themselves to be Gods, and that the World was made for their Sakes.

Ge. Nay, rather a Prince was made for the Good of the Commonwealth, and not the Commonwealth for the Sake of the Prince.

Li. Nay, there are Clergymen too, who blow up the Coals, and sound an Alarm to these Tumults.

Ge. I'd have them set in the Front of the Battel.

Li. Ay, ay, but they take Care to keep out of Harm's Way.

Ge. But let us leave these publick Affairs to Providence. How go your own Matters?

Li. Very well, happily, indifferently well, tolerably.

Ge. How goes it with your own Business? As you would have it?

Li. Nay, better than I could have wish'd for, better than I deserve, beyond what I could have hop'd for.

Ge. Are all Things according to your Mind? Is all well? Has every Thing succeeded?

Li. It can't be worse. It is impossible it should be worse than it is.

Ge. What then, han't you got what you sought for? Han't you caught the Game you hunted?

Li. Hunt! Ay, I did hunt indeed, but with very ill Success.

Ge. But is there no Hope then?

Li. Hope enough, but nothing else.

Ge. Did the Bishop give you no Hopes?

Li. Yes, whole Cart Loads, and whole Ship Loads of Hope; but nothing else.

Ge. Has he sent you nothing yet?

Li. He promis'd me largely, but he has never sent me a Farthing.

Ge. Then you must live in Hopes.

Li. Ay, but that won't fill the Belly; they that feed upon Hope may be said to hang, but not to live.

Ge. But however then, you were the lighter for travelling, not having your Pockets loaded.

Li. I confess that, nay, and safer too; for an empty Pocket is the best Defence in the World against Thieves; but for all that, I had rather have the Burthen and the Danger too.

Ge. You was not robb'd of any Thing by the Way, I hope?

Li. Robb'd! What can you rob a Man of that has nothing? There was more Reason for other Folks to be afraid of me, than I of them, having never a Penny in my Pocket. I might sing and be starved all the Way I went. Have you anything more to say?

Ge. Where are you going now?

Li. Strait Home, to see how all do there, whom I han't seen this long Time.

Ge. I wish you may find all well at Home.

Li. I pray God I may. Has any Thing new happen'd at our House since I went away?

Ge. Nothing but only you'll find your Family bigger than it was; for your *Catulla* has brought you a little *Catulus* since you have been gone. Your Hen has laid you an Egg.

Li. That's good News, I like your News, and I'll promise to give you a Gospel for it.

Ge. What Gospel? The Gospel according to St. *Matthew*?

Li. No, but according to *Homer*. Here take it.

Ge. Keep your Gospel to yourself, I have Stones enough at Home.

Li. Don't slight my Present, it is the Eagle's Stone; It is good for Women with Child; it is good to bring on their Labour.

Ge. Say you so? Then it is a very acceptable Present to me, and I'll endeavour to make you Amends.

Li. The Amends is made already by your kind Acceptance.

Ge. Nay, nothing in the World could come more seasonably, for my Wife's Belly is up to her Mouth almost.

Li. Then I'll make this Bargain with you; that if she has a Boy, you will let me be the Godfather.

Ge. Well I'll promise you that, and that you shall name it too.

Li. I wish it may be for both our Good.

Ge. Nay, for all our Good.

MAURICE, CYPRIAN.

Ma. You are come back fatter than you used to be: You are returned taller.

Cy. But in Truth I had rather it had been wiser, or more learned.

Ma. You had no Beard when you went away; but you have brought a little one back with you. You are grown somewhat oldish since you went away. What makes you look so pale, so lean, so wrinkled?

Cy. As is my Fortune, so is the Habit of my Body.

Ma. Has it been but bad then?

Cy. She never is otherwise to me, but never worse in my Life than now.

Ma. I am sorry for that. I am sorry for your Misfortune. But pray, what is this Mischance?

Cy. I have lost all my Money.

Ma. What in the Sea?

Cy. No, on Shore, before I went abroad.

Ma. Where?

Cy. Upon the *English* Coast.

Ma. It is well you scap'd with your Life ; it is better to lose your Money, than that ; the loss of ones good Name, is worse than the Loss of Money.

Cy. My Life and Reputation are safe ; but my Money is lost.

Ma. The Loss of Life never can be repair'd ; the Loss of Reputation very hardly ; but the Loss of Money may easily be made up one Way or another. But how came it about?

Cy. I can't tell, unless it was my Destiny. So it pleas'd God. As the Devil would have it.

Ma. Now you see that Learning and Virtue are the safest Riches ; for as they can't be taken from a Man, so neither are they burthensome to him that carries them.

Cy. Indeed you Philosophize very well ; but in the mean Time I'm in Perplexity.

CLAUDIUS, BALBUS.

Cl. I am glad to see you well come Home *Balbus.*

Ba. And I to see you alive *Claudius.*

Cl. You are welcome Home into your own Country again.

Ba. You should rather congratulate me as a Fugitive from *France.*

Cl. Why so ?

Ba. Because they are all up in Arms there.

Cl. But what have Scholars to do with Arms ?

Ba. But there they don't spare even Scholars.

Cl. It is well you're got off safe.

Ba. But I did not get off without Danger neither.

Cl. You are come back quite another Man than you went away.

Ba. How so ?

Cl. Why, of a *Dutch* Man, you are become a *French* Man.

Ba. Why, was I a Capon when I went away ?

Cl. Your Dress shows that you're turn'd from a *Dutch* Man into a *French* Man.

Ba. I had rather suffer this Metamorphosis, than be turn'd into a Hen. But as a Cowl does not make a Monk, so neither does a Garment a *French* Man.

Cl. Have you learn'd to speak *French?*

Ba. Indifferently well.

Cl. How did you learn it?

Ba. Of Teachers that were no dumb ones I assure you.

Cl. From whom.

Ba. Of little Women, more full of Tongue, than Turtle Doves.

Cl. It is easy to learn to speak in such a School. Do you pronounce the *French* well?

Ba. Yes, that I do, and I pronounce *Latin* after the *French* Mode.

Cl. Then you will never write good Verses.

Ba. Why so?

Cl. Because you'll make false Quantities.

Ba. The Quality is enough for me.

Cl. Is *Paris* clear of the Plague?

Ba. Not quite, but it is not continual, sometimes it abates, and anon it returns again; sometimes it slackens, and then rages again.

Cl. Is not War itself Plague enough?

Ba. It is so, unless God thought otherwise.

Cl. Sure Bread must be very dear there.

Ba. There is a great Scarcity of it. There is a great Want of every Thing but wicked Soldiers. Good Men are wonderful cheap there.

Cl. What is in the Mind of the *French* to go to War with the *Germans*?

Ba. They have a Mind to imitate the Beetle, that won't give Place to the Eagle. Every one thinks himself an *Hercules* in War.

Cl. I won't detain you any longer, at some other Time we'll divert ourselves more largely, when we can both spare Time. At present I have a little Business that calls me to another Place.

FAMILY DISCOURSE.

The ARGUMENT.

This Colloquy presents us with the Sayings and Jokes of intimate Acquaintance, and the Repartees and Behaviour of familiar Friends one with another. 1. *Of walking abroad, and calling Companions.* 2. *Of seldom visiting, of asking concerning a Wife, Daughter, Sons.* 3. *Concerning Leisure, the tingling of the Ear, the Description of a homely Maid. Invitation to a Wedding.* 4. *Of Studying too hard,* &c.

PETER, MIDAS, *a Boy,* JODOCUS.

PETER, Soho, soho, Boy! does no Body come to the Door?

Mi. I think this Fellow will beat the Door down. Sure he must needs be some intimate Acquaintance or other. O old Friend *Peter,* what hast brought?

Pe. Myself.

Mi. In Truth then you have brought that which is not much worth.

Pe. But I'm sure I cost my Father a great deal.

Mi. I believe so, more than you can be sold for again.

Pe. But is *Jodocus* at Home?

Mi. I can't tell, but I'll go see.

Pe. Go in first, and ask him if he pleases to be at Home now.

Mi. Go yourself, and be your own Errand Boy.

Pe. Soho! *Jodocus,* are you at Home?

Jo. No, I am not.

Pe. Oh! You impudent Fellow! don't I hear you speak?

Jo. Nay, you are more impudent, for I took your Maid's Word for it lately, that you were not at Home, and you won't believe me myself.

Pe. You're in the Right on't, you've serv'd me in my own Kind.

Jo. As I sleep not for every Body, so I am not at Home to every Body, but for Time to come shall always be at Home to you.

Pe. Methinks you live the Life of a Snail.

Jo. Why so?

Pe. Because you keep always at Home and never stir abroad, just like a lame Cobler always in his Stall. You sit at Home till your Breech grows to your Seat.

Jo. At Home I have something to do, but I have no Business abroad, and if I had, the Weather we have had for several Days past, would have kept me from going abroad.

Pe. But now it is fair, and would tempt a Body to walk out; see how charming pleasant it is.

Jo. If you have a Mind to walk I won't be against it.

Pe. In Truth, I think we ought to take the Opportunity of this fine Weather.

Jo. But we ought to get a merry Companion or two, to go along with us.

Pe. So we will; but tell me who you'd have then.

Jo. What if we should get *Hugh*?

Pe. There is no great Difference between *Hugo* and *Nugo*.

Jo. Come on then, I like it mighty well.

Pe. What if we should call *Alardus*?

Jo. He's no dumb Man I'll assure you, what he wants in Hearing he'll make up in Talking.

Pe. If you will, we'll get *Nævius* along with us too.

Jo. If we have but him, we shall never want merry Stories. I like the Company mainly, the next Thing is to pitch upon a pleasant Place.

Pe. I'll show you a Place where you shall neither want

the Shade of a Grove, nor the pleasant Verdure of Meadows, nor the purling Streams of Fountains, you'll say it is a Place worthy of the Muses themselves.

Jo. You promise nobly.

Pe. You are too intent upon your Books; you sit too close to your Books; you make yourself lean with immoderate Study.

Jo. I had rather grow lean with Study than with Love.

Pe. We don't live to study, but we therefore study that we may live pleasantly.

Jo. Indeed I could live and dye in my Study.

Pe. I approve well enough of studying hard, but not to study myself to Death.

Pe. Has this Walk pleas'd you?

Jo. It has been a charming pleasant one.

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2. *GILES, LEONARD.*

Gi. Where is our *Leonard* a going?

Le. I was coming to you.

Gi. That you do but seldom.

Le. Why so?

Gi. Because you han't been to see me this twelve Months.

Le. I had rather err on that Hand to be wanted, than to be tiresome.

Gi. I am never tired with the Company of a good Friend: Nay, the oftner you come the more welcome you are.

Le. But by the Way, how goes Matters at your House.

Gi. Why truly not many Things as I would have them.

Le. I don't wonder at that, but is your Wife brought to Bed yet?

Gi. Ay, a great While ago, and had two at a Birth too.

Le. How, two at once!

Gi. 'Tis as I tell you, and more than that she's with Child again.

Le. That's the Way to increase your Family.

Gi. Ay, but I wish Fortune would increase my Money as much as my Wife does my Family.

Le. Have you disposed of your Daughter yet?

Gi. No, not yet.

Le. I would have you consider if it be not hazardous to keep such a great Maid as she at Home, you should look out for a Husband for her.

Gi. There's no Need of that, for she has Sweet-hearts enough already.

Le. But why then don't you single out one for her, him that you like the best of them?

Gi. They are all so good that I can't tell which to chuse: But my Daughter won't hear of marrying.

Le. How say you! If I am not mistaken, she has been marriageable for some Time. She has been fit for a Husband a great While, ripe for Wedlock, ready for a Husband this great While.

Gi. Why not, she is above seventeen, she's above two and twenty, she's in her nineteenth Year, she's above eighteen Years old.

Le. But why is she averse to Marriage?

Gi. She says she has a Mind to be married to Christ.

Le. In Truth he has a great many Brides. But is she married to an evil Genius that lives chastly with a Husband?

Gi. I don't think so.

Le. How came that Whimsey into her Head?

Gi. I can't tell, but there's no persuading her out of it by all that can be said to her.

Le. You should take Care that there be no Tricksters that inveagle or draw her away.

Gi. I know these Kidnappers well enough, and I drive this Kind of Cattel as far from my House as I can.

Le. But what do you intend to do then? Do you intend to let her have her Humour?

Gi. No, I'll prevent it if possible; I'll try every Method to alter her Mind; but if she persists in it, I'll not force her against her Will, lest I should be found to fight against God, or rather to fight against the Monks.

Le. Indeed you speak very religiously; but take Care to try her Constancy throughly, lest she should afterwards repent it, when it is too late.

Gi. I'll do my utmost Endeavours.

Le. What Employment do your Sons follow?

Gi. The eldest has been married this good While, and will be a Father in a little Time; I have sent the youngest away to *Paris*, for he did nothing but play while he was here.

Le. Why did you send him thither?

Gi. That he might come back a greater Fool than he went.

Le. Don't talk so.

Gi. The middlemost has lately enter'd into holy Orders.

Le. I wish 'em all well.

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3. *MOPSUS, DROMO.*

Mo. How is it? What are you doing *Dromo?*

Dr. I'm sitting still.

Mo. I see that; but how do Matters go with you?

Dr. As they use to do with unfortunate Persons.

Mo. God forbid that that should be your Case. But what are you doing?

Dr. I am idling, as you see; doing just nothing at all.

Mo. It is better to be idle than doing of nothing; it may be I interrupt you, being employ'd in some Matters of Consequence?

Dr. No, really, entirely at Leisure; I just began to be tir'd of being alone, and was wishing for a merry Companion.

Mo. It may be I hinder, interrupt, disturb you, being about some Business?

Dr. No, you divert me, being tired with being idle.

Mo. Pray pardon me if I have interrupted you unseasonably.

Dr. Nay, you came very seasonably ; you are come in the Nick of Time ; I was just now wishing for you ; I am extreme glad of your Company.

Mo. It may be you are about some serious Business, that I would by no means interrupt or hinder ?

Dr. Nay, rather it is according to the old Proverb, *Talk of the Devil and he'll appear* ; for we were just now speaking of you.

Mo. In short, I believe you were, for my Ear tingled mightily as I came along.

Dr. Which Ear was it ?

Mo. My left, from which I guess there was no Good said of me.

Dr. Nay, I'll assure you there was nothing but Good said.

Mo. Then the old Proverb is not true. But what good News have you ?

Dr. They say you are become a Huntsman.

Mo. Nay, more than that, I have gotten the Game now in my Nets that I have been hunting after.

Dr. What Game is it ?

Mo. A pretty Girl, that I am to marry in a Day or two ; and I intreat you to honour me with your good Company at my Wedding.

Dr. Pray, who is your Bride ?

Mo. Alice, the Daughter of *Chremes*.

Dr. You are a rare Fellow to chuse a Beauty for one ! Can you fancy that Black-a-top, Snub-nos'd, Sparrow-mouth'd, Paunch-belly'd Creature.

Mo. Prithee hold thy Tongue, I marry her to please myself, and not you. Pray, is it not enough that I like her ? The less she pleases you, the more she'll please me.

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4. *SYRUS, GETA.*

Sy. I wish you much Happiness.

Ge. And I wish you double what you wish me.

Sy. What are you doing ?

Ge. I am talking.

Sy. What ! By yourself ?

Ge. As you see.

Sy. It may be you are talking to yourself, and then you ought to see to it that you talk to an honest Man.

Ge. Nay, I am conversing with a very facetious Companion.

Sy. With whom ?

Ge. With *Apuleius.*

Sy. That I think you are always doing, but the Muses love Intermission ; you study continually.

Ge. I am never tired with Study.

Sy. It may be so, but yet you ought to set Bounds ; though Study ought not to be omitted, yet it ought sometimes to be intermitted ; Studies are not to be quite thrown aside, yet they ought for a While to be laid aside ; there is nothing pleasant that wants Variety ; the seldomer Pleasures are made use of the pleasanter they are. You do nothing else but study. You are always studying. You are continually at your Books. You read incessantly. You study Night and Day. You never are but a studying. You are continually at your Study. You are always intent upon your Books. You know no End of, nor set no Bound to Study. You give yourself no Rest from your Studies. You allow yourself no Intermission in, nor ever give over studying.

Ge. Very well ! This is like you. You banter me as you use to do. You make a Game of me. You joke upon me. You satyrize me. You treat me with a Sneer. I see how you jeer me well enough. You only jest with me. I am your Laughing-stock. I am laugh'd at by you. You make yourself merry with me. You make a meer Game and Sport of me. Why don't you put me on Asses Ears too ? My Books, that are all over dusty and mouldy, shew how hard a Studier I am.

Sy. Let me die if I don't speak my Mind. Let me perish

if I don't speak as I think. Let me not live if I dissemble. I speak what I think. I speak the Truth. I speak seriously. I speak from my Heart. I speak nothing but what I think.

Why don't you come to see me?

Ge. What's the Matter you ha'n't come to see me all this While? What's the Matter you visit me so seldom? What has happen'd to you that you never have come at me for so long Time? Why are you so seldom a Visitor? What is the Meaning that you never come near one for so long Time? What has hinder'd you that you have come to see me no oftner? What has prevented you that you have never let me have the Opportunity of seeing you for this long Time?

I could not by Reason of Business.

Sy. I had not Leisure. I would have come, but I could not for my Business. Business would not permit me hitherto to come to see you. These Floods of Business that I have been plung'd in would not permit me to pay my Respects to you. I have been so busy I could not come. I have been harass'd with so many vexatious Matters that I could not get an Opportunity. I have been so taken up with a troublesome Business that I could never have so much Command of myself. You must impute it to my Business, and not to me. It was not for Want of Will, but Opportunity. I could not get Time till now. I have had no Time till now. I never have had any Leisure till this Time. I have been so ill I could not come. I could not come, the Weather has been so bad.

Ge. Indeed I accept of your Excuse, but upon this Condition, that you don't make use of it often. If Sickness has been the Occasion of your Absence, your Excuse is

juster than I wish it had been ; I'll excuse you upon this Condition, that you make Amends for your Omission by Kindness, if you make up your past Neglect by your future frequent Visits.

Sy. You don't esteem these common Formalities. Our Friendship is more firm than to need to be supported by such vulgar Ceremonies. He visits often enough that loves constantly.

Ge. A Mischief take those Incumbrances that have depriv'd us of your Company. I can't tell what to wish for bad enough to those Affairs that have envy'd us the Company of so good a Friend. A Mischief take that Fever that hath tormented us so long with the Want of you. I wish that Fever may perish, so thou thyself wert but safe.

Of Commanding and Promising.

JAMES, SAPIDUS.

Ja. I pray you take a special Care of this Matter. I earnestly intreat you to take Care of this Affair. If you have any Respect for me, pray manage this Affair diligently. Pray be very careful in this Affair. Pray take a great Deal of Care about this Business for my Sake. If you are indeed the Man I always took you to be, let me see in this Concern what Esteem you have for me.

Sa. Say no more, I'll dispatch this Affair for you, and that very shortly too. I can't indeed warrant you what the Event shall be, but this I promise you, that neither Fidelity nor Industry shall be wanting in me. I will take more Care of it than if it were mine own Affair ; tho' indeed that which is my Friend's I account as my own. I will so manage the Affair, that whatever is wanting, Care and Diligence shall not be wanting. Take you no Care about the Matter, I'll do it for you. Do you be easy, I'll take the Management of it upon myself. I am glad to have an Opportunity put

into my Hand of shewing you my Respect. I do not promise you in Words, but I will in Reality perform whatsoever is to be expected from a real Friend, and one that heartily wishes you well. I won't bring you into a Fool's Paradise. I'll do that which shall give you Occasion to say you trusted the Affair to a Friend.

Success.

Sa. The Matter succeeded better than I could have expected. Fortune has favour'd both our Wishes. If Fortune had been your Wife she could not have been more observant to you. Your Affair went on bravely with Wind and Tide. Fortune has out-done our very Wishes. You must needs be a Favourite of Fortune, to whom all Things fall out just as you would have them. I have obtain'd more than I could presume to wish for. This Journey has been perform'd from Beginning to End with all the fortunate Circumstances imaginable. The whole Affair has fallen out according to our Wish. This Chance fell out happily for us. I think we have been lucky to Admiration, that what has been so imprudently enterpriz'd, has so happily succeeded.

A giving one Thanks.

Ja. Indeed I thank you, and shall thank you heartily as long as I live for that good Service you have done me. I can scarce give you the Thanks you deserve, and shall never be able to make you Amends. I see how much I am oblig'd to you for your Kindness to me. Indeed I don't wonder at it, for it is no new Thing, and in that I am the more oblig'd to you. My *Sapidus* I do, and it is my Duty to love you heartily for your Kindness to me. In as much as in this Affair you have not acted the Part of a Courtier, I do, and

always shall thank you. I respect you, and thank you, that you made my Affair your Care. You have oblig'd me very much by that Kindness of yours. It is a great Obligation upon me that you have manag'd my Concern with Fidelity. Of all your Kindnesses, which are indeed a great many, you have shew'd me none has oblig'd me more than this. I cannot possibly make you a Return according to your Merit. Too much Ceremony between you and I is unnecessary, but that which is in my Power I'll do. I'll be thankful as long as I live. I confess myself highly oblig'd to you for your good Service. For this Kindness I owe you more than I am able to pay. By this good Office you have attach'd me to you so firmly, that I can never be able to disengage myself. You have laid me under so many and great Obligations, that I shall never be able to get out of your Debt. No Slave was ever so engag'd in Duty to his Master as you have engag'd me by this Office. You have by this good Turn brought me more into your Debt than ever I shall be able to pay. I am oblig'd to you upon many Accounts, but upon none more than upon this. Thanks are due for common Kindness, but this is beyond the Power of Thanks to retaliate.

The Answer.

Sa. Forbear these Compliments, the Friendship between you and I is greater than that we should thank one another for any Service done. I have not bestow'd this Kindness upon you, but only made a Return of it to you. I think the Amends is sufficiently made, if my most sedulous Endeavours are acceptable to you. There is no Reason you should thank me for repaying this small Kindness, for those uncommon Kindnesses I have so often receiv'd from you. Indeed I merit no Praise, but should have been the most ungrateful Man in the World if I had been wanting to my Friend. Whatsoever I have, and whatsoever I can

do, you may call as much your own as any Thing that you have the best Title to. I look upon it as a Favour that you take my Service kindly. You pay so great an Acknowledgment to me for so small a Kindness, as tho' I did not owe you much greater. He serves himself that serves his Friend. He that serves a Friend does not give away his Service, but puts it out to Interest. If you approve of my Service, pray make frequent Use of it; then I shall think my Service is acceptable, if as often as you have Occasion for it you would not request but command it.

Of RASH VOWS.

The ARGUMENT.

This Colloquy treats chiefly of three Things. 1. *Of the superstitious Pilgrimages of some Persons to* Jerusalem, *and other holy Places, under Pretence of Devotion.* 2. *That Vows are not to be made rashly over a Pot of Ale: but that Time, Expence and Pains ought to be employ'd otherwise, in such Matters as have a real Tendency to promote true Piety.* 3. *Of the Insignificancy and Absurdity of Popish Indulgencies.*

ARNOLDUS, CORNELIUS.

ARNOLDUS. O! *Cornelius*, well met heartily, you have been lost this hundred Years.

Co. What my old Companion *Arnoldus*, the Man I long'd to see most of any Man in the World! God save you.

Ar. We all gave thee over for lost. But prithee where hast been rambling all this While?

Co. In t'other World.

Ar. Why truly a Body would think so by thy slovenly Dress, lean Carcase, and ghastly Phyz.

Co. Well, but I am just come from *Jerusalem*, not from the *Stygian* Shades.

Ar. What Wind blew thee thither?

Co. What Wind blows a great many other Folks thither?

Ar. Why Folly, or else I am mistaken.

Co. However, I am not the only Fool in the World.

Ar. What did you hunt after there?

Co. Why Misery.

Ar. You might have found that nearer Home. But did you meet with any Thing worth seeing there?

Co. Why truly, to speak ingenuously, little or nothing. They shew us some certain Monuments of Antiquity, which I look upon to be most of 'em Counterfeits, and meer Contrivances to bubble the Simple and Credulous. I don't think they know precisely the Place that *Jerusalem* anciently stood in.

Ar. What did you see then?

Co. A great deal of Barbarity every where.

Ar. But I hope you are come back more holy than you went.

Co. No indeed, rather ten Times worse.

Ar. Well, but then you are richer?

Co. Nay, rather poorer than *Job.*

Ar. But don't you repent you have taken so long a Journey to so little Purpose?

Co. No, nor I am not asham'd neither, I have so many Companions of my Folly to keep me in Countenance; and as for Repentance, it's too late now.

Ar. What! do you get no Good then by so dangerous a Voyage?

Co. Yes, a great Deal.

Ar. What is it?

Co. Why, I shall live more pleasantly for it for Time to come.

Ar. What, because you'll have the Pleasure of telling old Stories when the Danger is over?

Co. That is something indeed, but that is not all.

Ar. Is there any other Advantage in it besides that?

Co. Yes, there is.

Ar. What is it? Pray tell me.

Co. Why, I can divert myself and Company, as oft as I have a Mind to it, in romancing upon my Adventures over a Pot of Ale, or a good Dinner.

Ar. Why, truly that is something, as you say.

Co. And besides, I shall take as much Pleasure myself when I hear others romancing about Things they never heard nor saw ; nay, and that they do with that Assurance, that when they are telling the most ridiculous and impossible Things in Nature, they persuade themselves they are speaking Truth all the While.

Ar. This is a wonderful Pleasure. Well then, you have not lost all your Cost and Labour, as the Saying is.

Co. Nay, I think this is something better still than what they do, who, for the sake of little Advance-money, list themselves for Soldiers in the Army, which is the Nursery of all Impiety.

Ar. But it is an ungentleman-like Thing to take Delight in telling Lies.

Co. But it is a little more like a Gentleman than either to delight others, or be delighted in slandering other Persons, or lavishing away a Man's Time or Substance in Gaming.

Ar. Indeed I must be of your Mind in that.

Co. But then there is another Advantage.

Ar. What is that ?

Co. If there shall be any Friend that I love very well, who shall happen to be tainted with this Phrensy, I will advise him to stay at Home ; as your Mariners that have been cast away, advise them that are going to Sea, to steer clear of the Place where they miscarried.

Ar. I wish you had been my Moniter in Time.

Co. What Man ! Have you been infected with this Disease too ?

Ar. Yes, I have been at *Rome* and *Compostella.*

Co. Good God ! how I am pleas'd that you have been as great a Fool as I ! What *Pallas* put that into your Head ?

Ar. No *Pallas,* but *Moria* rather, especially when I left at Home a handsome young Wife, several Children, and a Family, who had nothing in the World to depend upon for a Maintenance but my daily Labour.

Co. Sure it must be some important Reason that drew

you away from all these engaging Relations. Prithee tell me what it was.

Ar. I am asham'd to tell it.

Co. You need not be asham'd to tell me, who, you know, have been sick of the same Distemper.

Ar. There was a Knot of Neighbours of us drinking together, and when the Wine began to work in our Noddles, one said he had a Mind to make a Visit to St. *James*, and another to St. *Peter*; presently there was one or two that promis'd to go with them, till at last it was concluded upon to go all together; and I, that I might not seem a disagreeable Companion, rather than break good Company, promised to go too. The next Question was, whether we should go to *Rome* or *Compostella?* Upon the Debate it was determin'd that we should all, God willing, set out the next Day for both Places.

Co. A grave Decree, fitter to be writ in Wine than engrav'd in Brass.

Ar. Presently a Bumper was put about to our good Journey, which when every Man had taken off in his Turn, the Vote passed into an Act, and became inviolable.

Co. A new Religion! But did you all come safe back?

Ar. All but three, one dy'd by the Way, and gave us in Charge to give his humble Service to *Peter* and *James*; another dy'd at *Rome*, who bad us remember him to his Wife and Children; and the third we left at *Florence* dangerously ill, and I believe he is in Heaven before now.

Co. Was he so good a Man then?

Ar. The veriest Droll in Nature.

Co. Why do you think he is in Heaven then?

Ar. Because he had a whole Satchel full of large Indulgencies.

Co. I understand you, but it is a long Way to Heaven, and a very dangerous one too, as I am told, by reason of the little Thieves that infest the middle Region of the Air.

Ar. That's true, but he was well fortify'd with Bulls.

Co. What Language were they written in?

Ar. In *Latin.*

Co. And will they secure him ?

Ar. Yes, unless he should happen upon some Spirit that does not understand *Latin*, in that Case he must go back to *Rome*, and get a new Passport.

Co. Do they sell Bulls there to dead Men too ?

Ar. Yes.

Co. But by the Way, let me advise you to have a Care what you say, for now there are a great many Spies abroad.

Ar. I don't speak slightingly of Indulgencies themselves, but I laugh at the Folly of my fuddling Companion, who tho' he was the greatest Trifler that ever was born, yet chose rather to venture the whole Stress of his Salvation upon a Skin of Parchment than upon the Amendment of his Life. But when shall we have that merry Bout you spoke of just now ?

Co. When Opportunity offers we'll set a Time for a small Collation, and invite some of our Comrades, there we will tell Lies, who can lye fastest, and divert one another with Lies till we have our Bellies full.

Ar. Come on, a Match.

OF BENEFICE-HUNTERS.

The Argument.

In this Colloquy those Persons are reprehended that run to and again to Rome *hunting after Benefices, and that oftentimes with the Hazard of the Corruption of their Morals, and the Loss of their Money. The Clergy are admonished to divert themselves with reading of good Books, rather than with a Concubine. Jocular Discourse concerning a long Nose.*

PAMPHAGUS, COCLES.

PAM. Either my Sight fails me, or this is my old Pot-Companion *Cocles.*

Co. No, no, your Eyes don't deceive you at all, you see a Companion that is yours heartily. Nobody ever thought to have seen you again, you have been gone so many Years, and no Body knew what was become of you. But whence come you from? Prithee tell me.

Pa. From the *Antipodes.*

Co. Nay, but I believe you are come from the fortunate Islands.

Pa. I am glad you know your old Companion, I was afraid I should come home as *Ulysses* did.

Co. Why pray? After what Manner did he come Home?

Pa. His own Wife did not know him; only his Dog, being grown very old, acknowledg'd his Master, by wagging his Tail.

Co. How many Years was he from Home?

Pa. Twenty.

Co. You have been absent more than twenty Years, and

yet I knew your Face again. But who tells that Story of *Ulysses ?*

Pa. Homer.

Co. He ? They say he's the Father of all fabulous Stories. It may be his Wife had gotten herself a Gallant in the mean time, and therefore did not know her own *Ulysses.*

Pa. No, nothing of that, she was one of the chastest Women in the World. But *Pallas* had made *Ulysses* look old, that he might not be known.

Co. How came he to be known at last ?

Pa. By a little Wart that he had upon one of his Toes. His Nurse, who was now a very old Woman, took Notice of that as she was washing his Feet.

Co. A curious old Hagg. Well then, do you admire that I know you that have so remarkable a Nose.

Pa. I am not at all sorry for this Nose.

Co. No, nor have you any Occasion to be sorry for having a Thing that is fit for so many Uses.

Pa. For what Uses ?

Co. First of all, it will serve instead of an Extinguisher, to put out Candles.

Pa. Go on.

Co. Again, if you want to draw any Thing out of a deep Pit, it will serve instead of an Elephant's Trunk.

Pa. O wonderful.

Co. If your Hands be employ'd, it will serve instead of a Pin.

Pa. Is it good for any Thing else ?

Co. If you have no Bellows, it will serve to blow the Fire.

Pa. This is very pretty ; have you any more of it ?

Co. If the Light offends you when you are writing, it will serve for an Umbrella.

Pa. Ha, ha, ha ! Have you any Thing more to say ?

Co. In a Sea-fight it will serve for a Grappling-hook.

Pa. What will it serve for in a Land-fight ?

Co. Instead of a Shield.

Pa. And what else ?

Co. It will serve for a Wedge to cleave Wood withal.

Pa. Well said.

Co. If you act the Part of a Herald, it will be for a Trumpet; if you sound an Alarm, a Horn; if you dig, a Spade; if you reap, a Sickle; if you go to Sea, an Anchor; in the Kitchen it will serve for a Flesh-hook; and in Fishing a Fish-hook.

Pa. I am a happy Fellow indeed, I did not know I carry'd about me a Piece of Houshold Stuff that would serve for so many Uses.

Co. But in the mean Time, in what Corner of the Earth have you hid yourself all this While?

Pa. In *Rome.*

Co. But is it possible that in so publick a Place no Body should know you were alive?

Pa. Good Men are no where in the World so much *incognito* as there, so that in the brightest Day you shall scarce see one in a throng'd Market.

Co. Well, but then you're come home loaden with Benefices.

Pa. Indeed I hunted after them diligently, but I had no Success; for the Way of Fishing there is according to the Proverb, with a golden Hook.

Co. That's a foolish Way of Fishing.

Pa. No Matter for that, some Folks find it a very good Way.

Co. Are they not the greatest Fools in Nature that change Gold for Lead?

Pa. But don't you know that there are Veins of Gold in holy Lead?

Co. What then! Are you come back nothing but a *Pamphagus*?

Pa. No.

Co. What then, pray?

Pa. A ravenous Wolf.

Co. But they make a better Voyage of it, that return laden

with Budgets full of Benefices. Why had you rather have a Benefice than a Wife?

Pa. Because I love to live at Ease. I love to live a pleasant Life.

Co. But in my Opinion they live the most pleasant Life that have at Home a pretty Girl, that they may embrace as often as they have a Mind to it.

Pa. And you may add this to it, sometimes when they have no Mind to it. I love a continual Pleasure; he that marries a Wife is happy for a Month, but he that gets a fat Benefice lives merrily all his Life.

Co. But Solitude is so melancholy a Life, that *Adam* in *Paradise* could not have liv'd happily unless God had given him an *Eve.*

Pa. He'll ne'er need to want an *Eve* that has gotten a good Benefice.

Co. But that Pleasure can't really be call'd Pleasure that carries an ill Name and bad Conscience with it.

Pa. You say true, and therefore I design to divert the Tediousness of Solitude by a Conversation with Books.

Co. They are the pleasantest Companions in the World. But do you intend to return to your Fishing again?

Pa. Yes, I would, if I could get a fresh Bait.

Co. Would you have a golden one or a silver one?

Pa. Either of them.

Co. Be of good Cheer, your Father will supply you.

Pa. He'll part with nothing; and especially he'll not trust me again, when he comes to understand I have spent what I had to no Purpose.

Co. That's the Chance of the Dice.

Pa. But he don't like those Dice.

Co. If he shall absolutely deny you, I'll shew you where you may have as much as you please.

Pa. You tell me good News indeed, come shew it me, my Heart leaps for Joy.

Co. It is here hard by.

Pa. Why, have you gotten a Treasure?

Co. If I had, I would have it for myself, not for you.

Pa. If I could but get together 100 Ducats I should be in Hopes again.

Co. I'll shew you where you may have 100,000.

Pa. Prithee put me out of my Pain then, and do not teaze me to Death. Tell me where I may have it.

Co. From the *Asse Budæi*, there you may find a great many Ten Thousands, whether you'd have it Gold or Silver.

Pa. Go and be hang'd with your Banter, I'll pay you what I owe you out of that Bank.

Co. Ay, so you shall, but it shall be what I lend you out of it.

Pa. I know your waggish Tricks well enough.

Co. I'm not to be compar'd to you for that.

Pa. Nay, you are the veriest Wag in Nature, you are nothing but Waggery; you make a Jest of a serious Matter. In this Affair it is far easier Matter to teaze me than it is to please me. The Matter is of too great a Consequence to be made a Jest on. If you were in my Case you would not be so gamesome; you make a mere Game of me; you game and banter me. You joke upon me in a Thing that is not a joking Matter.

Co. I don't jeer you, I speak what I think. Indeed I do not laugh, I speak my Mind. I speak seriously. I speak from my Heart. I speak sincerely. I speak the Truth.

Pa. So may your Cap stand always upon your Head, as you speak sincerely. But do I stand loitering here, and make no haste Home to see how all Things go there?

Co. You'll find a great many Things new.

Pa. I believe I shall; but I wish I may find all Things as I would have them.

Co. We may all wish so if we will, but never any Body found it so yet.

Pa. Our Rambles will do us both this Good, that we shall like Home the better for Time to come.

Co. I can't tell that, for I have seen some that have play'd the same Game over and over again; if once this Infection seizes a Person he seldom gets rid of it.

OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

The Argument.

The wicked Life of Soldiers is here reprehended, and shewn to be very miserable: That War is Confusion, and a Sink of all manner of Vices, in as much as in it there is no Distinction made betwixt Things sacred and profane. The Hope of Plunder allures many to become Soldiers. The Impieties of a Military Life are here laid open, by this Confession of a Soldier, that Youth may be put out of Conceit of going into the Army.

HANNO, THRASYMACHUS.

HANNO. How comes it about that you that went away a *Mercury*, come back a *Vulcan?*

Thr. What do you talk to me of your *Mercuries* and your *Vulcans* for?

Ha. Because you seem'd to be ready to fly when you went away, but you're come limping Home.

Thr. I'm come back like a Soldier then.

Ha. You a Soldier, that would out-run a Stag if an Enemy were at your Heels.

Thr. The Hope of Booty made me valiant.

Ha. Well, have you brought Home a good Deal of Plunder then?

Thr. Empty Pockets.

Ha. Then you were the lighter for travelling.

Thr. But I was heavy loaden with Sin.

Ha. That's heavy Luggage indeed, if the Prophet says right, who calls Sin Lead.

Thr. I have seen and had a Hand in more Villanies this Campaign than in the whole Course of my Life before.

Ha. How do you like a Soldier's Life?

Thr. There is no Course of Life in the World more wicked or more wretched.

Ha. What then must be in the Minds of those People, that for the Sake of a little Money, and some out of Curiosity, make as much Haste to a Battel as to a Banquet?

Thr. In Truth, I can think no other but they are possess'd; for if the Devil were not in them they would never anticipate their Fate.

Ha. So one would think, for if you'd put 'em upon any honest Business, they'll scarce stir a Foot in it for any Money. But tell me, how went the Battel? Who got the better on't?

Thr. There was such a Hallooing, Hurly-burly, Noise of Guns, Trumpets and Drums, Neighing of Horses, and Shouting of Men, that I was so far from knowing what others were a doing, that I scarcely knew where I was myself.

Ha. How comes it about then that others, after a Fight is over, do paint you out every Circumstance so to the Life, and tell you what such an Officer said, and what t'other did, as tho' they had been nothing but Lookers on all the Time, and had been every where at the same Time?

Thr. It is my Opinion that they lye confoundedly. I can tell you what was done in my own Tent, but as to what was done in the Battel, I know nothing at all of that.

Ha. Don't you know how you came to be lame neither?

Thr. Scarce that upon my Honour, but I suppose my Knee was hurt by a Stone, or a Horse-heel, or so.

Ha. Well, but I can tell you.

Thr. You tell me? Why, has any Body told you?

Ha. No, but I guess.

Thr. Tell me then.

Ha. When you were running away in a Fright, you fell down and hit it against a Stone.

Thr. Let me die if you han't hit the Nail on the Head.

Ha. Go, get you Home, and tell your Wife of your Exploits.

Thr. She'll read me a Juniper-Lecture for coming Home in such a Pickle.

Ha. But what Restitution will you make for what you have stolen?

Thr. That's made already.

Ha. To whom?

Thr. Why, to Whores, Sutlers, and Gamesters.

Ha. That's like a Soldier for all the World, it's but just that what's got over the Devil's Back should be spent under his Belly.

Ha. But I hope you have kept your Fingers all this While from Sacrilege?

Thr. There's nothing sacred in Hostility, there we neither spare private Houses nor Churches.

Ha. How will you make Satisfaction?

Thr. They say there is no Satisfaction to be made for what is done in War, for all Things are lawful there.

Ha. You mean by the Law of Arms, I suppose?

Thr. You are right.

Ha. But that Law is the highest Injustice. It was not the Love of your Country, but the Love of Booty that made you a Soldier.

Thr. I confess so, and I believe very few go into the Army with any better Design.

Ha. It is indeed some Excuse to be mad with the greater Part of Mankind.

Thr. I have heard a Parson say in his Pulpit that War was lawful.

Ha. Pulpits indeed are the Oracles of Truth. But War may be lawful for a Prince, and yet not so for you.

Thr. I have heard that every Man must live by his Trade.

Ha. A very honourable Trade indeed to burn Houses, rob Churches, ravish Nuns, plunder the Poor, and murder the Innocent!

Thr. Butchers are hired to kill Beasts ; and why is our Trade found Fault with who are hired to kill Men ?

Ha. But was you never thoughtful what should become of your Soul if you happen'd to be kill'd in the Battel ?

Thr. Not very much ; I was very well satisfied in my Mind, having once for all commended myself to St. *Barbara.*

Ha. And did she take you under her Protection ?

Thr. I fancied so, for methought she gave me a little Nod.

Ha. What Time was it ? In the Morning ?

Thr. No, no, 'twas after Supper.

Ha. And by that Time I suppose the Trees seem'd to walk too ?

Thr. How this Man guesses every Thing ! But St. *Christopher* was the Saint I most depended on, whose Picture I had always in my Eye.

Ha. What in your Tent ?

Thr. We had drawn him with Charcoal upon our Sail-cloth.

Thr. Then to be sure that *Christopher* the Collier was a sure Card to trust to ? But without jesting, I don't see how you can expect to be forgiven all these Villanies, unless you go to *Rome.*

Thr. Yes, I can, I know a shorter Way than that.

Ha. What Way is that ?

Thr. I'll go to the *Dominicans*, and there I can do my Business with the Commissaries for a Trifle.

Ha. What, for Sacrilege ?

Thr. Ay, if I had robb'd Christ himself, and cut off his Head afterwards, they have Pardons would reach it, and Commissions large enough to compound for it.

Ha. That is well indeed, if God should ratify your Composition.

Thr. Nay, I am rather afraid the Devil should not ratify it ; God is of a forgiving Nature.

Ha. What Priest will you get you ?

Thr. One that I know has but little Modesty or Honesty.

Ha. Like to like. And when that's over, you'll go strait away to the Communion, like a good Christian, will you not?

Thr. Why should I not? For after I have once discharg'd the Jakes of my Sins into his Cowl, and unburden'd myself of my Luggage, let him look to it that absolv'd me.

Ha. But how can you be sure that he does absolve you?

Thr. I know that well enough.

Ha. How do you know it?

Thr. Because he lays his Hand upon my Head and mutters over something, I don't know what.

Ha. What if he should give you all your Sins again when he lays his Hand upon your Head, and these should be the Words he mutters to himself? *I absolve thee from all thy good Deeds, of which I find few or none in thee; I restore thee to thy wonted Manners, and leave thee just as I found thee.*

Thr. Let him look to what he says, it is enough for me that I believe I am absolv'd.

Ha. But you run a great Hazard by that Belief, for perhaps that will not be Satisfaction to God, to whom thou art indebted.

Thr. Who a Mischief put you in my Way to disturb my Conscience, which was very quiet before?

Ha. Nay, I think it is a very happy Encounter to meet a Friend that gives good Advice.

Thr. I can't tell how good it is, but I am sure it is not very pleasant.

The COMMANDS OF A MASTER.

The Argument.

This Colloquy treats of the Commands of a Master, and the Business of a Servant. 1. *The Master calls up his sleepy Servant, commands him to set the House to rights; the Servant answers again, that he speaks not a Word about Dinner,* &c. 2. *Of sending him on various Errands.* 3. *Concerning Riding.*

1. *Of calling up the Sleeper.*

RABANUS, SYRUS.

RA. Soho, soho, Rascal, I am hoarse a bawling to you, and you lye snoring still, you'll sleep for ever I think in my Conscience; either get up presently or I'll rouze you with a good Cudgel. When will you have slept out your Yesterday's Debauch? Are you not asham'd, you sleepy Sot, to lye a-bed till this time of Day? Good Servants rise as soon as it is Day, and take Care to get every Thing in order before their Master rises. How loth this Drone is to leave his warm Nest! he is a whole Hour a scratching, and stretching, and yawning.

Sy. It is scarce Day yet.

Ra. I believe not to you; it is Midnight yet to your Eyes.

Sy. What do you want me to do?

Ra. Make the Fire burn, brush my Cap and Cloke, clean my Shoes and Galloshoes, take my Stockings and

turn them inside out, and brush them well, first within, and then without, burn a little Perfume to sweeten the Air, light a Candle, give me a clean Shirt, air it well before a clear Fire.

Sy. It shall be done Sir.

Ra. But make Haste then, all this ought to have been done before now.

Sy. I do make Haste Sir.

Ra. I see what Haste you make, you are never the forwarder, you go a Snail's Gallop.

Sy. Sir, I cannot do two Things at once.

Ra. You Scoundrel, do you speak Sentences too? Take away the Chamber-Pot, lay the Bed-Clothes to Rights, draw back the Curtains, sweep the House, sweep the Chamber-floor, fetch me some Water to wash my Hands. What are you a sliving about you Drone? You are a Year a lighting a Candle.

Sy. I can't find a Spark of Fire.

Ra. Is it so you rak'd it up last Night?

Sy. I have no Bellows.

Ra. How the Knave thwarts me, as if he that has you can want Bellows.

Sy. What an imperious Master have I gotten! Ten of the nimblest Fellows in the World are scarce sufficient to perform his Orders.

Ra. What's that you say you slow-Back?

Sy. Nothing at all, Sir.

Ra. No, Sirrah, did I not hear you mutter?

Sy. I was saying my Prayers.

Ra. Ay, I believe so, but it was the Lord's-Prayer backwards then. Pray, what was that you were chattering about Imperiousness?

Sy. I was wishing you might be an Emperor.

Ra. And I wish you may be made a Man of a Stump of a Tree. Wait upon me to Church, and then run Home and make the Bed, and put every Thing in its Place; let the House be set to Rights from Top to Bottom, rub the Cham-

ber-Pot, put these foul Things out of Sight, perhaps I may have some Gentry come to pay me a Visit; if I find any Thing out of Order I'll thresh you soundly.

Sy. I know your good Humour well enough in that Matter.

Ra. Then it behoves you to look about you, if you are wise.

Sy. But all this while here is not one Word about Dinner.

Ra. Out you Villain, one may see what your Mind runs on. I don't dine at Home, therefore come to me a little before Ten a-Clock, that you may wait upon me where I am to go to Dinner.

Sy. You have taken Care of yourself, but there is not a Bit of Bread for me to put into my Head.

Ra. If you have nothing to eat, you have something to hunger after.

Sy. But Fasting won't fill the Belly.

Ra. There is Bread for you.

Sy. There is so, but it is as black as my Hat, and as coarse as the Bran itself.

Ra. You dainty chap'd Fellow, you ought to be fed with Hay, if you had such Commons as you deserve. What, I warrant you, Mr. Ass, you must be fed with Plumb Cakes, must you? If you can't eat dry Bread, take a Leek to eat with it, or an Onion, if you like that better.

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2. *Of sending about various Businesses.*

Ra. You must go to Market.

Sy. What, so far?

Ra. It is not a Stone's Throw off, but it seems two Miles to such an idle Fellow as you; but however, I'll save you as much Labour as I can, you shall dispatch several Businesses in one Errand; count 'em upon your Fingers, that you mayn't forget any of 'em: First of all step to the Sales-

man, and bring my water'd Camblet Doublet if it be done then go and enquire for *Cornelius* the Waggoner, he's commonly at the Sign of the *Roe-buck*, he uses that House, ask him if he has any Letters for me, and what Day he sets out on his Journey; then go to the Woollen Draper, and tell him from me, not to be uneasy, that I have not sent him the Money at the Time appointed, for he shall have it in a very little Time.

Sy. When? To morrow come never?

Ra. Do you grin you Pimp? Yes, before the first of *March*: And as you come back, turn on the Left-hand, and go to the Bookseller, and enquire of him, if there be any new Books come out of *Germany*, learn what they are, and the Price of them; then desire *Goclenius*, to do me the Honour to come to Supper with me, tell him I must sup by myself if he don't.

Sy. What do you invite Guests too? You han't Victuals enough in the House to give a Mouse a Meal.

Ra. And when you have done all these, go to the Market, and buy a Shoulder of Mutton, and get it nicely roasted: Do you hear this?

Sy. I hear more than I like to hear.

Ra. But take you Care you remember 'em all.

Sy. I shall scarce be able to remember half of 'em.

Ra. What do you stand loytering here, you idle Knave? You might have been back before now.

Sy. What one Person in the World can do all these? Truly I must wait upon him out, and attend upon him home; I'm his Swabber, his Chamberlain, his Footman, his Clerk, his Butler, his Book-keeper, his Brawl, his Errand-boy, and last of all he does not think I have Business enough upon my Hands, unless I am his Cook too.

3. *Concerning Riding.*

Ra. Bring me my Boots, I am to ride out.

Sy. Here they are, Sir.

Ra. You have look'd after them bravely, they are all over mouldy with lying by; I believe they han't been clean'd nor greased this twelve Months Day; they are so dry, they chap again; wipe them with a wet Cloth, and liquor them well before the Fire, and chafe them till they grow soft.

Sy. It shall be done, Sir.

Ra. Where are my Spurs?

Sy. Here they are.

Ra. Ay, here they are indeed, but all eaten up with Rust. Where is my Bridle and Saddle?

Sy. They are just by.

Ra. See that nothing is wanting or broken, or ready to break, that nothing may be a Hinderance to us, when we are upon our Journey. Run to the Sadlers, and get him to mend that Rein: When you come back, look upon the Horses Feet, and Shoes, and see if there be any Nails wanting, or loose. How lean and rough these Horses are! How often do you rub 'em down, or kemb them in a Year?

Sy. I'm sure I do it every Day?

Ra. That may be seen, I believe they have not had a bit of Victuals for three Days together.

Sy. Indeed they have, Sir.

Ra. You say so, but the Horses would tell me another Tale, if they could but speak: Though indeed their Leanness speaks loud enough.

Sy. Indeed I take all the Care in the World of 'em.

Ra. How comes it about then, that they don't look as well as you do?

Sy. Because I don't eat Hay.

Ra. You have this to do still; make ready my Portmanteau quickly.

Sy. It shall be done.

The SCHOOL-MASTER'S ADMONITIONS.

The ARGUMENT.

The School-master's Instructions teach a Boy Modesty, Civility, and Manners becoming his Age, in what Posture he ought to stand while he talks to his Superiors; concerning Habit, Discourse, and Behaviour at Table and in School.

The School-master and Boy.

SCH. You seem not to have been bred at Court, but in a Cow-stall; you behave yourself so clownishly. A Gentleman ought to behave himself like a Gentleman. As often or whenever any one that is your Superior speaks to you, stand strait, pull off your Hat, and look neither doggedly, surlily, saucily, malapertly, nor unsettledly, but with a staid, modest, pleasant Air in your Countenance, and a bashful Look fix'd upon the Person who speaks to you; your Feet set close one by t'other; your Hands without Action: Don't stand titter, totter, first standing upon one Foot, and then upon another, nor playing with your Fingers, biting your Lip, scratching your Head, or picking your Ears: Let your Cloaths be put on tight and neat, that your whole Dress, Air, Motion and Habit, may bespeak a modest and bashful Temper.

Bo. What if I shall try, Sir?

Ma. Do so.

Bo. Is this right?

Ma. Not quite.

Bo. Must I do so?

Ma. That's pretty well.

Bo. Must I stand so?

Ma. Ay, that's very well, remember that Posture; don't

be a Prittle prattle, nor Prate apace, nor be a minding any Thing but what is said to you. If you are to make an Answer, do it in few Words, and to the Purpose, every now and then prefacing with some Title of Respect, and sometimes use a Title of Honour, and now and then make a Bow, especially when you have done speaking: Nor do you go away without asking Leave, or being bid to go: Now come let me see how you can practise this. How long have you been from Home?

Bo. Almost six Months.

Ma. You should have said, Sir.

Bo. Almost six Months, Sir.

Ma. Don't you long to see your Mother?

Bo. Yes, sometimes.

Ma. Have you a Mind to go to see her?

Bo. Yes, with your Leave, Sir.

Ma. Now you should have made a Bow; that's very well, remember to do so; when you speak, don't speak fast, stammer, or speak in your Throat, but use yourself to pronounce your Words distinctly and clearly. If you pass by any ancient Person, a Magistrate, a Minister, or Doctor, or any Person of Figure, be sure to pull off your Hat, and make your Reverence: Do the same when you pass by any sacred Place, or the Image of the Cross. When you are at a Feast, behave yourself chearfully, but always so as to remember what becomes your Age: Serve yourself last; and if any nice Bit be offer'd you, refuse it modestly; but if they press it upon you, take it, and thank the Person, and cutting off a Bit of it, offer the rest either to him that gave it you, or to him that sits next to you. If any Body drinks to you merrily, thank him, and drink moderately. If you don't care to drink, however, kiss the Cup. Look pleasantly upon him that speaks to you; and be sure not to speak till you are spoken to. If any Thing that is obscene be said, don't laugh at it, but keep your Countenance, as though you did not understand it; don't reflect on any Body, nor take place of any Body, nor boast

of any Thing of your own, nor undervalue any Thing of another Bodies. Be courteous to your Companions that are your Inferiors ; traduce no Body ; don't be a Blab with your Tongue, and by this Means you'll get a good Character, and gain Friends without Envy. If the Entertainment shall be long, desire to be excus'd, bid much good may it do the Guests, and withdraw from Table : See that you remember these Things.

Bo. I'll do my Endeavour, Sir. Is there any Thing else you'd have me do ?

Ma. Now go to your Books.

Bo. Yes, Sir.

Of VARIOUS PLAYS.

The ARGUMENT.

The Boys sending Cocles *their Messenger to their Master, get Leave to go to Play; who shews that moderate Recreations are very necessary both for Mind and Body. The Master admonishes them that they keep together at Play,* &c. 1. *Of playing at Stool-ball: Of chusing Partners.* 2. *Of playing at Bowls, the Orders of the Bowling-Green.* 3. *Of playing at striking a Ball through an Iron Ring.* 4. *Of Dancing, that they should not dance presently after Dinner: Of playing at Leap-frog: Of Running: Of Swimming.*

NICHOLAS, JEROME, COCLES, *the* MASTER.

NIC. I have had a great Mind a good While, and this fine Weather is a great Invitation to go to Play.

Jer. These indeed invite you, but the Master don't.

Nic. We must get some Spokesman that may extort a Holiday from him.

Jer. You did very well to say extort, for you may sooner wrest *Hercules's* Club out of his Hands than get a Play-day from him; but Time was when Nobody lov'd Play better than he did.

Nic. That is true, but he has forgot a great While ago since he was a Boy himself; he is as ready and free at whipping as any Body, but as sparing and backward at this as any Body in the World.

Jer. We must pick out a Messenger that is not very bashful, that won't be presently dashed out of Countenance by his surly Words.

Nic. Let who will go for me, I had rather go without Play than ask him for it.

Jer. There is Nobody fitter for this Business than *Cocles.*

Ni. Nobody in the World, he has a good bold Face of his own, and Tongue enough; and besides, he knows his Humour too.

Jer. Go, *Cocles*, you will highly oblige us all.

Coc. Well, I'll try; but if I do not succeed, do not lay the Fault on your Spokesman.

Jer. You promise well for it, I am out in my Opinion if you don't get Leave. Go on Intreater, and return an Obtainer.

Coc. I'll go, may *Mercury* send me good Luck of my Errand. God save you, Sir.

Ma. What does this idle Pack want?

Coc. Your Servant, Reverend Master.

Ma. This is a treacherous Civility! I am well enough already. Tell me what 'tis you came for.

Coc. Your whole School beg a Play-day.

Ma. You do nothing else but play, even without Leave.

Coc. Your Wisdom knows that moderate Play quickens the Wit, as you have taught us out of *Quintilian.*

Ma. Very well, how well you can remember what's to your purpose? They that labour hard, had need of some Relaxation: But you that study idly, and play laboriously, had more need of a Curb, than a Snaffle.

Coc. If any Thing has been wanting in Times past, we'll labour to make it up by future Diligence.

Ma. O rare Makers up! who will be Sureties for the performing this Promise?

Coc. I'll venture my Head upon it.

Ma. Nay, rather venture your Tail. I know there is but little Dependance upon your Word; but however, I'll try this Time what Credit may be given to you; if you deceive me now, you shall never obtain any Thing from me again. Let 'em play; but let them keep together in the Field, don't let them go a tippling or worse Exercises, and see they come Home betimes, before Sun set.

Coc. We will, Sir. I have gotten Leave, but with much a do.

Jer. O brave Lad! we all love you dearly.

Coc. But we must be sure not to transgress our Orders, for if we do, it will be all laid upon my Back; I have engaged for ye all, and if ye do, I'll never be your Spokesman again.

Jer. We'll take Care: But what Play do you like best?

Coc. We'll talk of that when we come into the Fields.

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1. *Of playing at Ball.*

NICHOLAS and *JEROME.*

Nic. No Play is better to exercise all Parts of the Body than Stool-ball; but that's fitter for Winter than Summer.

Jer. There is no Time of the Year with us, but what's fit to play in.

Nic. We shall sweat less, if we play at Tennis.

Jer. Let's let Nets alone to Fishermen; it's prettier to catch it in our Hands.

Nic. Well, come on, I don't much Matter; but how much shall we play for?

Jer. For a Fill-up, and then we shan't lose much Money.

Nic. But I had rather spare my Corps than my Money.

Jer. And I value my Corps more than my Money: We must play for something, or we shall never play our best.

Nic. You say true.

Jer. Which Hand soever shall get the first three Games, shall pay the sixth Part of a Groat to the other; but upon Condition that what's won shall be spent among all the Company alike.

Nic. Well, I like the Proposal; come done, let's chuse Hands; but we are all so equally match'd, that it's no great Matter who and who's together.

Jer. You play a great Deal better than I.

Nic. But for all that, you have the better Luck.

Jer. Has Fortune anything to do at this Play?

Nic. She has to do everywhere.

Jer. Well, come let's toss up. O Boys, very well indeed. I have got the Partners I would have.

Nic. And we like our Partners very well.

Jer. Come on, now for't, he that will win, must look to his Game. Let every one stand to his Place bravely. Do you stand behind me ready to catch the Ball, if it goes beyond me; do you mind there, and beat it back when it comes from our Adversaries.

Nic. I'll warrant ye, I'll hit it if it comes near me.

Jer. Go on and prosper, throw up the Ball upon the House. He that throws and do's not speak first shall lose his Cast.

Nic. Well, take it then.

Jer. Do you toss it; if you throw it beyond the Bounds, or short, or over the House, it shall go for nothing, and we won't be cheated: And truly you throw nastily. As you toss it, I'll give it you again; I'll give you *a Rowland for an Oliver*; but it is better to play fairly and honestly.

Nic. It is best at Diversion, to beat by fair Play.

Jer. It is so, and in War too; these Arts have each their respective Laws: There are some Arts that are very unfair ones.

Nic. I believe so too, and more than seven too. Mark the Bounds with a Shell, or Brick-bat, or with your Hat if you will.

Jer. I'd rather do it with yours.

Nic. Take the Ball again.

Jer. Throw it; score it up.

Nic. We have two good wide Goals.

Jer. Pretty wide, but they are not out of Reach.

Nic. They may be reach'd if no Body hinders it.

Jer. O brave, I have gone beyond the first Goal. We are fifteen. Play stoutly, we had got this too, if you had stood in your Place. Well, now we are equal.

Nic. But you shan't be so long. Well, we are thirty; we are forty five.

Jer. What, Sesterces?

Nic. No.

Jer. What then?

Nic. Numbers.

Jer. What signifies Numbers, if you have nothing to pay?

Nic. We have gotten this Game.

Jer. You are a little too hasty; *you reckon your Chickens before they are hatch'd.* I have seen those lose the Game that have had so many for Love. War and Play is a meer Lottery. We have got thirty, now we are equal again.

Nic. This is the Game Stroke. O brave! we have got the better of you.

Jer. Well, but you shan't have it long; did I not say so? We are equally fortunate.

Nic. Fortune inclines first to one side, and then to t'other, as if she could not tell which to give the Victory to. Fortune, be but on our Side, and we'll help thee to a Husband. O rare! She has answer'd her Desire, we have got this Game, set it up, that we mayn't forget.

Jer. It is almost Night, and we have play'd enough, we had better leave off, too much of one Thing is good for nothing, let us reckon our Winnings.

Nic. We have won three Groats, and you have won two; then there is one to be spent. But who must pay for the Balls?

Jer. All alike, every one his Part. For there is so little won, we can't take any Thing from that.

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2 *Bowl Playing.*

ADOLPHUS, BERNARDUS, the Arbitrators.

Adol. You have been often bragging what a mighty Gamester you were at Bowls. Come now, I have a Mind to try what a one you are.

Ber. I'll answer you, if you have a Mind to that Sport. Now you'll find according to the Proverb ; *You have met with your Match.*

Adol. Well, and you shall find I am a Match for you too.

Ber. Shall we play single Hands or double Hands ?

Adol. I had rather play single, that another may not come in with me for a Share of the Victory.

Ber. And I had rather have it so too, that the Victory may be entirely my own.

Adol. They shall look on, and be Judges.

Ber. I take you up ; But what shall he that beats get, or he that is beaten lose ?

Adol. What if he that beats shall have a Piece of his Ear cut off.

Ber. Nay, rather let one of his Stones be cut out. It is a mean Thing to play for Money; you are a *Frenchman*, and I a *German*, we'll both play for the Honour of his Country.

Adol. If I shall beat you, you shall cry out thrice, let *France* flourish ; If I shall be beat (which I hope I shan't) I'll in the same Words celebrate your *Germany.*

Ber. Well, a Match. Now for good Luck ; since two great Nations are at Stake in this Game, let the Bowls be both alike.

Adol. Do you see that Stone that lies by the Port there.

Ber. Yes I do.

Adol. That shall be the Jack.

Ber. Very well, let it be so ; but I say let the Bowls be alike.

Adol. They are as like as two Peas. Take which you please, it's all one to me.

Ber. Bowl away.

Adol. Hey-day, you whirl your Bowl as if your Arm was a Sling.

Ber. You have bit your Lip, and whirled your Bowl long enough : Come bowl away. A strong Bowl indeed, but I am best.

Adol. If it had not been for that mischievous Bit of a Brick-bat there, that lay in my Way, I had beat you off.

Ber. Stand fair.

Adol. I won't cheat: I intend to beat you by Art, and not to cheat ye, since we contend for the Prize of Honour: Rub, rub.

Ber. A great Cast in Troth.

Adol. Nay, don't laugh before you've won. We are equal yet.

Ber. This is who shall: He that first hits the Jack is up. I have beat you, sing.

Adol. Stay, you should have said how many you'd make up, for my Hand is not come in yet.

Ber. Judgment, Gentlemen.

Arbitr. 3.

Adol. Very well.

Ber. Well, what do you say now? Are you beat or no?

Adol. You have had better Luck than I, but yet I won't vail to you, as to Strength and Art; I'll stand to what the Company says.

Arb. The *German* has beat, and the Victory is the more glorious, that he has beat so good a Gamester.

Ber. Now Cock, crow.

Adol. I am hoarse.

Ber. That's no new Thing to Cocks; but if you can't crow like an old Cock, crow like a Cockeril.

Adol. Let *Germany* flourish thrice.

Ber. You ought to have said so thrice. I am a-dry; let us drink somewhere, I'll make an end of the Song there.

Adol. I won't stand upon that, if the Company likes it.

Arb. That will be the best, the Cock will crow clearer when his Throat is gargled.

3. *The Play of striking a Ball through an Iron Ring.*

GASPAR, ERASMUS.

Gas. Come, let's begin, *Marcolphus* shall come in, in the Losers Place.

Er. But what shall we play for?

Gas. He that is beat shall make and repeat *extempore* a Distich, in Praise of him that beat him.

Er. With all my Heart.

Gas. Shall we toss up who shall go first?

Er. Do you go first if you will, I had rather go last.

Gas. You have the better of me, because you know the Ground.

Er. You're upon your own Ground.

Gas. Indeed I am better acquainted with the Ground, than I am with my Books; but that's but a small Commendation.

Er. You that are so good a Gamester ought to give me Odds.

Gas. Nay, you should rather give me Odds; but there's no great Honour in getting a Victory, when Odds is taken: He only can properly be said to get the Game, that gets it by his own Art; we are as well match'd as can be.

Er. Yours is a better Ball than mine.

Gas. And yours is beyond me.

Er. Play fair, without cheating and cozening.

Gas. You shall say you have had to do with a fair Gamester.

Er. But I would first know the Orders of the Bowling-alley.

Gas. We make 4 up; whoever bowls beyond this Line it goes for nothing; if you can go beyond those other Bounds, do it fairly and welcome: Whoever hits a Bowl out of his Place loses his Cast.

Er. I understand these Things.

Gas. I have shut you out.

Er. But I'll give you a Remove.

Gas. If you do that I'll give you the Game.

Er. Will you upon your Word?

Gas. Yes, upon my Word: You have no other Way for it, but to bank your Bowl so as to make it rebound on mine.

Er. I'll try: Well, what say you now Friend? Are not you beaten away? (Have I not struck you away?)

Gas. I am, I confess it; I wish you were but as wise as you are lucky; you can scarce do so once in a hundred Times.

Er. I'll lay you, if you will, that I do it once in three Times. But come pay me what I have won.

Gas. What's that?

Er. Why, a Distich.

Gas. Well, I'll pay it now.

Er. And an *extempore* one too. Why do you bite your Nails?

Gas. I have it.

Er. Recite it out.

Gas. As loud as you will.

Young Standers-by, clap ye the Conqueror brave,
Who me has beat, is the more learned Knave.

Han't you a Distich now?

Er. I have, and I'll give you as good as you bring.

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4. *Leaping.*

VINCENT, LAURENCE.

Vi. Have you a Mind to jump with me?

Lau. That Play is not good presently after Dinner.

Vi. Why so?

Lau. Because that a Fulness of Belly makes the Body heavy.

Vi. Not very much to those that live upon Scholars Commons, for these oftentimes are ready for a Supper before they have done Dinner.

Lau. What Sort of leaping is it that you like best?

Vi. Let us first begin with that which is the plainest, as that of Grasshoppers; or Leap-frog, if you like that better, both Feet at once, and close to one another; and when we have play'd enough at this, then we'll try other Sorts.

Lau. I'll play at any Sort, where there is no Danger of breaking ones Legs; I have no Mind to make Work for the Surgeon.

Vi. What if we should play at hopping?

Lau. That the Ghosts play, I am not for that.

Vi. It's the cleverest Way to leap with a Pole.

Lau. Running is a more noble Exercise; for *Æneas* in *Virgil* proposed this Exercise.

Vi. Very true, and he also propos'd the fighting with Whirly-bats too, and I don't like that Sport.

Lau. Mark the Course, let this be the Starting-place, and yonder Oak the Goal.

Vi. I wish *Æneas* was here, that he might propose what should be the Conqueror's Prize.

Lau. Glory is a Reward sufficient for Victory.

Vi. You should rather give a Reward to him that is beat, to comfort him.

Lau. Then let the Victor's Reward be to go into the Town crowned with a Bur.

Vi. Well, 'tis done, provided you'll go before playing upon a Pipe.

Lau. It is very hot.

Vi. That is not strange when it is Midsummer.

Lau. Swimming is better.

Vi. I don't love to live like a Frog, I am a Land Animal, not an amphibious one.

Lau. But in old Time this was look'd upon to be one of the most noble Exercises.

Vi. Nay, and a very useful one too.

Lau. For What?

Vi. If Men are forc'd to fly in Battel, they are in the best Condition that can run and swim best.

Lau. The Art you speak of is not to be set light by; it is as Praise-worthy sometimes to run away nimbly as it is to fight stoutly.

Vi. I can't swim at all, and it is dangerous to converse with an unaccustomed Element.

Lau. You ought to learn then, for no Body was born an Artist.

Vi. But I have heard of a great many of these Artists that have swum in, but never swam out again.

Lau. First try with Corks.

Vi. I can't trust more to a Cork than to my Feet; if you have a Mind to swim, I had rather be a Spectator than an Actor.

The CHILD'S PIETY.

The ARGUMENT.

This Discourse furnishes a childish Mind with pious Instructions of Religion, in what it consists. What is to be done in the Morning in Bed, at getting up, at Home, at School, before Meat, after Meat, before going to Sleep. Of beginning the Day, of praying, of behaving themselves studiously at School, Thriftiness of Time: Age flies. What is to be done after Supper. How we ought to sleep. Of Behaviour at holy Worship. All Things to be applied to ourselves. The Meditation of a pious Soul at Church. What Preachers are chiefly to be heard. Fasting is prejudicial to Children. Confession is to be made to Christ. The Society of wicked Persons is to be avoided. Of the prudent chusing a Way of Living. Holy Orders and Matrimony are not to be entred into before the Age of Twenty-two. What Poets are fit to be read, and how.

ERASMUS, GASPAR.

ERASMUS. Whence came you from? Out of some Alehouse?

Ga. No, indeed.

Er. What from a Bowling Green?

Ga. No, nor from thence neither.

Er. What from the Tavern then?

Ga. No.

Er. Well, since I can't guess, tell me.

Ga. From St. *Mary's* Church.

Er. What Business had you there?

Ga. I saluted some Persons.

Er. Who?

Ga. Christ, and some of the Saints.

Er. You have more Religion than is common to one of your Age.

Ga. Religion is becoming to every Age.

Er. If I had a Mind to be religious, I'd become a Monk.

Ga. And so would I too, if a Monk's Hood carried in it as much Piety as it does Warmth.

Er. There is an old Saying, a young Saint and an old Devil.

Ga. But I believe that old Saying came from old Satan: I can hardly think an old Man to be truly religious, that has not been so in his young Days. Nothing is learn'd to greater Advantage, than what we learn in our youngest Years.

Er. What is that which is call'd Religion?

Ga. It is the pure Worship of God, and Observation of his Commandments.

Er. What are they?

Ga. It is too long to relate all; but I'll tell you in short, it consists in four Things.

Er. What are they?

Ga. In the first Place, that we have a true and pious Apprehension of God himself, and the Holy Scriptures; and that we not only stand in Awe of him as a Lord, but that we love him with all our Heart, as a most beneficent Father. 2. That we take the greatest Care to keep ourselves blameless; that is, that we do no Injury to any one. 3. That we exercise Charity, *i. e.* to deserve well of all Persons (as much as in us lyes). 4. That we practise Patience, *i. e.* to bear patiently Injuries that are offered us, when we can't prevent them, not revenging them, nor requiting Evil for Evil.

Er. You hold forth finely; but do you practise what you teach?

Ga. I endeavour it manfully.

Er. How can you do it like a Man, when you are but a Boy?

Ga. I meditate according to my Ability, and call myself to an Account every Day; and correct myself for what I have done amiss: That was unhandsomely done, this saucily said, this was uncautiously acted; in that it were better to have held my Peace, that was neglected.

Er. When do you come to this Reckoning?

Ga. Most commonly at Night; or at any Time that I am most at Leisure.

Er. But tell me, in what Studies do you spend the Day?

Ga. I will hide nothing from so intimate a Companion: In the Morning, as soon as I am awake, (and that is commonly about six a Clock, or sometimes at five) I sign myself with my Finger in the Forehead and Breast with the Sign of the Cross.

Er. What then?

Ga. I begin the Day in the Name of the Father, Son, and holy Spirit.

Er. Indeed that is very piously done.

Ga. By and by I put up a short Ejaculation to Christ.

Er. What dost thou say to him?

Ga. I give him Thanks that he has been pleased to bless me that Night; and I pray him that he would in like Manner prosper me the whole of that Day, so as may be for his Glory, and my Soul's Good; and that he who is the true Light that never sets, the eternal Sun, that enlivens, nourishes and exhilarates all Things, would vouchsafe to enlighten my Soul, that I mayn't fall into Sin; but by his Guidance, may attain everlasting Life.

Er. A very good Beginning of the Day indeed.

Ga. And then having bid my Parents good Morrow, to whom next to God, I owe the greatest Reverence, when it is Time I go to School; but so that I may pass by some Church, if I can conveniently.

Er. What do you do there?

Ga. I salute Jesus again in three Words, and all the Saints, either Men or Women; but the Virgin *Mary* by Name, and especially that I account most peculiarly my own.

Er. Indeed you seem to have read that Sentence of *Cato*, *Saluta libenter*, to good Purpose; was it not enough to have saluted Christ in the Morning, without saluting him again presently? Are you not afraid lest you should be troublesome by your over Officiousness?

Ga. Christ loves to be often called upon.

Er. But it seems to be ridiculous to speak to one you don't see.

Ga. No more do I see that Part of me that speaks to him.

Er. What Part is that?

Ga. My Mind.

Er. But it seems to be Labour lost, to salute one that does not salute you again.

Ga. He frequently salutes again by his secret Inspiration; and he answers sufficiently that gives what is ask'd of him.

Er. What is it you ask of him? For I perceive your Salutations are petitionary, like those of Beggars.

Ga. Indeed you are very right; for I pray that he, who, when he was a Boy of about twelve Years of Age, sitting in the Temple, taught the Doctors themselves, and to whom the heavenly Father, by a Voice from Heaven, gave Authority to teach Mankind, saying, *This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him;* and who is the eternal Wisdom of the most high Father, would vouchsafe to enlighten my Understanding, to receive wholesome Learning, that I may use it to his Glory.

Er. Who are those Saints that you call peculiarly yours?

Ga. Of the Apostles, St. *Paul*; of the Martyrs, St. *Cyprian*; of the Doctors, St. *Jerome*; of the Virgins, St. *Agnes*.

Er. How came these to be yours, more than the rest. Was it by Choice or by Chance?

Ga. They fell to me by Lot.

Er. But you only salute them I suppose; do you beg any Thing of them?

Ga. I pray, that by their Suffrages they would recom-

mend me to Christ, and procure that by his Assistance it may in Time come to pass that I be made one of their Company.

Er. Indeed what you ask for is no ordinary Thing : But what do you do then ?

Ga. I go to School, and do what is to be done there with my utmost Endeavour ; I so implore Christ's Assistance, as if my Study without it would signify nothing ; and I study as if he offered no Help but to him that labours industriously ; and I do my utmost not to deserve to be beaten, nor to offend my Master either in Word or Deed, nor any of my Companions.

Er. You are a good Boy to mind these Things.

Ga. When School is done I make haste Home, and if I can I take a Church in my Way, and in three Words, I salute Jesus again ; and I pay my Respects to my Parents; and if I have any Time, I repeat, either by myself, or with one of my School-fellows, what was dictated in School.

Er. Indeed you are a very good Husband of Time.

Ga. No wonder I am of that, which is the most precious Thing in the World, and when past is irrecoverable.

Er. And *Hesiod* teaches, that good Husbandry ought to be in the Middle, it is too soon in the Beginning, and too late in the End.

Ga. Hesiod spoke right enough concerning Wine, but of Time no good Husbandry is unseasonable. If you let a Hogshead of Wine alone it won't empty itself; but Time is always a flying, sleeping or waking.

Er. I confess so, but what do you do after that ?

Ga. When my Parents sit down to Dinner I say Grace, and then wait at Table till I am bid to take my own Dinner ; and having returned Thanks, if I have any Time left I divert myself with my Companions with some lawful Recreation till the Time comes to go to School again.

Er. Do you salute Jesus again ?

Ga. Yes, if I have an Opportunity ; but if it so happen that I have not an Opportunity, or it be not seasonable, as

I pass by the Church I salute him mentally; and then I do what is to be done at School with all my Might; and when I go Home again I do what I did before Dinner: After Supper I divert myself with some pleasant Stories; and afterwards bidding my Parents and the Family good Night, I go to Bed betimes, and there kneeling down by the Bed-side, as I have said, I say over those Things I have been learning that Day at School; if I have committed any great Fault, I implore Christ's Clemency, that he would pardon me, and I promise Amendment: and if I have committed no Fault, I thank him for his Goodness in preserving me from all Vice, and then I recommend myself to him with all my Soul, that he would preserve me from the Attempts of my evil Genius and filthy Dreams. When this is done, and I am got into Bed, I cross my Forehead and Breast, and compose myself to Rest.

Er. In what Posture do you compose yourself?

Ga. I don't lye upon my Face or my Back, but first leaning upon my Right-Side, I fold my Arms a-cross, so that they may defend my Breast, as it were with the Figure of a Cross, with my Right-hand upon my Left Shoulder, and my Left upon my Right, and so I sleep sweetly, either till I awake of myself, or am called up.

Er. You are a little Saint that can do thus.

Ga. You are a little Fool for saying so.

Er. I praise your Method, and I would I could practise it.

Ga. Give your Mind to it and you will do it, for when once you have accustom'd yourself to it for a few Months, these Things will be pleasant, and become natural.

Er. But I want to hear concerning divine Service.

Ga. I don't neglect that, especially upon holy Days.

Er. How do you manage yourself on holy Days?

Ga. In the first place I examine myself if my Mind be polluted by any Stain of Sin.

Er. And if you find it is, what do you do then? Do you refrain from the Altar?

Ga. Not by my bodily Presence, but I withdraw myself,

as to my Mind, and standing as it were afar off, as tho' not daring to lift up my Eyes to God the Father, whom I have offended, I strike upon my Breast, crying out with the Publican in the Gospel, *Lord, be merciful to me a Sinner.* And then if I know I have offended any Man, I take Care to make him Satisfaction if I can presently; but if I cannot do that, I resolve in my Mind to reconcile my Neighbour as soon as possible. If any Body has offended me, I forbear Revenge, and endeavour to bring it about, that he that has offended me may be made sensible of his Fault, and be sorry for it; but if there be no Hope of that, I leave all Vengeance to God.

Er. That's a hard Task.

Ga. Is it hard to forgive a small Offence to your Brother, whose mutual Forgiveness thou wilt stand in frequent need of, when Christ has at once forgiven us all our Offences, and is every Day forgiving us? Nay, this seems to me not to be Liberality to our Neighbour, but putting to Interest to God; just as tho' one Fellow-Servant should agree with another to forgive him three Groats, that his Lord might forgive him ten Talents.

Er. You indeed argue very rationally, if what you say be true.

Ga. Can you desire any Thing truer than the Gospel?

Er. That is unreasonable; but there are some who can't believe themselves to be Christians unless they hear Mass (as they call it) every Day.

Ga. Indeed I don't condemn the Practise in those that have Time enough, and spend whole Days in profane Exercises; but I only disapprove of those who superstitiously fancy that that Day must needs be unfortunate to them that they have not begun with the Mass; and presently after divine Service is over they go either to Trading, Gaming, or the Court, where whatsoever succeeds, though done justly or unjustly, they attribute to the Mass.

Er. Are there any Persons that are so absurd?

Ga. The greatest part of Mankind.

Er. But return to divine Service.

Ga. If I can, I get to stand so close by the Holy Altar, that I can hear what the Priest reads, especially the Epistle and the Gospel; from these I endeavour to pick something, which I fix in my Mind, and this I ruminate upon for some Time.

Er. Don't you pray at all in the mean Time?

Ga. I do pray, but rather mentally than vocally. From the Things the Priest reads I take occasion of Prayer.

Er. Explain that a little more, I don't well take in what you mean.

Ga. I'll tell you; suppose this Epistle was read, *Purge out the old Leaven, that ye may be a new Lump, as ye are unleavened.* On occasion of these Words I thus address myself to Christ, "I wish I were the unleavened Bread, "pure from all Leaven of Malice; but do thou, O Lord "Jesus, who alone art pure, and free from all Malice, grant "that I may every Day more and more purge out the old "Leaven." Again, if the Gospel chance to be read concerning the Sower sowing his Seed, I thus pray with my self, "Happy is he that deserves to be that good Ground, "and I pray that of barren Ground, he of his great Good-"ness would make me good Ground, without whose Blessing "nothing at all is good." These for Example Sake, for it would be tedious to mention every Thing. But if I happen to meet with a dumb Priest, (such as there are many in *Germany*) or that I can't get near the Altar, I commonly get a little Book that has the Gospel of that Day and Epistle, and this I either say out aloud, or run it over with my Eye.

Er. I understand; but with what Contemplations chiefly dost thou pass away the Time?

Ga. I give Thanks to Jesus Christ for his unspeakable Love, in condescending to redeem Mankind by his Death; I pray that he would not suffer his most holy Blood to be shed in vain for me, but that with his Body he would always feed my Soul, and that with his Blood he would

quicken my Spirit, that growing by little and little in the Increase of Graces, I may be made a fit Member of his mystical Body, which is the Church; nor may ever fall from that holy Covenant that he made with his elect Disciples at the last Supper, when he distributed the Bread, and gave the Cup; and through these, with all who are engraffed into his Society by Baptism. And if I find my Thoughts to wander, I read some Psalms, or some pious Matter, that may keep my Mind from wandring.

Er. Have you any particular Psalms for this Purpose?

Ga. I have; but I have not so tyed myself up to them, but that I can omit them, if any Meditation comes into my Mind that is more refreshing, than the Recitation of those Psalms.

Er. What do you do as to Fasting?

Ga. I have nothing to do with Fasting, for so *Jerome* has taught me; that Health is not to be impair'd by fasting, until the Body is arrived at its full Strength. I am not quite 17 Years old; but yet if I find Occasion, I dine and sup sparingly, that I may be more lively for Spiritual Exercises on holy Days.

Er. Since I have begun, I will go through with my Enquiries. How do you find yourself affected towards Sermons?

Ga. Very well, I go to them as devoutly as if I was a going to a holy Assembly; and yet I pick and chuse whom to hear, for there are some, one had better not hear than hear; and if such an one happens to preach, or if it happen that no Body preaches, I pass this Time in reading the Scriptures, I read the Gospel or Epistle with *Chrysostom*'s or *Jerome*'s Interpretation, or any other pious and learned Interpreter that I meet with.

Er. But Word of Mouth is more affecting.

Ga. I confess it is. I had rather hear if I can but meet with a tolerable Preacher; but I don't seem to be wholly destitute of a Sermon if I hear *Chrysostom* or *Jerome* speaking by their Writings.

Er. I am of your Mind ; but how do you stand affected as to Confession ?

Ga. Very well ; for I confess daily.

Er. Every Day ?

Ga. Yes.

Er. Then you ought to keep a Priest to yourself.

Ga. But I confess to him who only truly remits Sins, to whom all the Power is given.

Er. To whom ?

Ga. To Christ.

Er. And do you think that's sufficient ?

Ga. It would be enough for me, if it were enough for the Rulers of the Church, and receiv'd Custom.

Er. Who do you call the Rulers of the Church ?

Ga. The Popes, Bishops and Apostles.

Er. And do you put Christ into this Number ?

Ga. He is without Controversy the chief Head of e'm all.

Er. And was he the Author of this Confession in use ?

Ga. He is indeed the Author of all good ; but whether he appointed Confession as it is now us'd in the Church, I leave to be disputed by Divines. The Authority of my Betters is enough for me that am but a Lad and a private Person. This is certainly the principal Confession ; nor is it an easy Matter to confess to Christ ; no Body confesses to him, but he that is angry with his Sin. If I have committed any great Offence, I lay it open, and bewail it to him, and implore his Mercy ; I cry out, weep and lament, nor do I give over before I feel the Love of Sin throughly purged from the Bottom of my Heart, and some Tranquility and Chearfulness of Mind follow upon it, which is an Argument of the Sin being pardoned. And when the Time requires to go to the holy Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ ; then I make Confession to a Priest too, but in few Words, and nothing but what I am well satisfy'd are Faults, or such that carry in them a very great Suspicion that they are such ; neither do I always take it to be a capital or enormous Crime, every Thing that is done contrary to

human Constitutions, unless a wicked Contemptuousness shall go along with it: Nay, I scarce believe any Crime to be Capital, that has not Malice join'd with it, that is, a perverse Will.

Er. I commend you, that you are so religious, and yet not superstitious: Here I think the old Proverb takes place: *Nec omnia, nec passim, nec quibuslibet*, That a Person should neither speak all, nor every where, nor to all Persons.

Ga. I chuse me a Priest, that I can trust with the Secrets of my Heart.

Er. That's wisely done: For there are a great many, as is found by Experience, do blab out what in Confessions is discovered to them. And there are some vile impudent Fellows that enquire of the Person confessing, those Things, that it were better if they were conceal'd; and there are some unlearned and foolish Fellows, who for the Sake of filthy Gain, lend their Ear, but apply not their Mind, who can't distinguish between a Fault and a good Deed, nor can neither teach, comfort nor advise. These Things I have heard from many, and in Part have experienced my self.

Ga. And I too much; therefore I chuse me one that is learn'd, grave, of approv'd Integrity, and one that keeps his Tongue within his Teeth.

Er. Truly you are happy that can make a Judgment of Things so early.

Ga. But above all, I take Care of doing any Thing that I can't safely trust a Priest with.

Er. That's the best Thing in the World, if you can but do so.

Ga. Indeed it is hard to us of ourselves, but by the Help of Christ it is easy; the greatest Matter is, that there be a Will to it. I often renew my Resolution, especially upon Sundays: And besides that, I endeavour as much as I can to keep out of evil Company, and associate myself with good Company, by whose Conversation I may be better'd.

Er. Indeed you manage yourself rightly: For *evil Conversations corrupt good Manners.*

Ga. I shun Idleness as the Plague.

Er. You are very right, for Idleness is the Root of all Evil; but as the World goes now, he must live by himself that would keep out of bad Company.

Ga. What you say is very true, for as the *Greek* wise Men said the bad are the greatest Number. But I chuse the best out of a few, and sometimes a good Companion makes his Companion better. I avoid those Diversions that incite to Naughtiness, and use those that are innocent. I behave myself courteous to all; but familiarly with none but those that are good. If I happen at any Time to fall into bad Company, I either correct them by a soft Admonition, or wink at and bear with them, if I can do them no good; but I be sure to get out of their Company as soon as I can.

Er. Had you never an itching Mind to become a Monk?

Ga. Never; but I have been often solicited to it by some, that call you into a Monastery, as into a Port from a Shipwreck.

Er. Say you so? Were they in Hopes of a Prey?

Ga. They set upon both me and my Parents with a great many crafty Persuasions; but I have taken a Resolution not to give my Mind either to Matrimony or Priesthood, nor to be a Monk, nor to any Kind of Life out of which I can't extricate myself, before I know myself very well.

Er. When will that be?

Ga. Perhaps never. But before the 28th Year of ones Age, nothing should be resolved on.

Er. Why so?

Ga. Because I hear every where, so many Priests, Monks and married Men lamenting that they hurried themselves rashly into Servitude.

Er. You are very cautious not to be catch'd.

Ga. In the mean Time I take a special Care of three Things.

Er. What are they?

Ga. First of all to make a good Progress in Morality, and if I can't do that, I am resolv'd to maintain an unspotted

Innocence and good Name; and last of all I furnish myself with Languages and Sciences that will be of Use in any Kind of Life.

Er. But do you neglect the Poets?

Ga. Not wholly, but I read generally the chastest of them, and if I meet with any Thing that is not modest, I pass that by, as *Ulysses* passed by the *Sirens*, stopping his Ears.

Er. To what Kind of Study do you chiefly addict your self? To Physic, the Common or Civil Law, or to Divinity? For Languages, the Sciences and Philosophy are all conducive to any Profession whatsoever.

Ga. I have not yet thoroughly betaken myself to any one particularly, but I take a Taste of all, that I be not wholly ignorant of any; and the rather, that having tasted of all I may the better chuse that I am fittest for. Medicine is a certain Portion in whatsoever Land a Man is; the Law is the Way to Preferment: But I like Divinity the best, saving that the Manners of some of the Professors of it, and the bitter Contentions that are among them, displease me.

Er. He won't be very apt to fall that goes so warily along. Many in these Days are frighted from Divinity, because they are afraid they should not be found in the Catholick Faith, because they see no Principle of Religion, but what is called in Question.

Ga. I believe firmly what I read in the holy Scriptures, and the Creed, called the Apostles, and I don't trouble my Head any farther: I leave the rest to be disputed and defined by the Clergy, if they please; and if any Thing is in common Use with Christians that is not repugnant to the holy Scriptures, I observe it for this Reason, that I may not offend other People.

Er. What *Thales* taught you that Philosophy?

Ga. When I was a Boy and very young, I happen'd to live in the House with that honestest of Men, *John Colet*, do you know him?

Er. Know him, ay, as well as I do you.

Ga. He instructed me when I was young in these Precepts.

Er. You won't envy me, I hope, if I endeavour to imitate you?

Ga. Nay, by that Means you will be much dearer to me. For you know, Familiarity and good Will, are closer ty'd by Similitude of Manners.

Er. True, but not among Candidates for the same Office, when they are both sick of the same Disease.

Ga. No, nor between two Sweet-hearts of the same Mistress, when they are both sick of the same Love.

Er. But without jesting, I'll try to imitate that Course of Life.

Ga. I wish you as good Success as may be.

Er. It may be I shall overtake thee.

Ga. I wish you might get before me; but in the mean Time I won't stay for you; but I will every Day endeavour to out-go myself, and do you endeavour to out-go me if you can.

The ART OF HUNTING.

The ARGUMENT.

This Colloquy presents you with the Art of Hunting, Fishing, of bringing Earth-Worms out of the Ground, of sticking Frogs.

PAUL, THOMAS, VINCENT, LAWRENCE, BARTHOLUS.

PA. Every one to his Mind. I love Hunting.

Th. And so do I too, but where are the Dogs? The hunting Poles? And the hunting Nets?

Pa. Farewell Boars, Bears, Bucks, and Foxes, we'll lay Snares for Rabbets.

Vi. But I'll set Gins for Locusts and Crickets.

La. But I'll catch Frogs.

Ba. I'll hunt Butterflies.

La. 'Tis difficult to follow flying Creatures.

Ba. It is difficult, but 'tis fine Sport; unless you think it finer Sport to hunt after Earth-Worms, Snails or Cockles, because they have no Wings.

La. Indeed I had rather go a Fishing; I have a neat Hook.

Ba. But where will you get Baits?

La. There are Earth-Worms enough every where to be had.

Ba. So there is, if they would but creep out of the Ground to you.

La. But I'll make a great many thousand jump out presently.

Ba. How? By Witch-Craft?

La. You shall see the Art. Fill this Bucket with Water, break these green Peels of Walnuts to Pieces and put into it: Wet the Ground with the Water. Now mind a little, do you see them coming out?

Ba. I see a Miracle. I believe the armed Men started out of the Earth after this Manner from the Serpents Teeth that were sown: But a great many Fish are of too fine and delicate a Palate to be catch'd by such a vulgar Bait.

La. I know a certain Sort of an Insect that I us'd to catch such with.

Ba. See if you can impose upon the Fishes so, I'll make work with the Frogs.

La. How, with a Net?

Ba. No, with a Bow.

La. That's a new Way of Fishing!

Ba. But 'tis a pleasant one; you'll say so, when you see it.

Vi. What if we two should play at holding up our Fingers?

Ba. That's an idle, clownish Play indeed, fitter for them that are sitting in a Chimney Corner, than those that are ranging in the Field.

Vi. What if we should play at Cob-Nut?

Pa. Let us let Nuts alone for little Chits, we are great Boys.

Vi. And yet we are but Boys for all that.

Pa. But they that are fit to play at Cob-Nut, are fit to ride upon a Hobby-Horse.

Vi. Well then, do you say what we shall play at; and I'll play at what you will.

Pa. And I'll be conformable.

SCHOLASTIC STUDIES.

The ARGUMENT.

This Colloquy treats of scholastic Studies, and School Plays. 1. *The Boys going into the School. The striking of a Clock. A whipping Master. Of saying a Lesson. Fear hurts the Memory.* 2. *Of Writing, the Paper sinks. Of making a Pen. Of a hard Nip. A soft Nip. Of writing quick, well.*

SYLVIUS, JOHN.

SY. What makes you run so, *John?*

Jo. What makes a Hare run before the Dogs, as they use to say?

Sy. What Proverb is this?

Jo. Because unless I am there in Time, before the Bill is called over, I am sure to be whipp'd.

Sy. You need not be afraid of that, it is but a little past five: Look upon the Clock, the Hand is not come to the half Hour Point yet.

Jo. Ay, but I can scarce trust to Clocks, they go wrong sometimes.

Sy. But trust me then, I heard the Clock strike.

Jo. What did that strike?

Sy. Five.

Jo. But there is something else that I am more afraid of than that, I must say by Heart a good long Lesson for Yesterday, and I am afraid I can't say it.

Sy. I am in the same Case with you; for I myself have hardly got mine as it should be.

Jo. And you know the Master's Severity. Every Fault is

a Capital one with him: He has no more Mercy of our Breeches, than if they were made of a Bull's Hide.

Sy. But he won't be in the School.

Jo. Who has he appointed in his Place?

Sy. Cornelius.

Jo. That squint-ey'd Fellow! Wo to our Back-Sides, he's a greater Whip-Master than *Busby* himself.

Sy. You say very true, and for that Reason I have often wish'd he had a Palsy in his Arm.

Jo. It is not pious to wish ill to ones Master: it is our Business rather to take Care not to fall under the Tyrant's Hands.

Sy. Let us say one to another, one repeating and the other looking in the Book.

Jo. That's well thought on.

Sy. Come, be of good Heart; for Fear spoils the Memory.

Jo. I could easily lay aside Fear, if I were out of Danger; but who can be at Ease in his Mind, that is in so much Danger.

Sy. I confess so; but we are not in Danger of our Heads, but of our Tails.

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2. *Of Writing.*

CORNELIUS, ANDREW.

Co. You write finely, but your Paper sinks. Your Paper is damp, and the Ink sinks through it.

An. Pray make me a Pen of this.

Co. I have not a Pen-knife.

An. Here is one for you.

Co. Out on't, how blunt it is!

An. Take the Hoan.

Co. Do you love to write with a hard-nip'd Pen, or a soft?

An. Make it fit for your own Hand.

Co. I use to write with a soft Nip.

An. Pray write me out the Alphabet.

Co. Greek or Latin?

An. Write me the Latin first; I'll try to imitate it.

Co. Give me some Paper then.

An. Take some.

Co. But my Ink is too thin, by often pouring in of Water.

An. But my Cotton is quite dry.

Co. Squeeze it, or else piss in it.

An. I had rather get some Body to give me some.

Co. It is better to have of one's own, than to borrow.

An. What's a Scholar without Pen and Ink?

Co. The same that a Soldier is without Shield or Sword.

An. I wish my Fingers were so nimble, I can't write as fast as another speaks.

Co. Let it be your first chief Care to write well, and your next to write quick: No more Haste than good Speed.

An. Very well; say to the Master when he dictates, no more Haste than good Speed.

A Form of giving Thanks.

PETER, CHRISTIAN.

Pe. You have oblig'd me, in that you have written to me sometimes. I thank you for writing to me often. I love you, that you have not thought much to send me now and then a Letter. I give you Thanks that you have visited me with frequent Letters. I thank you for loading of me with Packets of Letters. I thank you heartily that you have now and then provoked me with Letters. You have oblig'd me very much that you have honour'd me with your Letters. I am much beholden to you for your most obliging Letters to me. I take it as a great Favour, that you have not thought much to write to me.

The Answer.

Ch. Indeed I ought to beg Pardon for my Presumption, who dar'd presume to trouble a Man of so much Business, and so much Learning with my unlearned Letters. I acknowledge your usual Humanity, who have taken my Boldness in good Part. I was afraid my Letters had given you some Offence, that you sent me no Answer. There is no Reason that you should thank me, it is more than enough for me, if you have taken my Industry in good Part.

A Form of asking after News.

Pe. Is there no News come from our Country? Have you had any News from our Countrymen? What News? Do you bring any News? Is there any News come to Town? Is there any News abroad from our Country?

The Answer.

Ch. There is much News; but nothing of Truth. News enough indeed; but nothing certain. A great deal of News; but nothing to be depended upon. Not a little News; but not much Truth. There is no News come. I have had no News at all. Something of News; but nothing certain. There are a great many Reports come to Town; but they are all doubtful. There is a great deal of Talk; but nothing true, nothing certain. If Lies please, I have brought you a whole Cart-Load of them. I bring you whole Bushels of Tales. I bring you as many Lies as a good Ship will carry.

Pe. Then unlade yourself as fast as you can, for fear you should sink, being so over-freighted.

Ch. I have nothing but what's the Chat of Barbers Shops, Coaches and Boats.

Han't you received any Letters. The Form.

Pe. Have you had no Letters? Have you had any Letters out of your own Country? Have no Letters been brought to you? Have you receiv'd any Letters? Have you had any Letters? Have you receiv'd any Letters from your Friends? Are there no Letters come from *France*?

The Answer.

Ch. I have received no Letters. I han't had so much as a Letter. I han't had the least Bit of a Letter. No Body has sent me any Letter. There is not the least Word come from any Body. I have received no more Letters for this long Time, than what you see in my Eye. Indeed I had rather have Money than Letters. I had rather receive Money than Letters. I don't matter Letters, so the Money does but come. I had rather be paid, than be written to.

I believe so. The Form.

Pe. I easily believe you. That is not hard to be believ'd. It is a very easy Thing to believe that. Who would not believe you in that? He will be very incredulous, that won't believe you in that Matter. In Truth I do believe you. You will easily make me believe that. I can believe you without swearing. What you say is very likely. But for all that, Letters bring some Comfort. I had rather have either of them, than neither.

Of Profit. A Form.

Ch. What signifies Letters without Money? What signifies empty Letters? What do empty Letters avail? What good do they do, what do they profit, advantage? To whom

are Letters grateful or acceptable without Money? What Advantage do empty Letters bring? What are idle Letters good for? What do they do? What use are they of? What are they good for? What do they bring with them of Moment? What Use are empty Letters of?

The Answer.

Pe. They are useful, fit, proper, to wipe your Breech with. They are good to wipe your Backside with. If you don't know the Use of them, they are good to wipe your Arse with. To wipe your Breech with. To wipe your Backside with. They are good to cleanse that Part of the Body that often fouls itself. They are good to wrap Mackrel in. Good to make up Grocery Ware in.

Of wishing well.

1. *To a Man whose Wife is with Child.*

Pe. What? are our little Friends well? How does your Wife do?

Ch. Very well, I left her with her Mother, and with Child.

Pe. I wish it may be well for you, and her too: To you, because you're shortly to be a Father, and she a Mother. God be with you. I pray and desire that it may be prosperous and happy to you both. I pray, I beg of God that she, having a safe Delivery, may bear a Child worthy of you both; and may make you a Father of a fine Child. I commend you that you have shewed yourself to be a Man. I am glad you have prov'd yourself to be a Man. You have shew'd yourself to be a Gallus, but not *Cybele*'s. Now you may go, I believe you are a Man.

Ch. You joke upon me, as you are used to do. Well, go on, you may say what you please to me.

2. *To one coming Home into his own Country.*

Ch. I hear, you have lately been in your own Country.

Pe. I have so, I had been out of it a pretty While. I could not bear to be out of it long. I could not bear to be out of my Parents Sight any longer. I thought it long till I enjoy'd my Friends Company.

Ch. You have acted very piously. You are very good Humour'd, to think of those Matters. We have all a strange Affection for the Country that hath bred us, and brought us forth.

As Ovid *says*:

Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.

Pray tell me how did you find all Things there.

All Things new. The Form.

Pe. Nothing but what was new. All Things changed, all Things become new. See how soon Time changes all human Affairs. Methought I came into another World. I had scarce been absent ten Years, and yet I admired at every Thing, as much as *Epimenides* the Prince of Sleepers, when he first wak'd out of his Sleep.

Ch. What Story is that? What Fable is that?

Pe. I'll tell you if you are at Leisure.

Ch. There is nothing more pleasant.

Pe. Then order me a Chair and a Cushion.

Ch. That's very well thought on, for you will tell Lyes the better, sitting at Ease.

Pe. Historians tell us a Story, of one *Epimenides* a Man of *Crete*, who taking a Walk alone by himself without the City, being caught in a hasty Shower of Rain, went for Shelter into a Cave, and there fell asleep, and slept on for seven and forty Years together.

I don't believe it. The Form.

Ch. What a Story you tell? 'Tis incredible. What you say is not very likely. You tell me a Fiction. I don't think 'tis true. You tell me a monstrous Story. Are you not asham'd to be guilty of so wicked a Lye? This is a Fable fit to be put among *Lucian's* Legends.

Pe. Nay, I tell you what is related by Authors of Credit, unless you think *Aulus Gellius* is not an Author of approv'd Credit.

Ch. Nay, whatsoever he has written are Oracles to me.

Pe. Do you think that a Divine dream'd so many Years? For it is storied that he was a Divine.

Ch. I am with Child to hear.

The Answer.

Pe. What is it more than what *Scotus* and the School-men did afterwards? But *Epimenides*, he came off pretty well, he came to himself again at last; but a great many Divines never wake out of their Dreams.

Ch. Well go on, you do like a Poet; But go on with your Lye.

Pe. Epimenides waking out of his Sleep, goes out of his Cave, and looks about him, and sees all Things chang'd, the Woods, the Banks, the Rivers, the Trees, the Fields; and, in short, there was nothing but was new: He goes to the City, and enquires; he stays there a little While, but knows no Body, nor did any Body know him: the Men were dress'd after another Fashion, than what they were before; they had not the same Countenances; their Speech was alter'd, and their Manners quite different: Nor do I wonder it was so with *Epimenides*, after so many Years, when it was almost so with me, when I had been absent but a few Years.

Ch. But how do your Father and Mother do? Are they living?

Pe. They are both alive and well; but pretty much worn

out with old Age, Diseases, and lastly, with the Calamities of War.

Ch. This is the Comedy of human Life. This is the inevitable Law of Destiny.

Words, Names of Affinity.

Pe. Will you sup at Home to Day?

Ch. I am to sup abroad: I must go out to Supper.

Pe. With whom?

Ch. With my Father in Law; with my Son in Law; at my Daughter's in Law; with my Kinsman. They are call'd, *Affines*, Kinsmen, who are ally'd not by Blood, but Marriage.

Pe. What are the usual Names of Affinity?

Ch. A Husband and Wife are noted Names. *Socer*, Is my Wife's Father. *Gener*, My Daughter's Husband. *Socrus*, My Wife's Mother. *Nurus*, My Son's Wife. *Levir*, A Husband's Brother. *Levir* is call'd by the Wife, as *Helen* calls *Hector*, *Levir*, because she was married to *Paris*. *Fratria*, My Brother's Wife. *Glos*, A Husband's Sister. *Vitricus*, My Mother's Husband. *Noverca*, My Father's Wife. *Privignus*, The Son of my Wife or Husband. *Privigna*, The Daughter of either of them. *Rivalis*, He that loves the same Woman another does. *Pellex*, She that loves the same Man another does; as *Thraso* is the Rival of *Phrædria*, and *Europa* the *Pellex* of *Juno*.

Of inviting to a Feast.

Dine with me to Morrow.

Pe. I give you Thanks, I commend you, I invite you to Supper against to Morrow. I entreat your Company at Supper to Morrow. I desire you'd come to Dinner with

me to Morrow. I would have your Company at Dinner to Morrow.

I fear I can't come.

Ch. I fear I can't. I am afraid I can't. I will come if I can; but I am afraid I can't.

Why?

Pe. Why can't you? How so? Why so? Wherefore? For what Reason? For what Cause? What hinders you that you can't.

I must stay at Home.

Ch. Indeed I must be at Home at that Time. I must needs be at Home at Night. I must not be abroad at that Time. I shall not have an Opportunity to go out any where to Morrow. I must not be absent at Dinner. I expect some Guests myself upon that Day. Some Friends have made an Appointment to sup at our House that Night. I have some Guests to entertain that Night, or else I would come with all my Heart. Unless it were so, I would not be unwilling to come. If it were not so, I should not want much entreating. I would make no Excuse if I could come. If I could come, I would not be ask'd twice. If I could by any Means come, I would come with a very little, or without any Invitation at all. If I could, I would obey your Command very readily. It is in vain to ask one that is not at his own Disposal: And there would be no need to ask me if I could come: But at present, though I had never so much Mind, I can't; and it would be altogether unnecessary to ask one that is willing.

Pe. Then pray let me have your Company the next Day after: However, I must needs have your Company at Supper the next Day after to Morrow. You must not deny me your Company four Days hence. You must make no Excuse as to coming next Thursday.

I can't promise.

Ch. I can't promise. I cannot positively promise you. I can't certainly promise you. I will come when it shall be most convenient for us both.

You ought to set the Day.

Pe. I would have you appoint a Day when you will come to sup with me. You must assign a Day. You must set the Day. I desire a certain Day may be prefix'd, prescrib'd, appointed, set; but set a certain Day. I would have you tell me the Day.

I would not have you know before Hand.

Ch. Indeed I don't use to set a Day for my Friends. I am used to set a Day for those I'm at Law with. I would not have you know before Hand. I'll take you at unawares. I'll come unexpectedly. I will catch you when you don't think on me. I shall take you when you don't think on me. I'll come unlooked for. I'll come upon you before you are aware. I'll come an uninvited and unexpected Guest.

I would know before Hand.

Pe. I would know two Days before Hand. Give me Notice two Days before you come. Make me acquainted two Days before.

Ch. If you will have me, I'll make a *Sybaritical* Appointment, that you may have Time enough to provide afore Hand.

Pe. What Appointment is that?

Ch. The *Sybarites* invited their Guests against the next Year, that they might both have Time to be prepar'd.

Pe. Away with the *Sybarites*, and their troublesome Entertainments: I invite an old Chrony, and not a Courtier.

You desire to your own Detriment.

Ch. Indeed 'tis to your Detriment. Indeed 'tis to your own Harm. To your own Loss. You wish for it. You pray for that to your own Ill-convenience.

Pe. Why so? Wherefore.

Ch. I'll come provided. I'll come prepar'd. I'll set upon you accoutred. I'll come furnish'd with a sharp Stomach; do you take Care that you have enough to satisfy a Vulture. I'll prepare my Belly and whet my Teeth; do you look to it, to get enough to satisfy a Wolf.

Pe. Come and welcome, I dare you to it. Come on, if you can do any Thing, do it to your utmost, with all your Might.

Ch. I'll come, but I won't come alone.

Pe. You shall be the more welcome for that; but who will you bring with you?

Ch. My *Umbra.*

Pe. You can't do otherwise if you come in the Day Time.

Ch. Ay, but I'll bring one *Umbra* or two that have got Teeth, that you shan't have invited me for nothing.

Pe. Well, do as you will, so you don't bring any Ghosts along with you. But if you please explain what is the Meaning of the Word *Umbra.*

Ch. Among the Learned they are call'd *Umbræ*, who being uninvited, bear another Person, that is invited, Company to a Feast.

Pe. Well, bring such Ghosts along with you as many as you will.

I promise upon this Condition.

Ch. Well, I will come, but upon this Condition, that you shall come to Supper with me the next Day. I will do it upon this Condition that you shall be my Guest afterwards. Upon that Condition I promise to come to Supper, that

you again shall be my Guest. I promise I will, but upon these Terms, that you in the like Manner shall be my Guest the next Day. I promise I will, I give you my Word I will, upon this Consideration, that you dine with me the next Day.

Pe. Come on, let it be done, let it be so. It shall be as you would have it. If you command me, I'll do it. I know the *French* Ambition, You won't sup with me, but you'll make me Amends for it. And so by this Means Feasts use to go round. From hence it comes to pass, that it is a long Time before we have done feasting one with another. By this Interchangeableness Feasts become reciprocal without End.

Ch. It is the pleasantest Way of Living in the World, if no more Provision be made, but what is used to be made daily. But, I detain you, it may be, when you are going some whither.

Pe. Nay, I believe, I do you. But we'll talk more largely and more freely to Morrow. But we'll divert ourselves to Morrow more plentifully. In the mean Time take Care of your Health. In the mean Time take Care to keep yourself in good Health. Farewell till then.

Whither are you going? The Form.

Ch. Where are you a going now? Whither are you going so fast? Where are you a going in such great Haste. Whither go you? What's your Way?

I go Home. The Form.

Pe. I go Home. I return Home. I go to see what they are a doing at Home. I go to call a Doctor. I am going into the Country. I made an Appointment just at this Time to go to speak with a certain great Man. I made an Appointment to meet a great Man at this Time.

Ch. Whom?

Pe. Talkative *Curio.*

Ch. I wish you *Mercury*'s Assistance.

Pe. What need of *Mercury*'s Assistance?

Ch. Because you have to do with a Man of Words.

Pe. Then it were more proper to wish the Assistance of the Goddess *Memoria.*

Ch. Why so?

Pe. Because you'll have more Occasion for patient Ears, than a strenuous Tongue. And the Ear is dedicated to the Goddess *Memoria.*

Ch. Whither are you going? Whither will you go?

Pe. This Way, to the left Hand. This Way, that Way, through the Market.

Ch. Then I'll bear you Company as far as the next Turning.

Pe. I won't let you go about. You shan't put yourself to so much Trouble on my Account. Save that Trouble till it shall be of Use, it is altogether unnecessary at this Time. Don't go out of your Way upon my Account.

Ch. I reckon I save my Time while I enjoy the Company of so good a Friend. I have nothing else to do, and I am not so lazy, if my Company won't be troublesome.

Pe. No Body is a more pleasant Companion. But I won't suffer you to go on my left Hand. I won't let you walk on my left Hand. Here I bid God be with you. I shall not bear you Company any longer. You shan't go further with me.

A Form of Recommending.

Ch. Recommend me kindly to *Curio.* Recommend me as kindly as may be to talkative *Curio.* Take Care to recommend me heartily to *Curio.* I desire you have me recommended to him. I recommend myself to him by you. I recommend myself to you again and again. I recommend myself to your Favour with all the Earnestness possible. Leave *recommendo* instead of *commendo* to *Barbarians.* See

that you don't be sparing of your Speech with one that is full of Tongue. See that you be not of few Words with him that is a Man of many Words.

A Form of Obsequiousness.

Pe. Would you have me obey you? Would you have me be obedient? Shall I obey you? Then you command me to imitate you. Since you would have it so, I'll do it with all my Heart. Don't hinder me any longer; don't let us hinder one another.

Ch. But before you go, I intreat you not to think much to teach me how I must use these Sentences, *in morâ, in causâ, in culpâ*; you use to be studious of Elegancy. Wherefore come on, I entreat you teach me; explain it to me, I love you dearly.

In Culpâ, In Causâ, In Morâ.

Pe. I must do as you would have me. The Fault is not in me. It is not in thee. The Delay is in thee. Thou art the Cause, is indeed grammatically spoken; these are more elegant.

In Culpâ.

I am not in the Fault. The Fault is not mine. I am without Fault. Your Idleness has been the Cause, that you have made no Proficiency, not your Master nor your Father. You are all in Fault. You are both in Fault. You are both to be blam'd. Ye are both to be accus'd. You have gotten this Distemper by your own ill Management. In like Manner they are said to be *in vitio*, to whom the Fault is to be imputed; and *in crimine*, they who are to be blam'd; and *in damno*, who are Losers. This sort of Phrase is not to be inverted commonly; *Damnum in illo est. Vitium in illo est.*

In Causâ.

Sickness has been the Occasion that I have not written to you. My Affairs have been the Cause that I have written to you so seldom, and not Neglect. What was the Cause? What Cause was there? I was not the Cause. The Post-Man was in the Fault that you have had no Letters from me. Love and not Study is the Cause of your being so lean. This is the Cause.

In Morâ.

I won't hinder you. What has hinder'd you? You have hindred us. You are always a Hindrance. What hindred you? Who has hindred you? You have what you ask'd for. It is your Duty to remember it. You have the Reward of your Respect. Farewell, my *Christian.*

Ch. And fare you well till to Morrow, my *Peter.*

At Meeting.

CHRISTIAN, AUSTIN.

Ch. God save you heartily, sweet *Austin.*

Au. I wish the same to you, most kind *Christian.* Good Morrow to you. I wish you a good Day; but how do you do?

Ch. Very well as Things go, and I wish you what you wish for.

Au. I love you deservedly. I love thee. Thou deservest to be lov'd heartily. Thou speakest kindly. Thou art courteous. I give thee Thanks.

I am angry with thee. The Form.

Ch. But I am something angry with you. But I am a little angry with you. But I am a little provok'd at you. I have something to be angry with you for.

For what Cause. The Form.

Au. I pray what is it? Why so? But why, I beseech you? What Crime have I committed? What have I done? *Promereor bona,* I deserve Good; *Commereor mala,* I deserve Ill, or Punishment: The one is used in a good Sense, and the other in an ill. *Demeremur eum,* is said of him that we have attach'd to us by Kindness.

Because you don't Regard me.

Ch. Because you take no Care of me. Because you don't regard me. Because you come to see us so seldom. Because you wholly neglect us. Because you quite neglect me. Because you seem to have cast off all Care of us.

Au. But there is no Cause for you to be angry. But you are angry without my Desert, and undeservedly; for it has not been my Fault, that I have come to see you but seldom: Forgive my Hurry of Business that has hindered me from seeing you, as often as I would have done.

Ch. I will pardon you upon this Condition, if you'll come to Supper with me to Night. I'll quit you upon that Condition, if you come to Supper with me in the Evening.

Au. Christian, you prescribe no hard Articles of Peace, and therefore I'll come with all my Heart. Indeed I will do it willingly. Indeed I would do that with all Readiness in the World. I shan't do that unwillingly. I won't want much Courting to that. There is nothing in the World that I would do with more Readiness. I will do it with a willing Mind.

Ch. I commend your obliging Temper in this, and in all other Things.

Au. I use always to be thus obsequious to my Friends, especially when they require nothing but what's reasonable. O ridiculous! Do you think I would refuse when offer'd me, that which I should have ask'd for of my own Accord?

Don't deceive me. The Form.

Ch. Well, but take Care you don't delude me. See you don't deceive me. Take Care you don't make me feed a vain Hope. See you don't fail my Expectation. See you don't disappoint me. See you don't lull me on with a vain Hope.

Au. There is no Need to swear. In other Things, in other Matters you may be afraid of Perfidy. In this I won't deceive you. But hark you, see that you provide nothing but what you do daily: I would have no holy Day made upon my Account. You know that I am a Guest that am no great Trencher Man, but a very merry Man.

Ch. I'll be sure to take Care. I will entertain you with Scholars Commons, if not with slenderer Fare.

Au. Nay, if you'd please me, let it be with *Diogenes*'s Fare.

Ch. You may depend upon it, I will treat you with a *Platonick* Supper, in which you shall have a great many learned Stories, and but a little Meat, the Pleasure of which shall last till the next Day: whereas they that have been nobly entertain'd, enjoy perhaps a little Pleasure that Day, but the next are troubled with the Head-ach, and Sickness at the Stomach. He that supp'd with *Plato*, had one Pleasure from the easy Preparation, and Philosopher's Stories; and another the next Day, that his Head did not ach, and that his Stomach was not sick, and so had a good Dinner of the sauce of last Night's Supper.

Au. I like it very well, let it be as you have said.

Ch. Do you see that you leave all your Cares and melancholy Airs at Home, and bring nothing hither but Jokes and Merriment; and as *Juvenal* says,

> *Protenus ante meum, quicquid dolet, exue limen.*
> *Lay all that troubles down before my Door, before you come into it.*

Au. What? Would you have me bring no Learning along with me? I will bring my Muses with me, unless you think it not convenient.

Ch. Shut up your ill-natured Muses at Home with your Business, but bring your good-natured Muses, all your witty Jests, your By-words, your Banters, your Pleasantries, your pretty Sayings, and all your Ridiculosities along with you.

Au. I'll do as you bid me; put on all my best Looks. We'll be merry Fellows. We'll laugh our Bellies full. We'll make much of ourselves. We'll feast jovially. We'll play the *Epicureans.* We'll set a good Face on't, and be boon Blades. These are fine Phrases of clownish Fellows that have a peculiar Way of speaking to themselves.

Ch. Where are you going so fast?

Au. To my Son's in Law.

Ch. What do you do there? Why thither? What do you with him?

Au. I hear there is Disturbance among them; I am going to make them Friends again, to bring them to an Agreement; to make Peace among them.

Ch. You do very well, though I believe they don't want you; for they will make the Matter up better among themselves.

Au. Perhaps there is a Cessation of Arms, and the Peace is to be concluded at Night. But have you any Thing else to say to me?

Ch. I will send my Boy to call you.

Au. When you please. I shall be at Home. Farewell.

Ch. I wish you well. See that you be here by five a-Clock. Soho *Peter*, call *Austin* to Supper, who you know promised to come to Supper with me to Day.

Pe. Soho! Poet, God bless you, Supper has been ready this good While, and my Master stays for you at Home, you may come when you will.

Au. I come this Minute.

The PROFANE FEAST.

The ARGUMENT.

Our Erasmus *most elegantly proposes all the Furniture of this Feast; the Discourses and Behaviour of the Entertainer and the Guests,* &c. *Water and a Bason before Dinner. The* Stoics, *the* Epicureans; *the Form of the Grace at Table. It is good Wine that pleases four Senses. Why* Bacchus *is the Poets God; why he is painted a Boy. Mutton very wholsome. That a Man does not live by Bread and Wine only. Sleep makes some Persons fat. Venison is dear. Concerning Deers, Hares, and Geese: They of old defended the Capitol at* Rome. *Of Cocks, Capons and Fishes. Here is discoursed of by the by, Fasting. Of the Choice of Meats. Some Persons Superstition in that Matter. The Cruelty of those Persons that require these Things of those Persons they are hurtful to; when the eating of Fish is neither necessary, nor commanded by Christ. The eating of Fish is condemned by Physicians. The chief Luxury of old Time consisted in Fishes. We should always live a sober Life. What Number of Guests there should be at an Entertainment. The Bill of Fare of the second Course. The Magnificence of the* French. *The ancient Law of Feasts. Either drink, or begone. A Variation of Phrases. Thanksgiving after Meat.*

AUSTIN, CHRISTIAN, *a* BOY.

Au. O, my *Christian*, God bless you.

Ch. It is very well that you are come. I am glad you're come. I congratulate myself that you are come. I believe it has not struck five yet.

Boy. Yes, it is a good While past five. It is not far from six. It is almost six. You'll hear it strike six presently.

Au. It is no great Matter whether I come before five or after five, as long as I am not come after Supper; for that is a miserable Thing, to come after a Feast is over. What's all this great Preparation for? What means all this Provision? What, do you think I'm a Wolf? Do you take me for a Wolf? Do you think I'm a Vulture?

Ch. Not a Vulture, nor yet do I think you a Grashopper, to live upon Dew. Here is nothing of Extravagancy, I always lov'd Neatness, and abhor Slovenliness. I am for being neither luxurious nor niggardly. We had better leave than lack. If I dress'd but one Dish of Peas, and the Soot should chance to fall in the Pot and spoil it, what should we have to eat then? Nor does every Body love one Thing; therefore I love a moderate Variety.

Au. An't you afraid of the sumptuary Laws?

Ch. Nay, I most commonly offend on the contrary Side. There is no need of the *Fannian* Law at our House. The Slenderness of my Income teaches me Frugality sufficiently.

Au. This is contrary to our Agreement. You promised me quite otherwise.

Ch. Well, Mr. Fool, you don't stand to your Agreement. For it was agreed upon that you should bring nothing but merry Tales. But let us have done with these Matters, and wash, and sit down to Supper. Soho, Boy, bring a little Water and a Bason; hang a Towel over your Shoulder, pour out some Water. What do you loiter for? Wash, *Austin.*

Au. Do you wash first.

Ch. Pray excuse me. I had rather eat my Supper with unwashen Hands this twelve Months.

Au. O ridiculous! 'Tis not he that is the most honourable, but he that is the dirtiest that should wash first; then do you wash as the dirtiest.

Ch. You are too complaisant. You are more complaisant than enough; than is fitting. But to what Purpose is all this Ceremony? Let us leave these trifling Ceremonies to Women, they are quite kick'd out of the Court already, although they came from thence at first. Wash three or four at a Time. Don't let us spend the Time in these Delays. I won't place any Body, let every one take what Place he likes best. He that loves to sit by the Fire, will sit best here. He that can't bear the Light let him take this Corner. He that loves to look about him, let him sit here. Come, here has been Delays enough. Sit down. I am at Home, I'll take my Supper standing, or walking about, which I like best. Why don't you sit down, Supper will be spoiled.

Au. Now let us enjoy ourselves, and eat heartily. Now let us be *Epicures*. We have nothing to do with Superciliousness. Farewell Care, let all Ill-will and Detraction be banished. Let us be merry, pleasant, and facetious.

Ch. Austin, pray who are those *Stoics* and *Epicures*?

Au. The *Stoics* are a certain melancholy, rigid, parcimonious Sect of Philosophers, who make the *Summum bonum* of Mankind, to consist in a certain, I can't tell what, *honestum*. The *Epicures* are the Reverse of these, and they make the Felicity of a Man to consist in Pleasure.

Ch. Pray what Sect are you of, a *Stoic* or an *Epicure*?

Au. I recommend *Zeno*'s Rules; but I follow *Epicurus*'s Practice.

Ch. Austin, what you speak in Jest, a great many do in Earnest, and are only Philosophers by their Cloaks and Beards.

Au. Nay, indeed they out-live the *Asots* in Luxury.

Ch. Dromo, come hither. Do your Office, say Grace.

Boy. "May he that feeds all Things by his Bounty, com-"mand his Blessing upon what is or shall be set upon this "Table. Amen."

Ch. Set the Victuals on the Table. Why do we delay to eat up this Capon? Why are we afraid to carve this Cock?

Au. I'll be *Hercules*, and slay this Beast. Which had you rather have, a Wing or a Leg?

Ch. Which you will, I don't matter which.

Au. In this Sort of Fowls the Wing is look'd upon the best; in other Fowls the Leg is commonly esteemed the greater dainty Bit.

Ch. I put you to a great Deal of Trouble. You take a great Deal of Trouble upon you, upon my Account. You help every Body else, and eat nothing yourself. I'll help you to this Wing; but upon this Condition, that you shall give me Half of it back.

Au. Say you so, that is serving yourself and not me; keep it for yourself. I am not so bashful as to want any Body to help me.

Ch. You do very well.

Au. Do you carve for a Wolf? Have you invited a Vulture?

Ch. You fast. You don't eat.

Au. I eat more than any Body.

Ch. Nay, rather, you lye more than any Body. Pray be as free as if you were at your own House.

Au. I take myself to be there. I do so. I am resolv'd so to do. I design to do so.

Ch. How does this Wine please you? Does this Wine please your Palate?

Au. Indeed it pleases me very well. Indeed it pleases mightily. It pleases me well enough. It pleases me very well.

Ch. Which had you rather have, Red or White?

It is no Matter what Colour it is.

Au. Indeed I like both alike. It is no Matter what Colour 'tis, so the Taste be pleasing. I don't much mind how the Wine pleases the Eye, so it do but please the Palate. I

an't much mov'd at the Sight of it, if the Taste be but grateful. It is no great Matter what Colour it is of, or what Colour it has, if it does but taste well. I don't desire to please my Eyes if I can but please my Taste. If it do but please the Palate, I don't regard the Colour, if it be well relish'd.

Ch. I believe so: But there are some Persons that are mighty deeply read in Table Philosophy, who deny that the Wine can be good, unless it pleases four Senses: The Eye, with its Colour; the Nose, with its Smell; the Palate, with its Taste; the Ears, by its Fame and Name.

Au. O ridiculous! What signifies Fame to Drink?

Ch. As much as many that have a good Palate mightily approve of *Lovain* Wine, when they believe it to be *Bern* Wine.

Au. It may be, they had spoiled their Palate by much Drinking.

Ch. No, before they had drank one Drop. But I have a Mind to hear your Opinion, who are a Man of great Skill in these Matters.

Au. Our Countrymen prefer White before Red, because the Red is a little more upon the Acid, and the White a smaller Wine; but that is the milder, and in my Opinion the more wholsome.

Ch. We have a pale red Wine, and a yellow Wine, and a purple Colour Wine. This is new Wine, this Year's Wine. This is two Years old, if any Body is for an old Wine. We have some four Years old, but it is grown flat and dead with Age. The Strength is gone with Age.

Au. Why, you're as rich as *Lucullus*.

Ch. Soho, Boy, where are you a loitering? You give us no Attendance; don't you see we have no Wine here? What if a Fire should happen now? How should we put it out? Give every one a full Glass. *Austin*, What's the matter that you are not merry? What makes you sit so Melancholy? What's the Matter with you, that you an't chearful? You are either troubled at something, or you're making

Verses. You play the *Crysippus* now, you want a *Melissa* to feed you.

Au. What Story is this you are telling me of?

Ch. Crysippus is reported to have been so intent upon his logical Subtilties, that he would have been starved at Table, unless his Maid *Melissa* had put the Meat into his Mouth.

Au. He did not deserve to have his Life sav'd; but if Silence is an Offence to you, and you love a noisy Feast, you have gotten that will make one.

Ch. I remember I have. That's very well minded: We must drink more freely, we ought to drink more largely, more Wine and less Water.

You have hit on the Matter.

Au. You have hit the Nail on the Head. You are in the Right. You have hit the Mark. For,

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?

Ch. That is very learnedly spoken, *Austin*, and so indeed is all that comes from you; but since we are fallen into a Discourse concerning Wine, since we have happen'd to make mention of Wine, I have a mind to ask you, for what Reason the Ancients, who will have *Bacchus* the Inventor of Wine, call him the God of the Poets? What has that drunken God to do with Poets, who are the Votaries of the Virgin Muses?

Au. By *Bacchus*, this is a Question fit to be put over a Bottle. But I see very well, what your Question drives at.

Ch. What, prithee?

Au. You very cunningly put a Question about Wine, by a *French* Trick, which I believe you learn'd at *Paris*, that you may save your Wine by that Means. Ah, go your Way, I see you're a Sophister; you have made a good Proficiency in that School.

Ch. Well, I take all your Jokes; I'll return the like to

you, when Opportunity shall offer. But to the Matter in Hand.

Au. I'll go on, but I'll drink first, for it is absurd to dispute about a tippling Question with a dry Throat. Here's to you *Christian.* Half this Cup to you.

Ch. I thank you kindly. God bless it to you, much good may it do you.

Au. Now I'm ready, at your Service. I'll do it as well as I can after my Manner. That they have given a Boy's Face to *Bacchus*, has this Mystery in it; that Wine being drank, takes away Cares and Vexations from our Minds, and adds a Sort of a Chearfulness to them. And for this Reason, it adds a Sort of Youthfulness even to old Men, in that it makes them more chearful, and of a better Complexion. The same thing *Horace* in many Places, and particularly testifies in these Verses:

Ad mare cum veni, generosum et lene requiro,
Quod curas abigat, quod cum spe divite manet.
In venas, animumque meum, quod verba ministret.
Quod me Lucanæ juvenem commendet amicæ.

For that they have assign'd the Poets to this Deity, I believe by it they design'd to intimate this, that Wine both stirs up Wit and administers Eloquence; which two Things are very fit for Poets. Whence it comes to pass, that your Water Drinkers make poor Verses. For *Bacchus* is of a fiery Constitution naturally, but he is made more temperate, being united with the Nymphs. Have you been answer'd to your Satisfaction?

Ch. I never heard any Thing more to the Purpose from a Poet. You deserve to drink out of a Cup set with Jewels. Boy, take away this Dish, and set on another.

Au. You have got a very clownish Boy.

Ch. He is the unluckiest Knave in the World.

Au. Why don't you teach him better Manners?

Ch. He is too old to learn. It is a hard matter to mend the Manners of an old Sinner. An old Dog won't be easily brought to wear the Collar. He's well enough for me. Like Master like Man.

If I knew what you lik'd, I would help you.

Au. I would cut you a Slice, if I knew what would please you. I would help you, if I knew your Palate. I would help you, if I knew what you lik'd best. If I knew the Disposition of your Palate, I would be your Carver. Indeed my Palate is like my Judgment.

Ch. You have a very nice Palate. No Body has a nicer Palate than you have. I don't think you come behind him of whose exquisite Skill the Satyrist says,

Ostrea callebat primo deprendere morsu,
Et semel aspecti dicebat littus echini.

Au. And you, my *Christian*, that I may return the Compliment, seem to have been Scholar to *Epicurus*, or brought up in the *Catian* School. For what's more delicate or nice than your Palate?

Ch. If I understood Oratory so well as I do Cookery, I'd challenge *Cicero* himself.

Au. Indeed if I must be without one, I had rather want Oratory than Cookery.

Ch. I am entirely of your Mind, you judge gravely, wisely, and truly. For what is the Prattle of Orators good for, but to tickle idle Ears with a vain Pleasure? But Cookery feeds and repairs the Palate, the Belly, and the whole Man, let him be as big as he will. *Cicero* says, *Concedat laurea linguæ*; but both of them must give place to Cookery. I never very well liked those *Stoicks*, who referring all things to their (I can't tell what) *honestum*, thought we ought to have no regard to our Persons and our Palates. *Aristippus* was wiser than *Diogenes* beyond Expression in my Opinion.

Au. I despise the *Stoicks* with all their Fasts. But I praise and approve *Epicurus* more than that *Cynic Diogenes*, who lived upon raw Herbs and Water; and therefore I don't wonder that *Alexander*, that fortunate King, had rather be *Alexander* than *Diogenes*.

Ch. Nor indeed would I myself, who am but an ordinary Man, change my Philosophy for *Diogenes*'s; and I believe

your *Catius* would refuse to do it too. The Philosophers of our Time are wiser, who are content to dispute like *Stoicks*, but in living out-do even *Epicurus* himself. And yet for all that, I look upon Philosophy to be one of the most excellent Things in Nature, if used moderately. I don't approve of philosophising too much, for it is a very jejune, barren, and melancholy Thing. When I fall into any Calamity or Sickness, then I betake myself to Philosophy, as to a Physician; but when I am well again, I bid it farewell.

Au. I like your Method. You do philosophize very well. Your humble Servant, Mr. Philosopher; not of the *Stoick* School, but the Kitchen.

Ch. What is the Matter with you, *Erasmus*, that you are so melancholy? What makes you look so frowningly? What makes you so silent? Are you angry with me because I have entertained you with such a slender Supper?

Er. Nay, I am angry with you that you have put your self to so much Charge upon my Account. *Austin* laid a strict Charge upon you that you would provide nothing extraordinary upon his Account. I believe you have a Mind we should never come to see you again; for they give such a Supper as this that intended to make but one. What sort of Guests did you expect? You seem to have provided not for Friends, but for Princes. Do you think we are Gluttons? This is not to entertain one with a Supper, but victualling one for three Days together.

Ch. You will be ill-humour'd. Dispute about that Matter to-Morrow; pray be good humour'd to-Day. We'll talk about the Charge to-Morrow; I have no Mind to hear any Thing but what is merry at this time.

Au. Christian, whether had you rather have, Beef or Mutton?

Ch. I like Beef best, but I think Mutton is the most wholsome. It is the Disposition of Mankind to be most desirous of those Things that are the most hurtful.

Au. The *French* are wonderful Admirers of Pork.

Ch. The *French* love that most that costs least.

Au. I am a Jew in this one Thing, there is nothing I hate so much as Swine's Flesh.

Ch. Nor without Reason, for what is more unwholsome? In this I am not of the *French* Man's but of the *Jew's* Mind.

Er. But I love both Mutton and Pork, but for a different Reason; for I eat freely of Mutton, because I love it; but Hogs Flesh I don't touch, by Reason of Love, that I may not give Offence.

Ch. You are a clever Man, *Erasmus*, and a very merry one too. Indeed I am apt to admire from whence it comes to pass that there is such a great Diversity in Mens Palates, for if I may make use of this Verse of *Horace*,

Tres mihi convivæ propè dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multùm diversa palato.

Er. Although as the Comedian says, *So many Men, so many Minds*, and every Man has his own Way; yet no Body can make me believe, there is more Variety in Mens Dispositions, than there is in their Palates: So that you can scarce find two that love the same Things. I have seen a great many, that can't bear so much as the Smell of Butter and Cheese: Some loath Flesh; one will not eat roast Meat, and another won't eat boil'd. There are many that prefer Water before Wine. And more than this, which you'll hardly believe; I have seen a Man who would neither eat Bread, nor drink Wine.

Ch. What did that poor Man live on?

Er. There was nothing else but what he could eat; Meat, Fish, Herbs and Fruit.

Ch. Would you have me believe you?

Er. Yes, if you will.

Ch. I will believe you; but upon this Condition, that you shall believe me when I tell a Lye.

Er. Well, I will do it, so that you lye modestly.

Ch. As if any Thing could be more impudent than your Lye.

Er. What would your Confidence say, if I should shew you the Man?

Ch. He must needs be a starveling Fellow, a meer Shadow.

Er. You'd say he was a Champion.

Ch. Nay, rather a *Polyphemus.*

Er. I wonder this should seem so strange to you, when there are a great many that eat dry'd Fish instead of Bread: And some that the Roots of Herbs serve for the same Use that Bread does us.

Ch. I believe you; lye on.

Er. I remember, I saw a Man when I was in *Italy*, that grew fat with Sleep, without the Assistance either of Meat or Drink.

Ch. Fie for Shame; I can't forbear making Use of that Expression of the Satyrist,

Tunc immensa cavi spirant mendacia folles.

Thou poeticisest. You play the Part of a Poet. I am loath to give you the Lye.

Er. I am the greatest Lyar in the World, if *Pliny*, an Author of undoubted Credit, has not written, that a Bear in fourteen Days Time will grow wonderfully fat with nothing but Sleep: And that he will sleep so sound, that you can scarce wake him, by wounding him: Nay, to make you admire the more, I will add what *Theophrastus* writes, that during that Time, if the Flesh of the Bear be boil'd, and kept some Time, it will come to Life again.

Ch. I am afraid that *Parmeno* in *Terence* will hardly be able to comprehend these Things. I believe it readily. I would help you to some Venison, if I were well enough accomplished.

Er. Where have you any Hunting now? How came you by Venison?

Ch. Midas, the most generous spirited Man living, and a very good Friend of mine, sent it me for a Present; but so, that I oftentimes buy it for less.

Er. How so?

Ch. Because I am obliged to give more to his Servants, than I could buy it for in the Market.

Er. Who obliges you to that?

Ch. The most violent Tyrant in the World.

Er. Who is he?

Ch. Custom.

Er. Indeed, that Tyrant does frequently impose the most unjust Laws upon Mankind.

Ch. The same Tyrant hunted this Stag, but the Day before Yesterday. What did you do, who used to be a very great Lover of that Sport?

Au. Indeed I have left off that Sport, and now I hunt after nothing but Learning.

Ch. In my Opinion, Learning is fleeter than any Stag.

Au. But I hunt chiefly with two Dogs, that is to say, with Love and Industry: For Love affords a great Deal of Eagerness to learn, and as the most elegant Poet says,

———*Labor improbus omnia vincit.*

Ch. Austin, you admonish after a friendly Manner, as you use to do; and therefore, I won't give over, nor rest, nor tire, till I attain.

Au. Venison is now in the Prime. *Pliny* tells us a very admirable Story concerning this Animal.

Ch. What is it, I pray you?

Au. That as often as they prick up their Ears, they are very quick of Hearing; but on the contrary, when they let them down, they are deaf.

Ch. That very often happens to myself; for if I happen to hear a Word spoken of receiving Guineas, there is no Body quicker of Hearing than I; for then with *Pamphilus* in *Terence*, I prick up my Ears; but when there is any Mention made of paying them away, I let them down, and am presently hard of Hearing.

Au. Well, I commend you; you do as you should do.

Ch. Would you have some of the Leg of this Hare?

Au. Take it yourself.

Ch. Or had you rather have some of the Back?

Au. This Creature has nothing good but its Flank and hind Legs.

Ch. Did you ever see a white Hare?

Au. Oftentimes. *Pliny* writes, that on the *Alps* there are white Hares; and that it is believed in the Winter Time they feed upon Snow: Whether it be true or no, let *Pliny* see to that: For if Snow makes a Hare's Skin white, it must make his Stomach white too.

Ch. I don't know but it may be true.

Au. I have something for you that is stranger than that; but it may be you have heard of it. The same Man testifies that there is the same Nature in all of them; that is, of Males and Females, and that the Females do as commonly breed without the Use of the Male, as with it. And many Persons assert the same, and especially your skilful Hunters.

Ch. You say right; but if you please, let us try these Rabbets, for they are fat and tender. I would help that pretty Lady if I sat nigher to her. *Austin*, pray take Care of that Lady that sits by you, for you know how to please the fair Sex.

Au. I know what you mean, you Joker.

Ch. Do you love Goose?

Au. Ay, I love 'em mightily, and I an't very nice. I don't know what's the Matter, but this Goose don't please me; I never saw any Thing dryer in all my Life; it is dryer than a Pumice-Stone, or *Furius*'s Mother in Law, upon whom *Catullus* breaks so many Jests. I believe it is made of Wood; And in Troth I believe 'tis an old Soldier, that has worn itself out with being upon the Guard. They say a Goose is the most wakeful Creature living. In Truth, if I am not out in my Guess, this Goose was one of them, who when the Watch and their Dogs were fast asleep, in old Time defended the *Roman* Capitol.

Ch. As I hope to live I believe it was, for I believe it liv'd in that Age.

Au. And this Hen was either half starv'd, or else was in love, or was jealous; for this Sort of Creatures are much troubled with that Distemper. This Capon fatten'd much better; see what Cares will do. If we were to geld our *Theodoricus*, he would grow fat much the sooner.

Th. I an't a Cock.

Au. I confess you are not *Gallus Cybeles*, nor a Dunghil-Cock; but it may be you are *Gallus Gallaceus.*

Ch. What Word is that?

Au. I leave that Word to be unriddled by you: I am *Sphinx*, and you shall be *Oedipus.*

Ch. Austin, tell me truly, have you had no Conversation with *French* Men, have you had no Affinity with them? Had you nothing to do with them?

Au. None at all, indeed.

Ch. Then you are so much the worse.

Au. But perhaps I have had to do with *French* Women.

Ch. Will you have any of this Goose's Liver? This was look'd upon as a great Delicacy by the Ancients.

Au. I will refuse nothing that comes from your Hand.

Ch. You must not expect *Roman* Dainties.

Au. What are they?

Ch. Thistles, Cockles, Tortoises, Conger-Eels, Mushrooms, Truffles, *&c.*

Au. I had rather have a Turnip than any of them. You are liberal and bountiful, *Christian.*

Ch. No Body touches these Partridges nor the Pigeons, to-Morrow is a Fast-Day appointed by the Church; prepare against that Hunger; Ballast your Ship against the impending Storm. War is a coming, furnish your Belly with Provision.

Au. I wish you had kept that Word in, we should have risen from Supper more merrily. You torment us before the Time.

Ch. Why so?

Au. Because I hate Fish worse than I do a Snake.

Ch. You are not alone.

Au. Who brought in this troublesome Custom?

Ch. Who order'd you to take Aloes, Wormwood and Scammony in Physick?

Au. But these Things are given to Folks that are sick.

Ch. So these Things are given to them that are too well. It is better sometimes to be sick, than to be too well.

Au. In my Opinion the *Jews* themselves did not labour under such a Burden. Indeed I could easily refrain from Eels and Swines Flesh, if I might fill my Belly with Capons and Partridges.

Ch. In a great many Circumstances it is not the Thing, but the Mind that distinguishes us from *Jews*; they held their Hands from certain Meats, as from unclean Things, that would pollute the Mind; but we, understanding that *to the Pure, all Things are pure*, yet take away Food from the wanton Flesh, as we do Hay from a pamper'd Horse, that it may be more ready to hearken to the Spirit. We sometimes chastise the immoderate Use of pleasant Things, by the Pain of Abstinence.

Au. I hear you; but by the same Argument, Circumcision of the Flesh may be defended; for that moderates the Itch of Coition, and brings Pain. If all hated Fish as bad as I do, I would scarce put a Parricide to so much Torture.

Ch. Some Palates are better pleas'd with Fish than Flesh.

Au. Then they like those Things that please their Gluttony, but don't make for their Health.

Ch. I have heard of some of the *Æsops* and *Apitius*'s, that have look'd upon Fish as the greatest Delicacy.

Au. How then do Dainties agree with Punishment?

Ch. Every Body han't Lampreys, Scares, and Sturgeons.

Au. Then it is only the poor Folks that are tormented, with whom it is bad enough, if they were permitted to eat Flesh; and it often happens, that when they may eat Flesh for the Church, they can't for their Purse.

Ch. Indeed, a very hard Injunction!

Au. And if the Prohibition of Flesh be turned to delicious Living to the Rich; and if the Poor can't eat Flesh many Times, when otherwise they might, nor can't eat Fish, because they are commonly the dearer; to whom does the Injunction do good?

Ch. To all; for poor Folks may eat Cockles or Frogs, or may gnaw upon Onions or Leeks. The middle Sort of People will make some Abatement in their usual Provision;

and though the Rich do make it an Occasion of living deliciously, they ought to impute that to their Gluttony, and not blame the Constitution of the Church.

Au. You have said very well; but for all that, to require Abstinence from Flesh of poor Folks, who feed their Families by the Sweat of their Brows, and live a great Way from Rivers and Lakes, is the same Thing as to command a Famine, or rather a *Bulimia.* And if we believe *Homer*, it is the miserablest Death in the World to be starv'd to Death.

Ch. So it seem'd to blind *Homer*; but with *Christians*, he is not miserable that dies well.

Au. Let that be so; yet it is a very hard Thing to require any Body to die.

Ch. The Popes don't prohibit the eating of Flesh with that Design, to kill Men, but that they may be moderately afflicted if they have transgress'd; or that taking away their pleasant Food, their Bodies may be less fierce against the Spirit.

Au. The moderate Use of Flesh would effect that.

Ch. But in so great a Variety of Bodies certain Bounds of Flesh can't be prescrib'd, a Kind of Food may.

Au. There are Fishes that yield much Aliment, and there are Sorts of Flesh that yield but little.

Ch. But in general Flesh is most nourishing.

Au. Pray tell me, if you were to go a Journey any whither, would you chuse a lively Horse that was a little wanton, or a diseased Horse, who would often stumble and throw his Rider?

Ch. What do you mean by that?

Au. Because Fish-eating, by its corrupt Humours, renders the Body liable to a great many Diseases, that it can't subserve the Spirit as it should do.

Ch. To what Diseases?

Au. Gouts, Fevers, Leprosies, the King's-Evil.

Ch. How do you know?

Au. I believe Physicians. I had rather do so than try the Experiment.

Ch. Perhaps that happens to a few.

Au. Indeed I believe to a great many; besides, in as much as the Mind acts by the material Organs of the Body, which are affected with good or bad Humours, the Instruments being vitiated, it can't exert its Power as it would.

Ch. I know Doctors do very much find Fault with the eating of Fish; but our Ancestors thought otherwise, and it is our Duty to obey them.

Au. It was a Piece of Religion formerly not to break the Sabbath; but for all that, it was more eligible to save a Man on the Sabbath-Day.

Ch. Every one consults his own Health.

Au. If we will obey St. *Paul, Let no Body mind his own Things, but every one the Things of another.*

Ch. How come we by this new Divine at our Table? Whence comes this new upstart Master of ours?

Au. Because I don't like Fishes.

Ch. What, then won't you abstain from Flesh?

Au. I do abstain, but grumblingly, and to my great Detriment too.

Ch. Charity suffers all Things.

Au. It is true; but then the same requires but little. If it suffers all Things, why won't it suffer us to eat those Meats the Gospel has given us a Liberty to eat? Why do those Persons, from whom Christ has so often required the Love of himself, suffer so many Bodies of Men to be endanger'd by capital Diseases, and their Souls to be in Danger of eternal Damnation, because of a Thing neither forbidden by *Christ*, nor necessary in itself?

Ch. When Necessity requires it, the Force of a human Constitution ceases, and the Will of the Lawgiver ceases.

Au. But the Offence of the Weak does not cease. The Scruple of a tender Conscience does not cease. And lastly, it is uncertain with what Limits that Necessity shall be bounded; shall it be when the Fish-eater shall be a giving up the Ghost? It is too late to give Flesh to a Man when he is dying; or shall it be when his Body becomes all

feverish? The Choice of Meats is not of so much Consequence.

Ch. What would you have prescrib'd then?

Au. I can tell well enough, if I might be allow'd to be a Dictator in Ecclesiastical Affairs.

Ch. What do you mean by that?

Au. If I were Pope I would exhort all Persons to a perpetual Sobriety of Life, but especially before an holy-Day; and moreover, I would give every one leave to eat what he would, for the Health of his Body, so he did it moderately, and with Thanksgiving; and I would endeavour that what was abated of these Observations should be made up in the Study of true Piety.

Ch. That in my Opinion is of so great Weight, that we ought to make you Pope.

Au. For all your laughing, this Neck could bear a triple Crown.

Ch. But in the mean Time take Care that these Things be not enter'd down in the *Sorbon* at *Paris*.

Au. Nay, rather let what is said be written in Wine, as it is fit those Things should that are said over our Cups; but we have had Divinity enough for a Feast. We are at Supper, not at the *Sorbon*.

Ch. Why mayn't that be call'd *Sorbon* where we sup plentifully?

Au. Well, let us sup then, and not dispute, lest the *Sorbon* be called after us from *Sorbis*, and not from *Sorbendo*.

CHRISTIAN, GUESTS, MIDAS, ERASMUS, the BOY, AUSTIN.

Ch. Well, come my kind Guests, I pray you that you would take this little Supper in good Part, though it be but a slender one. Be merry and good humour'd, though the Supper be but mean and slender. I, relying upon your

Familiarity, made bold to invite you ; and I will assure you, your Company and Presence is not only very grateful to me, but very pleasant.

Gu. We do assure you, good *Christian*, that we esteem your Supper to have been very pretty and noble ; and we have nothing to find Fault with, but that you make Excuses for it, for that it was very magnificent ; for indeed I look upon the Entertainment to be splendid to the greatest degree, that in the first Place consisted of Courses agreeable to Nature, and was season'd with Mirth, Laughter, Jokes and Witticisms, none of which have been wanting in our Entertainment. But here is something comes into my Mind, as to the Number of the Guests, which *Varro* writes, *should not be fewer than three, nor more than nine.* For the *Graces*, who are the Presidents of Humanity and Benevolence, are three ; and the *Muses*, that are the Guides of commendable Studies, are nine ; and I see here we have ten Guests besides the Virgins.

Au. Nothing could happen more agreeably ; we are in that something wiser than *Varro*, for we have gotten here three pretty Maids for the three *Graces* ; and as it is not to be thought that *Apollo* is ever absent from the Chorus of the *Muses*, we have very much *à propos* added the tenth Guest.

Ch. You have spoken very much like a Poet. If I had a Laurel here I would crown you with it, and you should be Poet Laureat.

Au. If I were crown'd with Mallows, I should be Poet *Maleat* ; I do not arrogate that Honour to myself. This is an Honour that I don't deserve.

———*Haud equidem tali me dignor honore.*

Ch. Will you, every one of you, do as much for me as I will do for you ?

Gu. Ay, that we will with all our Hearts.

Ch. Then let every one drink off his Cup round as I do. Here's to you first, *Midas*.

Mi. I thank you heartily. I pledge you heartily ; for

which the Vulgar says *Præstolor.* Indeed I won't refuse. I won't refuse any Thing for your Sake.

Ch. Now do you drink to the rest.

Mi. Erasmus, Half this Cup to you.

Er. I pray it may do you good. May it do you good. Much good may it do you. *Proficiat* is an out of the Way Word.

Ch. Why does the Cup stand still? Why does it not go about? Is our Wine gone? Where are your Eyes, you Rascal? Run quickly, fetch two Quarts of the same Wine.

Boy. Erasmus, your humble Servant, there is one wants to speak with you at the Door.

Er. Who is it?

Boy. He says he is one Mr. *More*'s Man, his Master is come out of *Britain,* and he desires you would make him a Visit, because he sets out for *Germany* to-Morrow by Break of Day.

Er. Christian, gather the Reckoning, for I must be going.

Ch. The Reckoning, most learned *Erasmus,* of this Supper, I will discharge that. You have no Need to put your Hand in your Pocket. I thank you that you honour'd me with your Company; but I am sorry you are called away before the Comedy is ended.

Er. Have I any Thing more to do but to bid you *Farewell and be merry?*

Ch. Farewell, we can't take it amiss, because you don't leave a Shoulder of Mutton for a Sheep's-Head, but go from Friends to a better Friend.

Er. And I in like Manner return you my Thanks, that you have been so kind as to invite me to this most pleasant Entertainment. My very good Friends, fare ye well. Drink heartily, and live merrily.

Ch. Soho, *Dromo.* You, all of you, have sitten still a good While. Does any Body please to have any Thing else?

Gu. Nothing at all. We have eat very plentifully.

Ch. Then take away these Things, and set on the Desert. Change the Trenchers and the Plates. Take up my Knife

that is fallen down. Pour some Wine over the Pears. Here are some early ripe Mulberries that grew in my own Garden.

Gu. They will be the better for being of your own Growth.

Ch. Here are some wheaten Plumbs : See, here are Damascens, a rare Sight with us : See, here are mellow Apples ; and here is a new Sort of an Apple, the Stock of which I set with my own Hands ; and Chestnuts, and all Kinds of Delicacies, which our Gardens produce plentifully.

Au. But here are no Flowers.

Ch. They are *French* Entertainments, who love that Sort of Splendor most that costs least ; but that is not my Humour.

Au. 'Tis not only among *Frenchmen* that you will find those that love what is of little Cost.

Ch. But hark you, *Austin*, do you think to come off so ? What, won't you pledge me when I drink to you ? You ought to have taken off Half the Cup of him that drank to you.

Au. He excused me for that a great While ago. He discharg'd me of that Obligation.

Ch. Pray who gave him that Power ? The Pope himself can hardly dispense with this Obligation. You know the ancient Law of Drinking, *Either drink or go your Way.*

Au. He that an Oath is made to has Power to suspend it, and especially he, whose Concern it was to have it kept.

Ch. But it is the Duty of all Guests to observe Laws inviolably.

Au. Well, come on, since this is the *German* Custom, I'll drink what is left. But what Business have you with me ?

Ch. You must pay for all. Why do you look pale ? Don't be afraid, you may do it very easily, do as you have often done, that by some Elegancy we may rise from Table more learned ; nor are you ignorant that the Ancients over the second Course used to dispute of some more diverting Subjects. Come on then, by what, and after how many Ways may this Sentence be vary'd, *Indignum auditu ?*

It is not worth hearing. The Form.

Au. You have very fitly made Use of the latter Supine. It is not worth hearing. It is unworthy to be heard. It is not worthy to be heard. It is so light it ought not to be heard. It is scarce worth While to relate. It is not of such Value as to be heard. It is too silly to be heard. It is not worth While to tell it.

Ch. How many Ways may this Sentence be turn'd, *Magno mihi constat?*

The Ratio of varying this Sentence.

Magno mihi constat.

Au. By these Words, *impendo, insumo, impertio, constat,* as: I have taken Pains much in teaching you. I have taken much Pains in that Matter. I have not spent less Money than I have Care upon that Matter. I have not spent a little Money, but much Time, and very much Labour, and some Study. I have spent much Study. This Thing has cost me many a Night's Sleep, much Sweat, much Endeavour, very much Labour, a great Expence, a great Deal of Money. It has cost me more than you believe. My Wife stands me in less than my Horse.

Ch. But what is the meaning, *Austin,* that you put sometimes an Ablative, and sometimes a Genitive Case to the Verb *constat*?

Au. You have stated a very useful and very copious Question. But that I may not be troublesome to the Company by my too much Talk, I will dispatch it in a few Words. But I desire to hear every Man's Opinion, that I may not be troublesome to any Man, as I have said.

Ch. But why may not the Damsels desire the same?

Au. Indeed they do nothing else but hear. I'll attempt it with *Grammatica*'s Assistance. "You know that Verbs "of buying and selling, and some others, are of a like Sig-

"nification, to which these Genitives are put alone, without "Substantives, *tanti, quanti, pluris, minoris, tantidem,* "*quantivis, quanticunque*: But in Case Substantives be not "added, which, if they happen to be put, they are both "turned into the Ablative Case; so that if a certain Price "be set down, you put it in the Ablative Case; if by an "Adjective put substantively, you put it in the Ablative "Case, unless you had rather make Use of an Adverb."

Ch. What are those Verbs that you speak of?

Au. "They are commonly *emo, mereor; redimo,* (that is "a Thing either taken or lost) *vendo, venundo; revendo,* "that is, I sell again that which was sold to me) *veneo,* (that "is, I am sold) whose Præter Tense is *venivi,* or *venii,* the "Supine *venum*; hence comes *venalis*; and from that, *i. e.* "*vendo,* comes *vendibilis*; *mereo,* for *inservio et stipendium* "*facio, i. e.* to serve under (as a Soldier). *Comparo,* that is, "to buy, or commit. *Computo,* I change, I exchange with. "*Cambire* is wholly barbarous in this Sense. *Æstimo,* to "tax. *Indico,* for I estimate, rate. *Liceor, liceris; licitor,* "*licitaris,* to cheapen, to bid. *Distrahor, i. e.* I am carried "about to be sold. *Metior,* for I estimate or rate. *Constat,* "for it is bought. *Conducere,* to let to hire. *Fœnero,* I put "to Interest. *Fœneror,* I take at Interest (to Usury.) "*Paciscor, pactus sum pango, pepigi, i. e.* I make a Bargain."

Ch. Give an Example.

Of selling and buying.

The Forms.

Au. How much do you lett that Field for by the Year. We will answer. For twenty *French* Pounds. Whoo! You lett it too dear. Nay, I have lett it for more before now. But I would not give so much for it. If you hire it for less I'll be hang'd. Nay, your Neighbour *Chremes* offer'd me a Field, and asks for it—How much? Just

as much as you ask for yours. But it is much better. That's a Lye. I do as they use to do who cheapen a Thing. Do you keep it yourself at that Price. What, do you cheapen, ask the Price, when you won't buy any Thing. Whatsoever you shall lett it me for shall be paid you very honestly.

Of Selling and Buying.

Another Example.

How much do you sell that Conger Eel for?

Syra. For five Pence. That's too much, you nasty Jade. Nay, 'tis too little, no Body will sell you for less. Upon my Life it cost me as much within a Trifle. You Witch, you tell a Lie, that you may sell it for twice or three Times as much as it cost you. Ay, I'll sell it for a hundred Times as much if I can, but I can't find such Fools. What if I should ask the Price of yourself? What do you value yourself at? According as I like the Person. What do you prize yourself at? What Price do you set upon yourself? Tell me, what Price do you rate yourself at? Ten Shillings. Whoo, so much? O strange! Do you value me at less? Time was when I have had as much for one Night. I believe you may, but I believe you an't now worth so much as a Fish by a great Deal. Go hang yourself, you Pimp. I value you as little as you do me. He that shall give a Farthing for you buys you too dear. But I'll be sold for more, or I won't be sold at all. If you would be sold at a great Rate you must get you a Mask, for those Wrinkles in your Forehead won't let you be sold for much. He that won't give so much for me shan't have me. I would not give a Straw for you. I cost more.

A third Example.

I have been at an Auction to-Day. Say you so? I bid Money for a Share in the Customs. But how much? Ten

Thousand Pound. Whoo! what, so much? There were those that bid a great Deal more; very few that offer'd less. Well, and who had the Place at last? *Chremes*, your Wife's great Friend. But guess what it was sold for. Ten. Nay, fifteen. O good God! I would not give Half so much for him and all his Family together. But he would give twice as much for your Wife. "Do you take Notice, that in all "these, wheresoever there is a Substantive of the Price, that "is put in the Ablative Case; but that the rest are either "put in the Genitive Case, or are changed into Adverbs. "You have never heard a Comparative without a Substan- "tive, except in these two, *pluris*, and *minoris*. There are "some other Verbs, of which we have spoken, that are not "very much unlike these, *sum, facio, habeo, duco, æstimo, pendo*, "which signify (in a Manner) the same Thing; likewise *fio*, "and they are for the most Part join'd with these Genitives, "*multi, parvi, magni, pluris, plurimi, minoris, minimi, max-* "*imi, tanti, quanti, flocci, pili, nihili, nauci, hujus*, and any "other like them."

Ch. Give Examples.

Of valuing. The Form.

Au. Do you know how much I have always valu'd you? You will always be made of such Account by Men as you make Account of Virtue. Gold is valued at a great Rate now a-Days, Learning is valued at a very little, or just nothing at all. I value Gold less than you think for. I don't value your Threats of a Rush. I make a very little Account of your Promises. I don't value you of a Hair. If Wisdom were but valued at so great a Rate as Money, no Body would want Gold. With us, Gold without Wisdom is esteem'd to be of more Worth than Wisdom without Gold. I esteem you at a greater Rate, because you are learned. You will be the less esteem'd on here because you don't know how to lye. Here are a great many that will

persuade you that Black is White. I set the greater Value upon you because you love Learning. So much as you have, so much you shall be esteem'd by all Men; so much as you have, so much you shall be accounted of every where. It is no Matter what you are accounted, but what you are. I value my *Christian* above any Man else in the World. "There are some other Verbs found with these Genitives "and Ablatives, which in their own Nature don't signify "buying, or anything like it." *Peter* bought a Kiss of the Maid for a Shilling. Much good may it do him. I would not kiss at that Rate. How much do you play for? What did you pay for Supper? We read of some that have spent Six hundred Sesterces for a Supper. But the *French* often sup for a Half-penny. What Price does *Faustus* teach for? A very small Matter. But for more than *Delius*. For how much then? For nineteen Guineas. I won't learn to lye at so dear a Rate. *Phædria* in *Terence* lost both his Substance and himself. But I would not love at that Rate. Some Persons pay a great Price for sleeping. *Demosthenes* had more for holding his Tongue than others had for speaking. I pray you to take it in good Part. "There is another "Sort of Verbs, that require an Accusative Case, with a "Genitive or Ablative, which are, *accuso, i. e.* I object a "Crime, or *culpo*, also one that's absent; *Incuso, i. e.* I "blame without Judgment; *arguo*, I reprehend, *insimulo*, "*i. e.* I throw in a Suspicion of a Fault. *Postulo, i. e.* I re-"quire you to answer at Law, *accerso*, I impeach, *damno*, I condemn, I pronounce him to be in Fault. *Admoneo*, I admonish.

Ch. For Example Sake?

Forms of Accusing.

Au. Scipio is accused of courting the Populace. Thou who art the most impudent, accusest me of Impudence. *Lepidus* is accused of Bribery. You are accus'd of a capital

Crime. If you shall slily insinuate a Man to be guilty of Covetousness, you shall hear that which is worse again. Put him in Mind of his former Fortune. Men are put in Mind of their Condition, by that very Word. Put *Lepidus* in Mind of his Promise. "There are many that admit of a "double Accusative Case. I teach thee Letters. He en- "treats you to pardon him. I will unteach thee those "Manners."

"Here I must put you in Mind of that Matter, that in "these the Passives also obtain a second Accusative Case. "The others will have a Genitive." You are taught Letters by me. They accuse me of Theft. I am accused of Theft. Thou accusest me of Sacrilege. I am accused of Sacrilege. I know you are not satisfied yet. I know you are not satisfied in Mind. For when will so great a Glutton of Elegancies be satisfy'd? But I must have Regard to the Company, who are not all equally diverted with these Matters. After Supper, as we walk, we will finish what is behind, unless you shall rather chuse to have it omitted.

Ch. Let it be as you say. Let us return Thanks to divine Bounty and afterwards we'll take a little Walk.

Mi. You say very well, for nothing can be more pleasant, nor wholsome than this Evening Air.

Ch. Peter, come hither, and take the Things away in Order, one after the other, and fill the Glasses with Wine.

Pe. Do you bid me return Thanks?

Ch. Aye, do.

Pe. Had you rather it should be done in *Greek*, or in *Latin.*

Ch. Both Ways.

Pe. Gratias agimus tibi, pater coelestis, qui tua ineffabili potentia condidisti omnia, tua inscrutabili sapientia gubernas universa, tua inexhausta bonitate cuncta pascis ac vegetas: largire filiis tuis, ut aliquando tecum bibant in regno tuo nectar illud immortalitatis, quod promisisti ac praeparasti vere diligentibus te, per Iesum Christum. Amen.

We thank thee, heavenly Father, who by thy unspeak-

able Power, hast created all Things, and by thy inexhaustible Wisdom governest all Things, and by thy inexhaustible Goodness feedest and nourishest all Things: Grant to thy Children, that they may in due Time drink with thee in thy Kingdom, that *Nectar* of Immortality; which thou hast promis'd and prepar'd for those that truly love thee, through Jesus Christ, *Amen.*

Ch. Say in *Greek* too, that the rest mayn't understand what thou sayest.

Pe. *Εὐχαριστοῦμέν σοι, πάτερ οὐράνιε, ὁ τῇ ἀῤῥήτῳ σου δυνάμει κτίσας τὰ πάντα, ὁ τῇ ἀνεξερευνήτῳ σου σοφίᾳ κυβερνῶν ἅπαξάπαντα, ὁ τῇ ἀνεξαντλήτῳ σου χρηστότητι ἕκαστα τρεφόμενός τε καὶ αὐξάνων. Χαρίζου τοῖς υἱοῖς σου τὸ μετὰ σοῦ ποτὲ πιεῖν τὸ τῆς ἀθανασίας νέκταρ, ὃ ὑπέχου καὶ ἡτοίμασας τοῖς ἀληθῶς ἀγαπῶσί σε, διὰ Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ, τοῦ υἱοῦ σου, τοῦ κυρίου ἡμῶν, τοῦ μετά σου ζῶντος καὶ βασιλεύοντος ἐν ἑνότητι τοῦ πνεύματος ἁγίου, εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.*

Ch. My most welcome Guests, I give you Thanks that you have honour'd my little Entertainment with your Company. I intreat you to accept it kindly.

Gu. And we would not only have, but return our Thanks to you. Don't let us be over ceremonious in thanking, but rather let us rise from Table, and walk out a little.

Au. Let us take these Virgins along with us, so our Walk will be more pleasant.

Ch. You propose very well. We'll not want Flowers, if the Place we walk in don't afford any. Had you rather take a Turn in our Garden, in a poetical Manner, or walk out abroad by the River-Side.

Au. Indeed, your Gardens are very pleasant, but keep that Pleasure for Morning Walks. When the Sun is towards setting, Rivers afford wonderful pleasant Prospects.

Ch. Austin, do you walk foremost as a Poet should do, and I'll walk by your Side.

Au. O good God, what a jolly Company we have, what a Retinue have I! *Christian,* I can't utter the Pleasure I take, I seem to be some Nobleman.

Ch. Now be as good as your Word. Perform the Task you have taken upon you.

Au. What is it you'd have me speak of chiefly?

Ch. I us'd formerly to admire many Things in *Pollio*'s Orations; but chiefly this, that he us'd so easily, so frequently and beautifully to turn a Sentence, which seemed not only a great Piece of Wit, but of great Use.

Au. You were much in the Right on't, *Christian*, to admire that in *Pollio*. For he seems, in this Matter, to have had a certain divine Faculty, which I believe, was peculiar to him, by a certain Dexterity of Art, and by much Use of Speaking, Reading and Writing, rather than by any Rules or Instructions.

Ch. But I would fain have some Rule for it, if there be any to be given.

Au. You say very well; and since I see you are very desirous of it, I'll endeavour it as much as I can: And I will give those Rules, as well as I can, which I have taken Notice of in *Pollio*'s Orations.

Ch. Do, I should be very glad to hear 'em.

Au. I am ready to do it.

The Argument.

A short Rule concerning this Copia, *it teaches how to vary a Sentence pleasantly, copiously, easily, frequently, and elegantly; by short Rules given, and by a Praxis upon these Rules, in an elegant Turning of one Phrase.*

1. IN the first Place, it is to be set forth in pure and choice *Latin* Words; which to do is no mean Piece of Art: For there are a great many, who do, I don't know after what Manner, affect the *Copia* and Variation of Phrase, when they don't know how to express it once right. It is

not enough for them to have babbled once, but they must render the Babble much more babbling, by first one, and then by another turning of it; as if they were resolv'd to try the Experiment, how barbarously they were able to speak: And therefore, they heap together, certain simple synonymous Words, that are so contrary one to the other, that they may admire themselves how they do agree together. For what is more absurd, than that a ragged old Fellow, that has not a Coat to his Back, but what is so ragged that he may be ashamed to put it on, should every now and then change his Rags, as though he design'd to shew his Beggary by Way of Ostentation: And those Affectators of Variety seem equally ridiculous, who, when they have spoken barbarously once, repeat the same Thing much more barbarously; and then over and over again much more unlearnedly. This is not to abound with Sentences, but Solæcisms: Therefore, in the first Place, as I have said, the Thing is to be express'd in apt and chosen Words. 2. And then we must use Variety of Words, if there are any to be found, that will express the same Thing; and there are a great many. 3. And where proper Words are wanting, then we must use borrow'd Words, so the Way of borrowing them be modest. 4. Where there is a Scarcity of Words, you must have Recourse to Passives, to express what you have said by Actives; which will afford as many Ways of Variation, as there were in the Actives. 5. And after that, if you please, you may turn them again by verbal Nouns and Participles. 6. And last of all, when we have chang'd Adverbs into Nouns, and Nouns sometimes into one Part of Speech, and sometimes into another; then we may speak by contraries. 7. We may either change affirmative Sentences into negative, or the contrary. 8. Or, at least, what we have spoken indicatively, we may speak interrogatively. Now for Example Sake, let us take this Sentence.

Literæ tuæ magnopere me delectârunt.

Your Letters have delighted me very much.

Literæ.

Epistle, little Epistles, Writings, Sheets, Letters.

Magnopere.

After a wonderful Manner, wonderfully, in a greater, or great Manner, in a wonderful Manner, above Measure, very much, not indifferently (not a little) mightily, highly, very greatly.

Me.

My Mind, my Breast, my Eyes, my Heart, *Christian.*

Delectârunt.

They have affected, recreated, exhilarated with Pleasure, have been a Pleasure, have delighted, have bath'd me with Pleasure; have been very sweet, very pleasant, *&c.*

Now you have Matter, it is your Business to put it together: Let us try.

Ch. Thy Letters have very greatly delighted me. Thy Epistle has wonderfully chear'd me.

Au. Turn the Active into a Passive, then it will look with another Face. As, It can't be said how much I have been chear'd by thy Writings.

Also by other Verbs effecting the same Thing.

I have received an incredible Pleasure from thy Writings. I have receiv'd very much Pleasure from your Highness's Letter. Your Writings have brought me not an indifferent Joy. Your Writings have overwhelmed me all over with Joy. "But here you can't turn these into Passives, only in "the last, *perfusus gaudio*, as is commonly said, Pleasure "was taken by me, Joy was brought, is not so commonly "used, or you must not use so frequently."

By *Afficio.*

Thy Letter hath affected me with a singular Pleasure.

Change it into a Passive.

I am affected with an incredible Pleasure by thy Letter. Thy little Epistle has brought not a little Joy.

By Sum *and Nouns Adjectives.*

Thy Letters have been most pleasant to me many Ways. That Epistle of thine was, indeed, as acceptable, as any Thing in the World.

By Nouns Substantives.

Thy Letter was to us an unspeakable Pleasure. Your Letter was an incredible Pleasure to us.

Change it into a Negative.

Thy Letter was no small Joy. Nothing in Life could happen more delightful than thy Letters. "Although I "have sometimes already made Use of this Way, which is "not to be pass'd over negligently. For when we would "use *multum, plurimum,* to signify, *singulariter,* we do it by "a contrary Verb." As, *Henry* loves you mightily: He loves you with no common Love. Wine pleases me very much: It pleases me not a little. He is a Man of a singular Wit: A Man of no ordinary Wit. He is a Man of admirable Learning: He is a Man not of contemptible Learning. *Thomas* was born in the highest Place of his Family: Not in the lowest Place. *Austin* was a most eloquent Man: He was not ineloquent. *Carneades* the Orator was noble: Not an ignoble, not an obscure Man. "And the like, which are very frequently used." But the Mention of a Thing so plain is enough: Nor are you ignorant, that we make Use of a two-fold Manner of Speech, of this Kind: For Modesty Sake, especially, if we speak of our selves; also for Amplification Sake. For we use rightly and elegantly, not ungrateful, for very grateful; not vulgarly for singularly.

For Modesty Sake.

I have by my Letters gain'd some Reputation of Learning. I have always made it my Business not to have the last Place in the Glory of Learning. The Examples of Amplification are mention'd before: Now let us return to our own. Nothing ever fell out to me more gratefully, acceptably, than thy Letter. Nothing ever was a greater Pleasure than your Letter. I never took so much Pleasure in any Thing, as in thy most loving Letters. "After this Manner all the before-" mention'd Sentences may be vary'd by an Interrogation." What in Life could be more pleasant than thy Letters? What has happened to me more sweet, than thy Letter? What has ever delighted me like your last Letter? And after this Manner you may vary almost any Sentence.

Ch. What shall we do now?

Au. We will now turn the whole Sentence a little more at large, that we may express one Sentence, by a Circumlocution of many Words.

Ch. Give Examples.

Au. "That which was sometimes express'd by the Noun "*incredibile*, and then again, by the Adverb *incredibiliter*, "we will change the Sentence in some Words." I can't express how much I was delighted with your Letters. It is very hard for me to write, and you to believe how much Pleasure your Letter was to me. I am wholly unable to express how I rejoic'd at your Letter. "And so *in infini-* "*tum*: Again, after another Manner. For hitherto we "have varied the Sentences by Negations and Interroga-" tions, and in the last Place by Infinitives. Now we will "vary by Substantives or Conditionals, after this Manner. Let me die if any Thing ever was more desired and more pleasant than thy Letters. Let me perish if any Thing ever was more desired, and more pleasant than thy Letter. As God shall judge me, nothing in my whole Life ever happen'd more pleasant than thy Letters. "And also a "great many more you may contrive after this Manner."

Ch. What is to be done now?

Au. Now we must proceed to Translations, Similitudes and Examples.

There is a Translation in these.

I have received your Letters, which were sweet as Honey. Your Writings seem to be nothing but meer Delight. Your Letters are a meer Pleasure; and a great many of the like Kinds. "But Care is to be taken not to make Use of harder "Translations; such as this that follows,

Jupiter hybernas canâ nive conspuit Alpes.

"such as this is." The Suppers of thy Writings have refreshed me with most delicious Banquets.

A Comparison by Simile.

Thy Writings have been sweeter than either *Ambrosia* or *Nectar*. Thy Letters have been sweeter to me than any Honey. Your kind Letter has excell'd even Liquorish, Locusts, and *Attic* Honey, and Sugar; nay, even the *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* of the Gods. "And here, whatsoever is "ennobled with Sweetness, may be brought into the Comparison."

From Examples.

I will never be induc'd to believe, that *Hero* receiv'd the Letters of her *Leander*, either with greater Pleasure, or more Kisses, than I received yours. I can scarce believe that *Scipio*, for the Overthrow of *Carthage*, or *Paulus Æmylius*, for the taking of *Perseus*, ever triumphed more magnificently than I did, when the Post-man gave me your most charming Letter. "There are a thousand Things of this Nature, "that may be found in Poets and Historians. Likewise Si- "militudes are borrow'd from Natural Philosophy; the Na- "ture of a great many of which, it is necessary to keep in "Memory. Now if you please, we will try in another "Sentence."

I will never forget you while I live.

I will always remember you, as long as I live. Forgetfulness of you, shall never seize me as long as I live. I will leave off to live, before I will to remember you.

By Comparisons.

If the Body can get rid of its Shadow, then this Mind of mine may forget you. The River *Lethe* itself shall never be able to wash away your Memory.

" Besides, by an Impossibility, or after the Manner of " Poets by contraries.

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit.
Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi.

" which is no hard Matter to invent." But lest I should seem tedious, at the present let these suffice : At another Time, if you please, we will talk more copiously of this Matter.

Ch. I thought, *Austin*, you had been quite exhausted by this Time. But thou hast shewn me a new Treasure beyond what I expected, which if you shall pursue, I perceive you'll sooner want Time than Words.

Au. If I can perform this with my little Learning, and indifferent Genius, what do you think *Cicero* himself could do, who is storied to have vy'd with *Roscius* the Player? But the Sun is going to leave us ; and the Dew rises ; it is best to imitate the Birds, to go Home, and hide ourselves in Bed. Therefore, sweet *Christian*, farewell till to Morrow.

Ch. Fare you well likewise, most learned *Austin.*

The RELIGIOUS TREAT.

The ARGUMENT.

This religious Treat teaches what ought to be the Table-Talk of Christians. The Nature of Things is not dumb, but very loquacious, affording Matter of Contemplation. The Description of a neat Garden, where there is a Variety of Discourse concerning Herbs. Of Marjoram, Celandine, Wolfs-Bane, Hellebore. Of Beasts, Scorpions, the Chamæleon, the Basilisk; of Sows, Indian *Ants, Dolphins, and of the Gardens of* Alcinous. *Tables were esteemed sacred by the very Heathens themselves. Of washing Hands before Meat. A Grace before Meat out of* Chrysostom. *Age is to be honoured, and for what Reason. The Reading of the Scriptures very useful at Meals. That Lay Persons may Discourse concerning the Scriptures. The* 21*st of* Prov. *and* 1*st* Ver. *illustrated. How God hates Sacrifices, in Comparison of Mercy,* Hos. 6. *No Body is hurt but by himself. That Persons in Wine speak true. That it was unlawful for the* Ægyptian *Priests to drink Wine. The* 1 Cor. 6. *opened. All Things are lawful for me. The Spirit of Christ was in the Heathens and Poets.* Scotus *is slighted in Comparison of* Cicero *and* Plutarch. *A Place is cited out of* Cicero *and* Cato Major, *and commended;* dare omni petenti, give to every one that asketh, *how it is to be understood. We ought*

to give to Christ's Poor, and not to Monasteries. The Custom of burying in Churches blam'd. That we ought to give by Choice, how much, to whom, and to what End. We ought to deny ourselves of something that we may give it to the Poor. No Body can serve two Masters, *is explained. A Grace after Meat out of St.* Chrysostom.

EUSEBIUS, TIMOTHY, THEOPHILUS, CHRYSOGLOTTUS, URANIUS, SOPHRONIUS, EULALIUS, THEODIDACTUS, NEPHALIUS.

Eu. I admire that any Body can delight to live in smoaky Cities, when every Thing is so fresh and pleasant in the Country.

Ti. All are not pleased with the Sight of Flowers, springing Meadows, Fountains, or Rivers : Or, if they do take a Pleasure in 'em, there is something else, in which they take more. For 'tis with Pleasure, as it is with Wedges, one drives out another.

Eu. You speak perhaps of Usurers, or covetous Traders ; which, indeed, are all one.

Ti. I do speak of them ; but not of them only, I assure you ; but of a thousand other Sorts of People, even to the very Priests and Monks, who for the Sake of Gain, make Choice of the most populous Cities for their Habitation, not following the Opinion of *Plato* or *Pythagoras* in this Practice ; but rather that of a certain blind Beggar, who loved to be where he was crowded ; because, as he said, the more People, the more Profit.

Eu. Prithee let's leave the blind Beggar and his Gain : We are Philosophers.

Ti. So was *Socrates* a Philosopher, and yet he preferr'd a Town Life before a Country one ; because, he being desirous of Knowledge, had there the Opportunity of improving it. In the Country, 'tis true, there are Woods, Gardens, Foun-

tains and Brooks, that entertain the Sight, but they are all mute, and therefore teach a Man nothing.

Eu. I know *Socrates* puts the Case of a Man's walking alone in the Fields ; although, in my Opinion, there Nature is not dumb, but talkative enough, and speaks to the Instruction of a Man that has but a good Will, and a Capacity to learn. What does the beautiful Face of the Spring do, but proclaim the equal Wisdom and Goodness of the Creator ? And how many excellent Things did *Socrates* in his Retirement, both teach his *Phædrus*, and learn from him ?

Ti. If a Man could have such pleasant Company, I confess, no life in the World could be pleasanter than a Country Life.

Eu. Have you a Mind to make Tryal of it ? If you have, come take a Dinner with me to Morrow : I have a pretty neat little Country House, a little Way out of Town.

Ti. We are too many of us ; we shall eat you out of House and Home.

Eu. Never fear that, you're to expect only a Garden Treat, of such Chear as I need not go to Market for. The Wine is of my own Growth ; the Pompions, the Melons, the Figs, the Pears, the Apples and Nuts, are offered to you by the Trees themselves ; you need but gape, and they'll fall into your Mouth, as it is in the *fortunate Islands*, if we may give Credit to *Lucian.* Or, it may be, we may get a Pullet out of the Hen-roost, or so.

Ti. Upon these Terms we'll be your Guests.

Eu. And let every Man bring his Friend along with him, and then, as you now are four, we shall be the just Number of the Muses.

Ti. A Match.

Eu. And take Notice, that I shall only find Meat, you are to bring your own Sauce.

Ti. What Sauce do you mean, Pepper, or Sugar ?

Eu. No, no, something that's cheaper, but more savoury.

Ti. What's that ?

Eu. A good Stomach. A light Supper to Night, and a

little Walk to Morrow Morning, and that you may thank my Country House for. But at what Hour do you please to dine at?

Ti. At ten a Clock. Before it grows too hot.

Eu. I'll give Order accordingly.

Boy. Sir, the Gentlemen are come.

Eu. You are welcome, Gentlemen, that you are come according to your Words; but you're twice as welcome for coming so early, and bringing the best of Company along with you. There are some Persons who are guilty of an unmannerly Civility, in making their Host wait for them.

Ti. We came the earlier, that we might have Time enough to view all the Curiosities of your Palace; for we have heard that it is so admirably contrived every where, as that it speaks who's the Master of it.

Eu. And you will see a Palace worthy of such a Prince. This little Nest is to me more than a Court, and if he may be said to reign that lives at Liberty according to his Mind, I reign here. But I think it will be best, while the Wench in the Kitchen provides us a Salad, and it is the cool of the Morning, to take a Walk to see the Gardens.

Ti. Have you any other beside this? For truly this is a wonderful neat one, and with a pleasing Aspect salutes a Man at his entring in, and bids him welcome.

Eu. Let every Man gather a Nosegay, that may put by any worse Scent he may meet with within Doors. Every one likes not the same Scent, therefore let every one take what he likes. Don't be sparing, for this Place lies in a Manner common; I never shut it up but a-Nights.

Ti. St. *Peter* keeps the Gates, I perceive.

Eu. I like this Porter better than the *Mercuries*, Centaurs, and other fictitious Monsters, that some paint upon their Doors.

Ti. And 'tis more suitable to a Christian too.

Eu. Nor is my Porter dumb, for he speaks to you in Three Languages.

Ti. What does he say?

Eu. Read it yourself.

Ti. It is too far off for my Eyes.

Eu. Here's a reading Glass, that will make you another *Lynceus.*

Ti. I see the Latin. *Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata,* Mat. 19, 17. If thou wilt enter into Life, keep the Commandments.

Eu. Now read the *Greek.*

Ti. I see the *Greek,* but I don't well know what to make on't; I'll refer that to *Theophilus,* who's never without *Greek* in his Mouth.

Th. Μετανοήσατε καὶ ἐπιστρέψατε. Πράξεων τῷ τρίτῳ. *Repent and be converted.* Acts 3. 19.

Ch. I'll take the *Hebrew* upon myself, וצדיק באמונתו יחיה *And the Just shall live by Faithfulness.*

Eu. Does he seem to be an unmannerly Porter, who at first Dash, bids us turn from our Iniquities, and apply our selves to Godliness, and then tells us, that Salvation comes not from the Works of the Law; but from the Faith of the Gospel; and last of all, that the Way to eternal Life, is by the Observance of evangelical Precepts.

Ti. And see the Chapel there on the right Hand that he directs us to, it is a very fine one. Upon the Altar there's *Jesus Christ* looking up to Heaven, and pointing with his right Hand towards God the Father, and the holy Spirit; and with his Left, he seems to court and invite all Comers.

Eu. Nor is he mute: You see the *Latin; Ego sum via, veritas, et vita; I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.* Ἐγὼ εἰμι τὸ ἄλφα καὶ τὸ ὠμέγα. In *Hebrew,* לכו בנים שמעו לי יראת יהיה אלמדכם *Come, ye Children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord.*

Ti. Truly the Lord *Jesus* salutes us with a good Omen.

Eu. But that we may not seem uncivil, it is meet that we pay back an Acknowledgment, and pray that since we can do nothing of ourselves, he would vouchsafe of his infinite Goodness to keep us from ever straying out of the Path of Life; but that we casting away *Jewish* Ceremonies, and

the Delusions of the World, he would guide us by the Truth of the Gospel to everlasting Life, drawing us of himself to himself.

Ti. It is most reasonable that we should pray, and the Place invites us to it.

Eu. The Pleasantness of the Garden draws a great many Persons to it; and 'tis a rare Thing that any Passes by Jesus without an Ejaculation. I have made him Keeper, not only of my Garden, but of all my Possessions, and of both Body and Mind, instead of filthy *Priapus.* Here is you see a little Fountain pleasantly bubbling with wholsome Waters, this in some Measure represents that only Fountain of Life, that by its divine Streams, refreshes all that are weary and heavy laden; which the Soul, tired with the Evils of this World, pants after, just as the Hart in the Psalmist does after the Water Brooks, having tasted of the Flesh of Serpents. From this Fountain, whoever thirsts, may drink *gratis.* Some make it a Matter of Religion to sprinkle themselves with it; and others for the Sake of Religion, and not of Thirst, drink of it. You are loath, I perceive, to leave this Place: But it is Time to go to see this little square Garden that is wall'd in, 'tis a neater one than the other. What is to be seen within Doors, you shall see after Dinner, when the Heat of the Sun keeps us at Home for some Hours like Snails.

Ti. Bless me! What a delightful Prospect is here.

Eu. All this Place was designed for a Pleasure Garden, but for honest Pleasure; for the Entertainment of the Sight, the recreating the Nostrils, and refreshing the Mind; nothing grows here but sweet Herbs, nor every Sort of them, but only choice ones, and every Kind has its Bed by itself.

Ti. I am now convinced that Plants are not mute with you.

Eu. You are in the Right; others have magnificent Houses, but mine is made for Conversation, so that I can never be alone in it, and so you'll say, when you have seen it all. As the several Plants are as it were form'd into se-

veral Troops, so every Troop has its Standard to itself, with a peculiar Motto, as this Marjoram's is, *Abstine, sus, non tibi spiro: Keep off, Sow, I don't breathe my Perfume for thee;* for though it be of a very fragrant Scent, yet Sows have a natural Aversion to it: And so every Sort has its Title, denoting the peculiar Virtue of the Plant.

Ti. I have seen nothing yet more delightful than this little Fountain, which being in the midst of them, does as it were smile upon all the Plants, and promises them Refreshment against the scorching Heat of the Sun. But this little Channel which shews the Water to the Eye so advantageously, and divides the Garden every where at such equal Distances, that it shews all the Flowers over on both Sides again, as in a Looking-glass, is it made of Marble?

Eu. Marble, quoth thee, how should Marble come hither? It is a counterfeit Marble, made of a sort of Loam, and a whitish Colour given it in the Glasing.

Ti. But where does this delicious Rivulet discharge itself at last?

Eu. Just as it is with human Obligations, when we have served our own Turns: After this has pleasured our Eyes, it washes our Kitchen, and passes through the Sink into the common Shore.

Ti. That's very hard-hearted, as I am a Christian.

Eu. It had been hard-hearted, if the divine Bounty of Providence had not appointed it for this Use. We are then hard-hearted, when we pollute the Fountain of divine Truth, that is much more pleasant than this, and was given us for the refreshing and purging our Minds from our Lusts and vicious Appetites, abusing the unspeakable Bounty of God: For we make no bad Use of the Water, if we put it to the several Uses for which he appointed it, who supplies every Thing abundantly for human Use.

Ti. You say right: But how comes it about, that all your artificial Hedges are green too?

Eu. Because I would have every Thing green here. Some are for a Mixture of Red, because that sets off

Green : But I like this best, as every Man has his Fancy, though it be but in a Garden.

Ti. The Garden is very fine of itself ; but methinks these three Walks take off very much from the Lightsomeness and Pleasantness of it.

Eu. Here I either study or walk alone, or talk with a Friend, or eat, as the Humour takes me.

Ti. Those speckled, wonderful, pretty party-coloured Pillars, that at equal Distances support that Edifice, are they Marble ?

Eu. Of the same Marble that this Channel is made of.

Ti. In Truth, a pretty Cheat, I should have sworn they had been Marble.

Eu. For this Reason then, take Care that you neither believe, nor swear any Thing rashly : You see how a Man may be mistaken. What I want in Wealth, I supply by Invention.

Ti. Could you not be content with so neat, and well furnished a Garden in Substance, without other Gardens in Picture besides ?

Eu. In the first Place, one Garden will not hold all Sorts of Plants ; and in the second, 'tis a double Pleasure, to see a painted Flower vie with the Life ; and in one we contemplate the Artifice of Nature, in the other the Skill of the Painter ; and in both, the Goodness of God, who gives all Things for our Use, in every Thing equally admirable and amiable : And in the last Place, a Garden is not always green ; nor the Flowers always fresh ; but this Garden is fresh and green all the Winter.

Ti. But it is not fragrant.

Eu. But then on the other Hand it wants no dressing.

Ti. It only delights the Eye.

Eu. But then it does that always.

Ti. Pictures themselves grow old.

Eu. They do so ; but yet they out-live us ; and besides, whereas we are the worse for Age, they are the better for it.

Ti. That's too true, if it could be otherwise.

Eu. In this Walk that looks toward the West, I take the Benefit of the Morning Sun; in that which looks toward the East, I take the Cool of the Evening; in that which looks toward the South, but lies open to the North, I take Sanctuary against the Heats of the Meridian Sun; but we'll walk 'em over, if you please, and take a nearer View of them: See how green 'tis under Foot, and you have the Beauty of painted Flowers in the very Chequers of the Pavement. This Wood, that you see painted upon this Wall, affords me a great Variety of Prospect: For in the first Place, as many Trees as you see, so many Sorts of Trees you see; and all express'd to the Life. As many Birds as you see, so many Kinds you see; especially if there be any scarce Ones, and remarkable upon any Account. For as for Geese, Hens, and Ducks, it is not worth While to draw them. Underneath are four-footed Creatures, or such Birds as live upon the Ground, after the Manner of Quadrupedes.

Ti. The Variety indeed is wonderful, and every Thing is in Action, either doing or saying something. There's an Owl sits peeping through the Leaves, what says she?

Eu. She speaks *Greek*; she says, *Σωφρόνει, οὐ πᾶσιν ἵπτημι*, she commands us to act advisedly; *I do not fly to all;* because an inconsiderate Rashness does not fall out happily to all Persons. There is an Eagle quarrying upon a Hare, and a Beetle interceding to no Purpose; there is a Wren stands by the Beetle, and she is a mortal Enemy to the Eagle.

Ti. What has this Swallow got in her Mouth?

Eu. The Herb Celandine; don't you know the Plant? with it, she restores Sight to her blind young Ones.

Ti. What odd Sort of Lizard is this?

Eu. It is not a Lizard, but a Chamæleon.

Ti. Is this the Chamæleon, there is so much Talk of? I thought it had been a Beast twice as big as a Lion, and the Name is twice as long too.

Eu. This Chamæleon is always gaping, and always hungry. This is a wild Fig-Tree, and that is his Aversion. He is otherwise harmless ; and yet the little gaping Creature has Poison in him too, that you mayn't contemn him.

Ti. But I don't see him change his Colour.

Eu. True ; because he does not change his Place ; when he changes his Place, you will see him change his Colour too.

Ti. What's the Meaning of that Piper ?

Eu. Don't you see a Camel there dancing hard by ?

Ti. I see a very pleasant Fancy; the Ape pipes, and the Camel dances.

Eu. But it would require at least three Days to run through the Particulars one by one ; it will be enough at present to take a cursory View of them. You have in the first Spot, all Sorts of famous Plants painted to the Life : And to increase the Wonder, here are the strongest Poisons in the World, which you may not only look upon, but handle too without Danger.

Ti. Look ye, here is a Scorpion, an Animal very seldom seen in this Country ; but very frequent in *Italy*, and very mischievous too : But the Colour in the Picture seems not to be natural.

Eu. Why so ?

Ti. It seems too pale methinks ; for those in *Italy* are blacker.

Eu. Dont you know the Herb it has fallen upon ?

Ti. Not very well.

Eu. That's no Wonder, for it does not grow in these Parts : It is Wolf's-bane, so deadly a Poison, that upon the very touch of it, a Scorpion is stupified, grows pale, and yields himself overcome ; but when he is hurt with one Poison, he seeks his Remedy with another. Do you see the two Sorts of Hellebore hard by ; if the Scorpion can but get himself clear of the Wolf's-bane, and get to the white Hellebore, he recovers his former Vigour, by the very Touch of a different Poison.

Ti. Then the Scorpion is undone, for he is never like to get off from the Wolfs'-bane. But do Scorpions speak here?

Eu. Yes, they do, and speak *Greek* too.

Ti. What does he say?

Eu. *Εὗρε θεὸς τὸν ἀλιτρόν, God hath found out the Guilty.* Here besides the Grass, you see all Sorts of Serpents. Here is the Basilisk, that is not only formidable for his Poison; but the very Flash of his Eyes is also mortal.

Ti. And he says something too.

Eu. Yes, he says, *Oderint, dum metuant; Let them hate me, so they fear me.*

Ti. Spoken like a King entirely.

Eu. Like a Tyrant rather, not at all like a King. Here a Lizard fights with a Viper, and here lies the *Dipsas* Serpent upon the Catch, hid under the Shell of an *Estridge* Egg. Here you see the whole Policy of the Ant, which we are call'd upon to imitate by *Solomon* and *Horace.* Here are *Indian* Ants that carry Gold, and hoard it up.

Ti. O good God! how is it possible for a Man to be weary of this Entertainment.

Eu. And yet at some other Time you shall see I'll give you your Belly full of it. Now look before you at a Distance, there is a third Wall, where you have Lakes, Rivers, and Seas, and all Sorts of rare Fishes. This is the River *Nile,* in which you see the *Dolphin,* that natural Friend to Mankind, fighting with a *Crocodile,* Man's deadly Enemy. Upon the Banks and Shores you see several amphibious Creatures, as Crabs, Seals, Beavers. Here is a Polypus, a Catcher catch'd by an Oyster.

Ti. What does he say? *αἱρῶν αἱροῦμαι*; *The Taker taken.* The Painter has made the Water wonderfully transparent.

Eu. If he had not done so, we should have wanted other Eyes. Just by there's another Polypus playing upon the Face of the Sea like a little Cock-Boat; and there you see a Torpedo lying along upon the Sands, both of a Colour, you may touch them here with your Hand without any Danger. But we must go to something else, for these Things feed the Eye, but not the Belly.

Ti. Have you any more to be seen then?

Eu. You shall see what the Back-side affords us by and by. Here's an indifferent large Garden parted: The one a Kitchen Garden, that is my Wife's and the Family's; the other is a Physick Garden, containing the choicest physical Herbs. At the left Hand there is an open Meadow, that is only a green Plot enclos'd with a quick-set Hedge. There sometimes I take the Air, and divert myself with good Company. Upon the right Hand there's an Orchard, where, when you have Leisure, you shall see a great Variety of foreign Trees, that I have brought by Degrees to endure this Climate.

Ti. O wonderful! the King himself has not such a Seat.

Eu. At the End of the upper Walk there's an Aviary, which I'll shew you after Dinner, and there you'll see various Forms, and hear various Tongues, and their Humours are as various. Among some of them there is an Agreeableness and mutual Love, and among others an irreconcilable Aversion: And then they are so tame and familiar, that when I'm at Supper, they'll come flying in at the Window to me, even to the Table, and take the Meat out of my Hands. If at any Time I am upon the Draw-Bridge you see there, talking, perhaps with a Friend, they'll some of them sit hearkening, others of them will perch upon my Shoulders or Arms, without any Sort of Fear, for they find that no Body hurts them. At the further End of the Orchard I have my Bees, which is a Sight worth seeing. But I must not show you any more now, that I may have something to entertain you with by and by. I'll shew you the rest after Dinner.

Boy. Sir, my Mistress and Maid say that the Dinner will be spoil'd.

Eu. Bid her have a little Patience, and we'll come presently. My friends, let us wash, that we may come to the Table with clean Hands as well as Hearts. The very *Pagans* us'd a Kind of Reverence in this Case; how much more then should *Christians* do it; if it were but in

Imitation of that sacred Solemnity of our Saviour with his Disciples at his last Supper : And thence comes the Custom of washing of Hands, that if any Thing of Hatred, Ill-Will, or any Pollution should remain in the Mind of any one, he might purge it out, before he sits down at the Table. For it is my Opinion, that the Food is the wholesomer for the Body, if taken with a purified Mind.

Ti. We believe that it is a certain Truth.

Eu. Christ himself gave us this Example, that we should sit down to the Table with a Hymn ; and I take it from this, that we frequently read in the Evangelists, that he bless'd or gave Thanks to his Father before he broke Bread, and that he concluded with giving of Thanks : And if you please, I'll say you a Grace that St. *Chrysostom* commends to the Skies in one of his Homilies, which he himself interpreted.

Ti. We desire you would.

Eu. Blessed be thou, O God, who has fed me from my Youth up, and providest Food for all Flesh : Fill thou our Hearts with Joy and Gladness, that partaking plentifully of thy Bounty, we may abound to every good Work, through *Christ Jesus* our Lord, with whom, to thee and the Holy Ghost, be Glory, Honour, and Power, World without End. *Amen.*

Eu. Now sit down, and let every Man take his Friend next him : The first Place is yours, *Timothy*, in Right of your Grey Hairs.

Ti. The only Thing in the World that gives a Title to it.

Eu. We can only judge of what we see, and must leave the rest to God. *Sophronius*, keep you close to your Principal. *Theophilus* and *Eulalius*, do you take the right Side of the Table *Chrysoglottus* and *Theodidactus* they shall have the left. *Uranius* and *Nephalius* must make a Shift with what is left. I'll keep this Corner.

Ti. This must not be, the Master of the House ought to take the first Place.

Eu. The House is as much yours as mine, Gentlemen ;

however, if I may rule within my own Jurisdiction, I'll sit where I please, and I have made my Choice already. Now may Christ, the Enlivener of all, and without whom nothing can be pleasant, vouchsafe to be with us, and exhilarate our Minds by his Presence.

Ti. I hope he will be pleased so to do; but where shall he sit, for the Places are all taken up?

Eu. I would have him in every Morsel and Drop that we eat and drink; but especially, in our Minds. And the better to fit us for the Reception of so divine a Guest, if you will, you shall have some Portion of Scripture read in the Interim; but so that you shall not let that hinder you from eating your Dinner heartily.

Ti. We will eat heartily, and attend diligently.

Eu. This Entertainment pleases me so much the better, because it diverts vain and frivolous Discourse, and affords Matter of profitable Conversation: I am not of their Mind, who think no Entertainment diverting, that does not abound with foolish wanton Stories, and bawdy Songs. There is pure Joy springs from a clear and pure Conscience; and those are the happy Conversations, where such Things are mentioned, that we can reflect upon afterwards with Satisfaction and Delight; and not such as we shall afterwards be ashamed of, and have Occasion to repent of.

Ti. It were well if we were all as careful to consider those Things as we are sure they are true.

Eu. And besides, these Things have not only a certain and valuable Profit in them, but one Month's Use of them, would make them become pleasant too.

Ti. And therefore it is the best Course we can take to accustom ourselves to that which is best.

Eu. Read us something, Boy, and speak out distinctly.

Boy. Prov. xxi. *The King's Heart is in the Hand of the Lord; as the Rivers of Waters, he turneth it whither soever he will: Every Man is right in his own Eyes, but the Lord pondereth the Hearts. To do Justice and Judgment, is more acceptable to the Lord than Sacrifice,* ver. 1, 2, 3.

Eu. Hold there, that's enough; for it is better to take down a little with an Appetite, than to devour more than a Man can digest.

Ti. 'Tis better, I must confess, in more Cases than this: *Pliny* would have one never have *Tully*'s Offices out of ones Hand; and in my Opinion, it were well if all Persons, but especially Statesmen, had him every Word by Heart: And as for this little Book of Proverbs, I have always look'd upon it the best Manual we can carry about with us.

Eu. I knew our Dinner would be unsavoury, and therefore I procured this Sauce.

Ti. Here is nothing but what is very good; but if you had given us this Lecture to a Dish of Beets only, without either Pepper, Wine or Vinegar, it would have been a delicious Treat.

Eu. I could commend it with a better Grace, if I did but perfectly understand what I have heard. And I would we had some able Divine among us, that did not only understand it, but would thoroughly expound it. But I don't know how far it may be lawful for us Laymen to descant upon these Matters.

Ti. Indeed, I see no Hurt in't, even for a *Tarpawlin* to do it, abating the Rashness of passing Sentence in the Case. And who knows but that *Christ* himself (who has promis'd to be present, where two or three are gathered together in his Name) may vouchsafe his Assistance to us, that are a much larger Congregation.

Eu. What if we should take these three Verses, and divide 'em among us nine Guests?

Guests. We like it well, provided the Master of the Feast lead the Way.

Eu. I would not refuse it; but that I am afraid I shall entertain you worse in my Exposition, than I do in my Dinner: But however, Ceremony apart, that I may not seem to want much Persuasion, omitting other Meanings that Interpreters put upon the Place: This seems to me to be the moral Sense; "That private Men may be wrought upon

"by Admonition, Reproofs, Laws and Menaces; but Kings "who are above Fear, the more they are opposed, the "fiercer their Displeasure; and therefore Kings, as often as "they are resolutely bent upon any, should be left to them-"selves: Not in respect of any Confidence of the Goodness "of their Inclinations; but because God many Times makes "Use of their Follies and Wickedness, as the Instruments "for the Punishment of the Wicked." As he forbad that *Nebuchodonosor* should be resisted, because he had determin'd to chastise his People by him, as an Instrument. And peradventure, that which *Job* says, looks this Way: *Who maketh the Hypocrite reign for the Sins of his People.* And perhaps, that which *David* says, bewailing his Sin, has the same Tendency: *Against thee only have I sinned, and done this Evil in thy Sight:* Not as if the Iniquity of Kings were not fatal to the People; but because there is none that has Authority to condemn them, but God, from whose Judgment there is indeed no Appeal, be the Person never so great.

Ti. I like the Interpretation well enough thus far; but what is meant by *the Rivers of Waters*?

Eu. There is a Similitude made Use of that explains it. The Wrath of a King is impetuous and unruly, and not to be led this Way or that Way, but presses forward with a restless Fury: As the Sea spreads itself over the Land, and flows sometimes this Way, and sometimes that Way, not sparing Pastures nor Palaces, and sometimes buries in its own Bowels all that stands in its Way; and if you should attempt to stop its Course, or to turn it another Way, you may e'en as well let it alone: Whereas, let it but alone, and it will sink of itself, as it happens in many great Rivers, as is storied of *Achelous.* There is less Injury done by quietly yielding, than by violently resisting.

Ti. Is there no Remedy then against the Unruliness of wicked Kings?

Eu. The first will be, not to receive a Lion into the City: The second, is to tie him up by parliamentary and municipal

Laws, that he can't easily break out into Tyranny: But the best of all would be, to train him up from his Childhood, in the Principles of Piety and Virtue, and to form his Will, before he understands his Power. Good Counsels and Persuasions go a great Way, provided they be seasonable and gentle. But the last Resort must be to beg of God, to incline the King's Heart to those Things that are becoming a Christian King.

Ti. Do you excuse yourself, because you are a Layman? If I were a Batchelor in Divinity, I should value myself upon this Interpretation.

Eu. I can't tell whether it is right or wrong, it is enough for me if it were not impious or heretical. However, I have done what you required of me; and now, according to the Rules of Conversation, 'tis my Turn to hear your Opinion.

Ti. The Compliment you pass'd upon my grey Hairs, gives me some kind of Title to speak next to the Text, which will bear yet a more mysterious Meaning.

Eu. I believe it may, and I should be glad to hear it.

Ti. "By the Word *King*, may be meant, a Man so per-"fected, as to have wholly subdued his Lusts, and to be led "by the Impulse of the Divine Spirit only. Now perhaps "it may not be proper to tie up such a Person to the Con-"ditions of human Laws; but to leave him to his Master, "by whom he is govern'd: Nor is he to be judg'd according "to the Measures by which the Frailty of imperfect Men "advances towards true Holiness; but if he steers another "Course, we ought to say with St. *Paul, God hath accepted "him, and to his own Master he stands or falls. He that "is spiritual, judgeth of all Things, but he himself is judged "of no Man.*" To such, therefore, let no Man prescribe; for the Lord, who hath appointed Bounds to the Seas and Rivers, hath the Heart of the King in his Hand, and inclines it which Way soever it pleases him: What need is there to prescribe to him, that does of his own accord better Things than human Laws oblige him to? Or, how great a Rashness were it, to bind that Person by human Constitutions,

who, it is manifest, by evident Tokens, is directed by the Inspirations of the Holy Spirit.

Eu. O *Timothy*, thou hast not only got grey Hairs on this Head, but you have likewise a Mind venerable for experimental Knowledge. And I would to God, that we had more such Kings as this King of yours among Christians, who, indeed, all of them ought to be such. But we have dwelt long enough upon our Eggs and Herbs; let them be taken away, and something else set in their Room.

Ti. We have done so well already on this Ovation, that there is no Need of any more, either of Supplication or Triumph.

Eu. But since, by God's Assistance, we have succeeded so well in the first Verse, I wish your *Umbra* would explain the other, which seems to me a little more obscure.

Soph. If you'll put a good Construction upon what I shall say, I will give you my Thoughts upon it. How else can a Shadow pretend to give Light to any Thing?

Eu. I undertake that for all the Company; such Shadows as you give as much Light as our Eyes will well bear.

Soph. The same Thing seems to be meant here, that *Paul* says: *That there are several Ways of Life, that lead to Holiness.* Some affect the Ministry, some Celibacy, others a married State; some a retired Life, others publick Administrations of the Government, according to the various Dispositions of their Bodies and Minds: Again, to one Man all Meats are indifferent, another puts a Difference betwixt this Meat and that; another he makes a Difference of Days, another thinks every Day alike. In these Things St. *Paul* would have every one enjoy his own Freedom of Mind, without reproaching another; nor should we censure any Man in those Cases, but leave him to be judg'd by him that weigheth the Heart. It oftentimes happens, that he that eats may be more acceptable to God, than he that forbears; and he that breaks a Holy-day, than he that seems to observe it; and he that marries, is more acceptable to God, than a great many that live single. I who am but a Shadow, have spoken my Mind.

Eu. I wish I could have Conversation with such Shadows often. I think you have hit the Nail on the Head: But here is one that has lived a Batchelor, and not of the Number of Saints, who have made themselves Eunuchs for the Sake of the Kingdom of God but was made so by force, to gratify our Bellies, *till God shall destroy both them and Meats.* It is a Capon of my own feeding. I am a great Lover of boil'd Meats. This is a very good Soop, and these are choice Lettuces that are in it. Pray every one help himself to what he likes best. But that you may not be deceiv'd, I tell you, that we have a Course of Roast a coming, and after that some small Desert, and so conclude.

Ti. But we exclude your Wife from Table.

Eu. When you bring your own Wives, mine shall keep them Company. She would, if she were here, be nothing but a Mute in our Company. She talks with more Freedom among the Women, and we are more at Liberty to philosophise. And besides that, there would be Danger, lest we should be serv'd as *Socrates* was, when he had several Philosophers at Table with him, who took more Pleasure in talking than they did in eating, and held a long Dispute, had all their Meat thrown on the Floor by *Xantippe*, who in a Rage overturn'd the Table.

Ti. I believe you have nothing of that to be afraid of: She's one of the best-humour'd Women in the World.

Eu. She is such a one indeed, that I should be loath to change her if I might; and I look upon myself to be very happy upon that Account. Nor do I like their Opinion, who think a Man happy, because he never had a Wife; I approve rather what the *Hebrew* Sage said, *He that has a good Wife has a good Lot.*

Ti. It is commonly our own Fault, if our Wives be bad, either for loving such as are bad, or making them so; or else for not teaching them better.

Eu. You say very right, but all this While I want to hear the third Verse expounded: And methinks the divine *Theophilus* looks as if he had a Mind to do it.

Theo. Truly my Mind was upon my Belly ; but however, I'll speak my Mind, since I may do it without Offence.

Eu. Nay, it will be a Favour to us if you should happen to be in any Error, because by that Means you will give us Occasion of finding the Truth.

Th. The Sentence seems to be of the same Importance with that the Lord expresses by the Prophet *Hosea*, Chap. vi. *I desire Mercy and not Sacrifice, and the Knowledge of God more than Burnt-Offerings.* This is fully explain'd, and to the Life, by the Lord *Jesus*, in St. *Matthew*, Chap. ix. who being at Table in the House of *Levi* the Publican, with several others of the same Stamp and Profession, the *Pharisees*, who were puff'd up with their external Observance of the Law, without any Regard to the Precepts of it, whereupon the whole Law and Prophets depend, (with a Design to alienate the Affections of his Disciples from him) ask'd them, why their Master sat at the Table of Publicans and Sinners. From whose Conversation those *Jews*, that would be accounted the more holy, abstain'd ; to that Degree, that if any of the stricter Sort had met any of them by Chance, as soon as they came Home they would wash themselves. And when the Disciples, being yet but raw, could give no Answer ; the Lord answer'd both for himself and them : *They* (says he) *who are whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick ; but go you and learn what that meaneth, I will have Mercy and not Sacrifice ; for I came not to call the Righteous but Sinners.*

Eu. Indeed you have very handsomely explain'd the Matter, by the comparing of Texts, which is the best Way of expounding Scripture. But I would fain know what it is he calls Sacrifice, and what Mercy. For how can we reconcile it, that God should be against Sacrifices, who had commanded so many to be offered ?

Th. How far God is against Sacrifices, he himself teaches us in the first Chapter of the Prophecy of *Isaiah*. There were certain legal Obligations among the *Jews*, which were rather Significations of Holiness, than of the

Essence of it; of this Sort are Holy-Days, Sabbatisms, Fasts, Sacrifices; and there were certain other Obligations of perpetual Force, being good in their own Nature, and not meerly by being commanded. Now God was displeased with the *Jews*, not because they did observe the Rites and Ceremonies, but because being vainly puffed up with these, they neglected those Things which God does in a more especial Manner require of us; and wallowing in Avarice, Pride, Rapines, Hatred, Envy, and other Iniquities, they thought they merited Heaven, because that upon Holy-Days, they visited the Temple, offered Sacrifices, abstained from forbidden Meats, and frequently fasted; embracing the Shadow of Religion, and neglecting the Substance. But in that, he says, *I will have Mercy, and not Sacrifice*; I take it to be said according to the Idiom of the *Hebrew* Tongue; that is to say, *Mercy rather than Sacrifices, as Solomon* interprets it in this Text, *to do Mercy and Judgment, is more acceptable to the Lord than Sacrifices.* And again, the Scripture expresses all the charitable Offices to our Neighbour, under the Terms of Mercy, and eleemosynary Tenderness, which takes its Name from Pity. By Sacrifices, I suppose is intended, whatsoever respects corporal Ceremonies, and has any Affinity with Judaism, such as are the choice of Meats, appointed Garments, Fasting, Sacrifices, the saying over of Prayers, as a Boy says his Lesson: resting upon Holy-Days. These Things, as they are not to be neglected in their due Season, so they become displeasing to God, if a Man relying too much upon these Observances, shall neglect to do Acts of Mercy, as often as his Brother's Necessity requires it. And it has some Appearance of Holiness in it, to avoid the Conversation of wicked Men: But this ought to give Place as oft as there is an Opportunity offer'd of shewing Charity to our Neighbour. It is a Point of Obedience to rest upon Holy Days: But it would be very impious to make such a Conscience of a Day as to suffer a Brother to perish upon it. Therefore to keep the Lord's Day is a Kind of *Sacrifice*: But to be reconcil'd

to my Brother is a Point of *Mercy*. And then, as for *Judgment*, though that may seem to respect Persons in Power; who oftentimes oppress the weak therewith, yet it seems reasonable enough in my Opinion that the poor Man should remind him of that in *Hosea*, *And the Knowledge of God more than burnt Offerings*. No Man can be said to keep the Law of God, but he that keeps it according to the Mind of God. The *Jews* could lift up an Ass upon the Sabbath that was fallen into a Pit, and yet calumniated our Saviour for preserving a Man upon that Day. This was a preposterous Judgment, and not according to the Knowledge of God; for they did not consider that these Things were made for Man, and not Man for them. But I should have esteem'd it Presumption in me to have said these Things, if you had not commanded it; and I had rather learn of others Things more *à propos*.

Eu. This is so far from being a Presumption, that it looks rather like an Inspiration. But while we are thus plentifully feeding our Souls, we must not neglect their Companions.

Ti. Who are those?

Eu. Our Bodies; are not they the Soul's Companions? I had rather call them so, than Instruments, Habitations or Sepulchres.

Ti. This is certainly to be plentifully refresh'd when the whole Man is refresh'd.

Eu. I see you are very backward to help yourselves; therefore, if you please, I'll order the Roast-Meat to be brought us, lest instead of a good Entertainment I should treat you with a long one. Now you see your Ordinary. Here is a Shoulder of Mutton, but it is a very fine one, a Capon and two Brace of Partridges. These indeed I had from the Market, this little Farm supply'd me with the rest.

Ti. It is a noble Dinner, fit for a Prince.

Eu. For a *Carmelite*, you mean. But such as it is you are welcome to it. If the Provision be not very dainty you have it very freely.

Ti. Your House is so full of Talk, that not only the Walls but the very Cup speaks.

Eu. What does it say?

Ti. No Man is hurt but by himself.

Eu. The Cup pleads for the Cause of the Wine. For it is a common Thing, if Persons get a Fever or the Head-ach by over drinking, to lay it upon the Wine, when they have brought it upon themselves by their Excess.

Soph. Mine speaks *Greek.* Ἐν οἴνῳ ἀληθεία. *In Wine there's Truth* (when Wine is in the Wit is out.)

Eu. This gives us to understand that it is not safe for Priests or Privy-Counsellors to give themselves so to Wine, because Wine commonly brings that to the Mouth that lay conceal'd in the Heart.

Soph. In old Time among the *Egyptians* it was unlawful for their Priests to drink any Wine at all, and yet in those Days there was no auricular Confession.

Eu. It is now become lawful for all Persons to drink Wine, but how expedient it is I know not. What Book is that, *Eulalius*, you take out of your Pocket? It seems to be a very neat one, it is all over gilded.

Eulal. It is more valuable for the Inside than the Out. It is St. *Paul*'s Epistles, that I always carry about me, as my beloved Entertainment, which I take out now upon the Occasion of something you said, which minds me of a Place that I have beat my Brains about a long Time, and I am not come to a full Satisfaction in yet. It is in the 6th Chapter of the first Epistle to the *Corinthians, All Things are lawful for me, but all Things are not expedient; all Things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the Power of any.* In the first Place (if we will believe the Stoicks) nothing can be profitable to us, that is not honest: How comes *Paul* then to distinguish betwixt that which is lawful, and that which is expedient? It is not lawful to whore, or get drunk, how then are all Things lawful? But if *Paul* speaks of some particular Things only, which he would have to be lawful, I can't guess by the Tenor of the

Place, which those particular Things are. From that which follows, it may be gather'd, that he there speaks of the Choice of Meats. For some abstain from Things offer'd to Idols, and others from Meats forbidden by *Moses*'s Law. In the 8th Chapter he treats of Things offer'd to Idols, and in the 10th Chapter explaining the Meaning of this Place, says, *All Things are lawful for me, but all Things are not expedient; all Things are lawful for me, but all Things edify not. Let no Man seek his own, but every Man the Things of another. Whatsoever is sold in the Shambles, eat ye.* And that which St. *Paul* subjoins, agrees with what he said before: *Meats for the Belly, and the Belly for Meats; but God shall destroy both it and them.* Now that which has Respect to the *Judaical* Choice of Meats, is in the Close of the 10th Chapter. *Give none Offence, neither to the Jews nor the Gentiles, nor to the Church of God; even as I please all Men in all Things, not seeking my own Profit, but the Profit of many, that they may be sav'd.* Where in that he saith to the *Gentiles*, he seems to have Respect to Things offer'd to Idols; and where he speaketh to the *Jews* he seems to refer to the Choice of Meats; what he says to the Church of God appertains to the Weak, collected out of both Sorts. It was lawful, it seems, to eat of all Meats whatsoever, and all Things that are Clean to the Clean. But the Question remaining is, Whether it be expedient or no? The Liberty of the Gospel makes all Things lawful; but Charity has always a Regard to my Neighbour's Good, and therefore often abstains from Things lawful, rather chusing to condescend to what is for another's Advantage, than to make Use of its own Liberty. But now here arises a double Difficulty; first, that here is nothing that either precedes or follows in the Context that agrees with this Sense. For he chides the *Corinthians* for being Seditious, Fornicators, Adulterers, and given to go to Law before wicked Judges. Now what Coherence is there with this to say, *All Things are lawful for me, but all Things are not expedient?* And in the following Matter, he returns to the Case of *Incontinence*, which

he had also repeated before, only leaving out the Charge of Contention: *But the Body*, says he, *is not for Fornication, but for the Lord, and the Lord for the Body.* But however, this Scruple may be solv'd too, because a little before, in the Catalogue of Sins, he had made Mention of Idolatry. *Be not deceived, neither Fornicators, nor Idolaters, nor Adulterers*; now the Eating of Things offer'd to Idols is a certain Kind of Idolatry, and therefore he immediately subjoins, *Meat is for the Belly, and the Belly for Meat.* Intimating, that in a Case of Necessity, and for a Season, a Man may eat any Thing, unless Charity towards his Neighbour shall dissuade it: But that Uncleanness is in all Persons, and at all Times to be detested. It is Matter of Necessity that we eat, but that Necessity shall be taken away at the Resurrection of the Dead. But if we are lustful, that proceeds from Wickedness. But there is another Scruple that I can't tell how to solve, or how to reconcile to that Passage: *But I will not be brought under the Power of any.* For he says, he has the Power of all Things, and yet he will not be brought under the Power of any one. If he may be said to be under another Man's Power, that abstains for Fear of offending, it is what he speaks of himself in the ninth Chapter, *For though I be free from all Men, yet have made myself Servant to all, that I may gain all.* St. *Ambrose* stumbling, I suppose, at this Scruple, takes this to be the Apostle's genuine Sense for the better Understanding of what he says in the 9th Chapter, where he claims to himself the Power of doing that which the rest of the Apostles (either true or false) did, of receiving a Maintenance from them to whom he preach'd the Gospel. But he forbore this, although he might have done it, as a Thing expedient among the *Corinthians*, whom he reprov'd for so many and enormous Iniquities. And moreover, he that receives, is in some Degree in the Power of him from whom he receives, and suffers some Kind of Abatement in his Authority. For he that takes, cannot so freely reprove his Benefactor; and he that gives will not so easily take a Reprehension from him that he has obliged.

And in this did the Apostle *Paul* abstain from that which was lawful, for the Credit of his apostolical Liberty, which in this Case he would not have to be rendered obnoxious to any one, that he might with the greater Freedom and Authority reprehend their Vices. Indeed, I like this Explication of St. *Ambrose* very well. But yet, if any Body had rather apply this Passage to Meats, St. *Paul*'s Saying, *but I will not be brought under the Power of any*, may be taken in this Sense: Although I may sometimes abstain from Meats offered to Idols, or forbidden by the *Mosaical* Law, out of Regard to the Salvation of my Brothers Souls, and the Furtherance of the Gospel; yet my Mind is free, well knowing that it is lawful to eat all Manner of Meats, according to the Necessity of the Body. But there were some false Apostles, who went about to persuade them, that some Meats, were in themselves, by their own Nature unclean, and were to be forborn, not upon Occasion only, but at all Times; and that as strict as Adultery or Murder. Now those that were thus misled, were reduced under another's Power, and fell from their Gospel Liberty. *Theophylact* (as I remember) is the only Man that advances an Opinion different from all these. *It is lawful*, says he, *to eat all Sorts of Meats; but it is not expedient to eat to Excess; for from Luxury comes Lust.* There is no Impiety, indeed, in this Sense; but it does not seem to me to be the genuine Sense of the Place. I have acquainted you with my Scruples, it will become your Charity to set me to Rights.

Eu. Your Discourse is, indeed, answerable to your Name, and one that knows how to propound Questions as you do, has no Need of any Body to answer them but himself. For you have so proposed your Doubts, as to put one quite out of doubt, altho' St. *Paul*, in that Epistle, (proposing to handle many Things at once) passes often from one Argument to another, repeating what he had intermitted.

Ch. If I were not afraid, that by my Loquacity I should divert you from eating your Dinners, and did think it were lawful to intermix any Thing out of profane Authors

with sacred Discourses, I would venture to propose something that I read to Day; not so much with Perplexity, as with a singular Delight.

Eu. Whatsoever is pious, and conduces to good Manners, ought not to be called profane. The first Place must indeed be given to the Authority of the Scriptures; but nevertheless, I sometimes find some Things said or written by the Antients; nay, even by the Heathens; nay, by the Poets themselves, so chastly, so holily, and so divinely, that I cannot persuade myself, but that when they wrote them, they were divinely inspired; and perhaps the Spirit of Christ diffuses itself farther than we imagine; and that there are more Saints than we have in our Catalogue. To confess freely among Friends, I can't read *Tully* of *Old Age*, of *Friendship*, his *Offices*, or his *Tusculan Questions*, without kissing the Book, and Veneration for that divine Soul. And on the contrary, when I read some of our modern Authors, treating of *Politics*, *Oeconomics* and *Ethics*, good God! how cold they are in Comparison of these? Nay, how do they seem to be insensible of what they write themselves? So that I had rather lose *Scotus*, and twenty more such as he, than one *Cicero* or *Plutarch*. Not that I am wholly against them neither; but because, by the reading of the one, I find myself become better; whereas, I rise from the other, I know not how coldly affected to Virtue, but most violently inclin'd to Cavil and Contention; therefore never fear to propose it, whatsoever it is.

Ch. Although all *Tully*'s Books of Philosophy seem to breathe out something divine; yet that Treatise of *Old Age*, that he wrote in old Age, seems to me to be according to the *Greek* Proverb; *the Song of the dying Swan.* I was reading it to Day, and these Words pleasing me above the rest, I got 'em by Heart: *Should it please God to give me a Grant to begin my Life again from my very Cradle, and once more to run over the Course of my Years I have lived, I would not upon any Terms accept of it: Nor would I, having in a Manner finished my Race, run it over again from the start-*

ing Place to the Goal: For what Pleasure has this Life in it? nay, rather, what Pain has it not? But if there were not, there would be undoubtedly in it Satiety or Trouble. I am not for bewailing my past Life as a great many, and learned Men too, have done, nor do I repent that I have liv'd; because, I have liv'd so, that I am satisfy'd I have not liv'd in vain. And when I leave this Life, I leave it as an Inn, and not as a Place of Abode. For Nature has given us our Bodies as an Inn to lodge in, and not to dwell in. O! glorious Day will that be, when I shall leave this Rabble-rout and Defilements of the World behind me, to go to that Society and World of Spirits! Thus far out of *Cato*. What could be spoken more divinely by a Christian? I wish all the Discourses of our Monks, even with their holy Virgins, were such as the Dialogue of this aged Pagan, with the Pagan Youths of his Time.

Eu. It may be objected, that this Colloquy of *Tully*'s was but a Fiction.

Ch. It is all one to me, whether the Honour of these Expressions be given to *Cato*, who thought and spoke them, or to *Cicero*, whose Mind could form such divine Things in Contemplation, and whose Pen could represent such excellent Matter in Words so answerable to it; though indeed I am apt to think that *Cato*, if he did not speak these very Words, yet that in his familiar Conversation he us'd Words of the very same Import. For indeed, *M. Tully* was not a Man of that Impudence, to draw *Cato* otherwise than he was. Beside, that such an Unlikeness in a Dialogue would have been a great Indecorum, which is the thing chiefly to be avoided in this Sort of Discourse; and especially, at a Time when his Character was fresh in the Memories of all Men.

Th. That which you say is very likely: But I'll tell you what came into my Mind upon your Recital. I have often admired with myself, that considering that all Men wish for long Life, and are afraid of Death; that yet, I have scarce found any Man so happy, (I don't speak of old, but of

middle-aged Men) ; but that if the Question were put to him, whether or no, if it should be granted him to grow young again, and run over the same good and ill Fortune that he had before, he would not make the same Answer that *Cato* did ; especially passing a true Reflection upon the Mixture of Good and Ill of his past Life. For the Remembrance even of the pleasantest Part of it is commonly attended with Shame, and Sting of Conscience, insomuch that the Memory of past Delights is more painful to us, than that of past Misfortunes. Therefore it was wisely done of the ancient Poets in the Fable of *Lethe*, to represent the Dead drinking largely of the Waters of Forgetfulness, before their Souls were affected with any Desire of the Bodies they had left behind them.

Ur. It is a Thing well worthy of our Admiration, and what I myself have observ'd in some Persons. But that in *Cato* that pleases me the most is his Declaration. *Neither am I sorry that I have liv'd.* Where is the *Christian*, that has so led his Life, as to be able to say as much as this old Man ? It is a common Thing for Men, who have scrap'd great Estates together by Hook or by Crook, when they are upon their Death Beds, and about to leave them, then to think they have not liv'd in vain. But *Cato* therefore thought, that he had not liv'd in vain, upon the Conscience of his having discharg'd all the Parts of an honest and useful Citizen, and an uncorrupted Magistrate; and that he should leave to Posterity, Monuments of his Virtue and Industry. And what could be spoken more divinely than this, *I depart as from an Inn, and not an Habitation.* So long we may stay in an Inn till the Host bids us be gone, but a Man will not easily be forc'd from his own House. And yet from hence the Fall of the House, or Fire, or some Accident drives us. Or if nothing of these happen, the Structure falls to Pieces with old Age, thereby admonishing us that we must change our Quarters.

Neph. That Expression of *Socrates* in *Plato* is not less elegant : *Methinks*, says he, *the Soul of a Man is in the*

Body as in a Garrison, there is no quitting of it without the Leave of the Generals, nor no staying any longer in it, than during the Pleasure of him that plac'd him there. This Allusion of *Plato*'s, of a Garrison instead of a House, is the more significant of the two. For in a House is only imply'd Abode, in a Garrison we are appointed to some Duty by our Governor. And much to the same Purpose is it, that in Holy Writ the Life of Man is sometimes call'd a Warfare, and at other times a Race.

Ur. But *Cato*'s Speech, methinks, seems to agree very well with that of St. *Paul*, who writing to the *Corinthians*, calls that heavenly Mansion, which we look for after this Life in one Place οἰκίαν a House, in another οἰκητήριον a Mansion, and moreover (besides that) he calls the Body σκῆνος a Tabernacle. For *we also*, (says he) *who are in this Tabernacle, groan, being burthened.*

Neph. Much after this Manner says St. *Peter*; *And I think it meet* (says he) *as long as I am in this Tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in Mind, being assured that I shall shortly put off this Tabernacle.* And what else does *Christ* himself say to us, but that we should live and watch, as if we were presently to die: And so apply ourselves to honest Things, as if we were to live for ever? And when we hear these excellent Words of *Cato, O that glorious Day*, do we not seem to hear St. *Paul* himself saying, *I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ*?

Ch. How happy are they that wait for Death with such a Frame of Mind? But as for *Cato*'s Speech, altho' it be an excellent one, methinks there is more Boldness and Arrogance in it, than becomes a Christian. Indeed, I never read anything in a Heathen, that comes nearer to a Christian, than what *Socrates* said to *Crito*, a little before he drank his Poison; *Whether I shall be approv'd or not in the Sight of God, I cannot tell; but this I am certain of, that I have most affectionately endeavoured to please him; and I have a good Hope, that he will accept of my Endeavours.* This great Man was diffident of his own Performances; but so, that being

conscious to himself of the Propensity of his Inclination to obey the divine Will, he conceived a good Hope, that God, of his Goodness, would accept him for the Honesty of his Intentions.

Neph. Indeed, it was a wonderful Elevation of Mind in a Man, that knew not Christ, nor the holy Scriptures : And therefore, I can scarce forbear, when I read such Things of such Men, but cry out, *Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis*; *Saint* Socrates, *pray for us.*

Ch. And I have much ado sometimes to keep myself from entertaining good Hopes of the Souls of *Virgil* and *Horace.*

Neph. But how unwillingly have I seen many Christians die ? Some put their Trust in Things not to be confided in; others breathe out their Souls in Desperation, either out of a Consciousness of their lewd Lives, or by Reason of Scruples that have been injected into their Minds, even in their dying Hours, by some indiscreet Men.

Ch. It is no wonder to find them die so, who have spent their Time in philosophizing about Ceremonies all their Lives.

Neph. What do you mean by Ceremonies ?

Ch. I'll tell you, but with Protestation over and over beforehand, that I don't find Fault with the Sacraments and Rites of the Church, but rather highly approve of them ; but I blame a wicked and superstitious Sort of People, or (to put it in the softest Term) the simple and unlearned Persons, who teach People to put their Confidence in these Things, omitting those Things which make them truly Christians.

Neph. I don't yet clearly understand what it is you aim at.

Ch. I'll be plainer then. If you look into Christians in common, don't you find they live as if the whole Sum of Religion consisted in Ceremonies ? With how much Pomp are the antient Rites of the Church set forth in Baptism ? The Infant waits without the Church Door, the Exorcism is performed, the Catechizing is performed, Vows are made,

Satan is abjured, with all his Pomps and Pleasures; then the Child is anointed, sign'd, season'd with Salt, dipt, a Charge given to his Sureties to see it well brought up; and the Oblation-Money being paid, they are discharged, and by this Time the Child passes for a Christian, and in some Sense is so. A little Time after, it is anointed again, and in Time learns to confess, receives the Sacrament, is accustom'd to rest upon Holy-Days, to hear Divine Service, to fast sometimes, to abstain from Flesh; and if he observes all these, he passes for an absolute Christian. He marries a Wife, and then comes on another Sacrament; he enters into Holy Orders, is anointed again, and consecrated, his Habit is chang'd, and then to Prayers. Now I approve of the doing of all this well enough; but the doing of them more out of Custom than Conscience, I don't approve; but to think that nothing else is requisite for the making a Christian, I absolutely disapprove: For the greatest Part of Men in the World trust to these Things, and think they have nothing else to do, but get Wealth by Right or Wrong, to gratify their Passions of Rage, Lust, Malice, Ambition: And this they do till they come upon their Death Bed; and then there follows more Ceremonies; Confession upon Confession, more Unction still, the Eucharist is administred; Tapers, the Cross, holy Water are brought in; Indulgencies are procured, if they are to be had for Love or Money; Orders are given for a magnificent Funeral; and then comes on another solemn Contract: When the Man is in the Agony of Death, there's one stands by bawling in his Ear, and now and then dispatches him before his Time, if he chance to be a little in Drink, or have better Lungs than ordinary. Now although these Things may be well enough, as they are done in Conformity to ecclesiastical Customs; yet there are some more internal Impressions, which have an Efficacy to fortify us against the Assaults of Death, by filling our Hearts with Joy, and helping us to go out of the World with a Christian Assurance.

Eu. You speak very piously and truly; but in the mean

Time here is no Body eats; I told you before, that you must expect nothing after the second Course, and that a Country one too, lest any Body should look for Pheasants, Moorhens, and fine Kickshaws. Here, Boy! take away these Things, and bring up the rest. You see, not the Affluence, but the Straitness of my Fortune. This is the Product of my Gardens you have seen; don't spare, if you like any Thing.

Ti. There's so great a Variety, it does a Man good to look upon it.

Eu. That you mayn't altogether despise my Thriftiness, this Dish would have chear'd up the Heart of old *Hilarion*, the evangelical Monk, with a hundred more of his Fellows, the Monks of that Age. But *Paul* and *Anthony* would have lived a Month upon it.

Ti. Yes, and Prince *Peter* too, I fancy would have leap'd at it, when he lodg'd at *Simon* the Tanner's.

Eu. Yes; and *Paul* too, I believe, when by Reason of Poverty he sat up a-Nights to make Tents.

Ti. How much do we owe to the Goodness of God! But yet, I had rather suffer Hunger with *Peter* and *Paul*, upon Condition, that what I wanted for my Body, might be made up by the Satisfaction of my Mind.

Eu. Let us learn of St. *Paul*, both how to abound, and how to suffer Want. When we want, let us praise God, that he has afforded us Matter to exercise our Frugality and Patience upon: When we abound, let us be thankful for his Munificence, who by his Liberality, invites and provokes us to love him; and using those Things the divine Bounty has plentifully bestowed upon us, with Moderation and Temperance; let us be mindful of the Poor, whom God has been pleas'd to suffer to want what he has made abound to us, that neither Side may want an Occasion of exercising Virtue: For he bestows upon us sufficient for the Relief of our Brother's Necessity, that we may obtain his Mercy, and that the Poor on the other Hand, being refresh'd by our Liberality, may give him Thanks for putting it into our Hearts,

and recommend us to him in their Prayers; and, very well remember'd! Come hither, Boy; bid my Wife send *Gudula* some of the roast Meat that's left, 'tis a very good poor Woman in the Neighbourhood big with Child, her Husband is lately dead, a profuse, lazy Fellow, that has left nothing but a Stock of Children.

Ti. Christ has commanded *to give to every one that asks*; but if I should do so, I should go a begging myself in a Month's Time.

Eu. I suppose Christ means only such as ask for Necessaries: For to them who ask, nay, who importune, or rather extort great Sums from People to furnish voluptuous Entertainments, or, which is worse, to feed Luxury and Lust, it is Charity to deny; nay, it is a Kind of Rapine to bestow that which we owe to the present Necessity of our Neighbours, upon those that will abuse it; upon this Consideration it is, that it seems to me, that they can scarcely be excus'd from being guilty of a mortal Sin, who at a prodigious Expence, either build or beautify Monasteries or Churches, when in the mean Time so many living Temples of Christ are ready to starve for Want of Food and Clothing, and are sadly afflicted with the Want of other Necessaries. When I was in *England*, I saw St. *Thomas*'s Tomb all over bedeck'd with a vast Number of Jewels of an immense Price, besides other rich Furniture, even to Admiration; I had rather that these Superfluities should be apply'd to charitable Uses, than to be reserv'd for Princes, that shall one Time or other make a Booty of them. The holy Man, I am confident, would have been better pleas'd, to have his Tomb adorn'd with Leaves and Flowers. When I was in *Lombardy*, I saw a Cloyster of the *Carthusians*, not far from *Pavia*; the Chapel is built from Top to Bottom, within and without, of white Marble, and almost all that is in it, as Altars, Pillars, and Tombs, are all Marble. To what Purpose was it to be at such a vast Expence upon a Marble Temple, for a few solitary Monks to sing in? And 'tis more Burthen to them than Use too, for they are perpetually troubled with Stran-

gers, that come thither, only out of mere Curiosity, to see the Marble Temple. And that, which is yet more ridiculous, I was told there, that there is an Endowment of three thousand Ducats a Year for keeping the Monastery in Repair. And there are some that think that it is Sacrilege, to convert a Penny of that Money to any other pious Uses, contrary to the Intention of the Testator; they had rather pull down, that they may rebuild, than not go on with building. I thought meet to mention these, being something more remarkable than ordinary; tho' we have a World of Instances of this Kind up and down in our Churches. This, in my Opinion, is rather Ambition than Charity. Rich Men now-a-Days will have their Monuments in Churches, whereas in Times past they could hardly get Room for the Saints there: They must have their Images there, and their Pictures, forsooth, with their Names at length, their Titles, and the Inscription of their Donation; and this takes up a considerable Part of the Church; and I believe in Time they'll be for having their Corpse laid even in the very Altars themselves. But perhaps, some will say, would you have their Munificence be discourag'd ? I say no, by no Means, provided what they offer to the Temple of God be worthy of it. But if I were a Priest or a Bishop, I would put it into the Heads of those thick-scull'd Courtiers or Merchants, that if they would atone for their Sins to Almighty God, they should privately bestow their Liberality upon the Relief of the Poor. But they reckon all as lost, that goes out so by Piece-meal, and is privily distributed toward the Succour of the Needy, that the next Age shall have no Memorial of the Bounty. But I think no Money can be better bestow'd, than that which Christ himself would have put to his Account, and makes himself Debtor for.

Ti. Don't you take that Bounty to be well plac'd that is bestow'd upon Monasteries ?

Eu. Yes, and I would be a Benefactor myself, if I had an Estate that would allow it; but it should be such a Provision for Necessaries, as should not reach to Luxury. And

I would give something too, wheresoever I found a religious Man that wanted it.

Ti. Many are of Opinion, that what is given to common Beggars, is not well bestowed.

Eu. I would do something that Way too; but with Discretion: But in my Opinion, it were better if every City were to maintain their own Poor; and Vagabonds and sturdy Beggars were not suffer'd to strole about, who want Work more than Money.

Ti. To whom then would you in an especial Manner give? How much? And to what Purposes?

Eu. It is a hard Matter for me to answer to all these Points exactly: First of all, there should be an Inclination to be helpful to all, and after that, the Proportion must be according to my Ability, as Opportunity should offer; and especially to those whom I know to be poor and honest; and when my own Purse fail'd me, I would exhort others to Charity.

Ti. But will you give us Leave now to discourse freely in your Dominions?

Eu. As freely as if you were at Home at your own Houses.

Ti. You don't love vast Expences upon Churches, you say, and this House might have been built for less than it was.

Eu. Indeed, I think this House of mine to be within the Compass of cleanly and convenient, far from Luxury, or I am mistaken. Some that live by begging, have built with more State; and yet, these Gardens of Mine, such as they are, pay a Tribute to the Poor; and I daily lessen my Expence, and am the more frugal in Expence upon myself and Family, that I may contribute the more plentifully to them.

Ti. If all Men were of your Mind, it would be better than it is with a good many People who deserve better, that are now in extreme Want; and on the other Hand, many of those pamper'd Carcases would be brought down, who deserve to be taught Sobriety and Modesty by Penury.

Eu. It may be so: but shall I mend your mean Entertainment now, with the best Bit at last?

Ti. We have had more than enough of Delicacies already.

Eu. That which I am now about to give you, let your Bellies be never so full, won't over-charge your Stomachs.

Ti. What is it?

Eu. The Book of the four Evangelists, that I may treat you with the best at last. Read, Boy, from the Place where you left off last.

Boy. No Man can serve two Masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other: You cannot serve God and Mammon. Therefore, I say unto you, take no thought for your Life, what you shall eat, or what you shall drink: Nor yet for your Body, what you shall put on. Is not the Life more than Meat, and the Body than Raiment?

Eu. Give me the Book. In this Place *Jesus Christ* seems to me, to have said the same Thing twice: For instead of what he had said in the first Place, i. e. *he will hate*; he says immediately, *he will despise.* And for what he had said before, *he will love*, he by and by turns it, *he will hold to.* The Sense is the same, tho' the Persons are chang'd.

Ti. I do not very well apprehend what you mean.

Eu. Let me, if you please, demonstrate it mathematically. In the first Part, put *A* for the one, and *B* for the other. In the latter Part, put *B* for one, and *A* for the other, inverting the Order; for either *A* will hate, and *B* will love, or *B* will hold to, and *A* will despise. Is it not plain now, that *A* is twice hated, and *B* twice beloved?

Ti. 'Tis very clear.

Eu. This Conjunction, *or*, especially repeated, has the Emphasis of a contrary, or at least, a different Meaning. Would it not be otherwise absurd to say, *Either* Peter *shall overcome me, and I'll yield; or I'll yield, and* Peter *shall overcome me?*

Ti. A pretty Sophism, as I'm an honest Man.

Eu. I shall think it so when you have made it out, not before.

The. I have something runs in my Mind, and I'm with Child to have it out: I can't tell what to make on't, but let it be what it will, you shall have it if you please; if it be a Dream, you shall be the Interpreters, or midwife it into the World.

Eu. Although it is looked upon to be unlucky to talk of Dreams at Table, and it is immodest to bring forth before so many Men; but this Dream, or this Conception of thy Mind, be it what it will, let us have it.

The. In my Judgment it is rather the Thing than the Person that is chang'd in this Text. And the Words *one* and *one* do not refer to *A* and *B*; but either Part of them, to which of the other you please; so that chuse which you will, it must be opposed to that, which is signified by the other; as if you should say, you *shall either exclude* A *and admit* B, *or you shall admit* A *and exclude* B. Here's the Thing chang'd, and the Person the same: And it is so spoken of *A*, that it is the same Case, if you should say the same Thing of *B*; as thus, either you shall exclude *B* or admit *A*, or admit *B* or exclude *A*.

Eu. In Truth, you have very artificially solv'd this Problem: No Mathematician could have demonstrated it better upon a Slate.

Soph. That which is the greatest Difficulty to me is this; that we are forbidden to take Thought for to Morrow; when yet, *Paul* himself wrought with his own Hands for Bread, and sharply rebukes lazy People, and those that live upon other Men's Labour, exhorting them to take Pains, and get their Living by their Fingers Ends, that they may have wherewith to relieve others in their Necessities. Are not they holy and warrantable Labours, by which a poor Husband provides for his dear Wife and Children?

Ti. This is a Question, which, in my Opinion, may be resolv'd several Ways. First of all, This Text had a particular Respect to those Times. The Apostles being dispers'd far and wide for the Preaching of the Gospel, all sollicitous Care for a Maintenance was to be thrown aside, it being to

be supply'd otherwise, having not Leisure to get their Living by their Labour; and especially, they having no Way of getting it, but by Fishing. But now the World is come to another Pass, and we all love to live at Ease, and shun Pains-taking. Another Way of expounding it may be this; Christ had not forbid Industry, but Anxiety of Thought, and this Anxiety of Thought is to be understood according to the Temper of Men in common, who are anxious for nothing more than getting a Livelihood; that setting all other Things aside, this is the only Thing they mind. And our Saviour does in a Manner intimate the same himself, when he says, that one Man cannot serve two Masters. For he that wholly gives himself up to any Thing, is a Servant to it. Now he would have the Propagation of the Gospel be our chief, but yet, not our only Care. For he says, *Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven, and these Things shall be added unto you.* He does not say, seek only; but seek first. And besides, I take the Word to Morrow, to be hyperbolical, and in that, signifies a Time to come, a great While hence, it being the Custom of the Misers of this World, to be anxiously scraping together, and laying up for Posterity.

Eu. We allow of your Interpretation; but what does he mean, when he says, *Be not sollicitous for your Life, what you shall eat?* The Body is cloth'd, but the Soul does not eat.

Ti. By *Anima*, is meant Life, which can't subsist without Meat (or is in Danger, if you take away its Food): But it is not so, if you take away the Garment, which is more for Modesty than Necessity. If a Person is forc'd to go naked, he does not die presently; but Want of Food is certain Death.

Eu. I do not well understand how this Sentence agrees with that which follows; *Is not the Life more than Meat, and the Body than Raiment?* For if Life be so precious, we ought to take the more Care of it.

Ti. This Argument does rather increase our Sollicitousness than lessen it.

Eu. But this is none of our Saviour's Meaning; who, by this Argument, creates in us a stronger Confidence in the

Father: For if a bountiful Father hath given us *gratis* that which is the more valuable, he will also bestow upon us what is less valuable: He that has given us Life, will not deny us Food: And he that has given us Bodies, will by some Means or other give us Cloaths too: Therefore, relying upon his Bounty, we have no Reason to disquiet ourselves with Anxiety of Thought, for Things of smaller Moment. What remains then, but using this World, as though we used it not, we transfer our whole Study and Application to the Love of heavenly Things, and rejecting the World and the Devil universally, with all his crafty Delusions, we chearfully serve God alone, who will never forsake his Children? But all this While, here's no Body touches the Fruits. Certainly you may eat this with Joy, for this is the Product of my own Farm, and did not cost much Care to provide it.

Ti. We have very plentifully satisfied our Bodies.

Eu. I should be glad if you had satisfied your Minds too.

Ti. Our Minds have been satisfy'd more plentifully than our Bodies.

Eu. Boy, take away, and bring some Water; now, my Friends, let us wash, that if we have in eating contracted any Guilt, being cleansed, we may conclude with a Hymn: If you please, I'll conclude with what I begun out of St. *Chrysostom.*

Ti. We entreat you that you would do it.

Eu. Glory to thee, O Lord; Glory to thee, O holy One; Glory to thee, O King; as thou hast given us Meat for our Bodies, so replenish our Souls with Joy and Gladness in thy holy Spirit, that we may be found acceptable in thy Sight, and may not be made asham'd, when thou shalt render to every one according to his Works.

Boy. *Amen.*

Ti. In Truth, it is a pious and elegant Hymn.

Eu. Of St. *Chrysostom*'s Translation too.

Ti. Where is it to be found?

Eu. In his 56th Homily on St. *Matthew.*

Ti. I'll be sure to read it to Day: But I have a Mind to be informed of one Thing, why we thrice wish Glory to Christ under these three Denominations, of *Lord, Holy, and King.*

Eu. Because all Honour is due to him, and especially in these three Respects. We call him Lord, because he hath redeem'd us by his holy Blood from the Tyranny of the Devil, and hath taken us to himself. Secondly, We stile him Holy, because he being the Sanctifier of all Men, not being content alone to have freely pardoned us all our Sins *gratis* by his holy Spirit, hath bestow'd upon us his Righteousness, that we might follow Holiness. Lastly, We call him King, because we hope for the Reward of a heavenly Kingdom, from him who sits at the Right-Hand of God the Father. And all this Felicity we owe to his gratuitous Bounty, that we have *Jesus Christ* for our Lord, rather than the Devil to be a Tyrant over us; that we have Innocence and Sanctity, instead of the Filth and Uncleanness of our Sins; and instead of the Torments of Hell, the Joys of Life everlasting.

Ti. Indeed it is a very pious Sentence.

Eu. This is your first Visit, Gentlemen, and I must not dismiss you without Presents; but plain ones, such as your Entertainment has been. Boy, bring out the Presents: It is all one to me, whether you will draw Lots, or every one chuse for himself, they are all of a Price; that is to say, of no Value. You will not find *Heliogabalus*'s Lottery, a hundred Horses for one, and as many Flies for another. Here are four little Books, two Dials, a Lamp, and a Pen-Case: These I suppose will be more agreeable to you than Balsams, Dentrifices, or Looking-Glasses.

Ti. They are all so good, that it is a hard Matter to chuse; but do you distribute them according to your own Mind, and they'll come the welcomer where they fall.

Eu. This little Book contains *Solomon*'s Proverbs in Parchment, it teaches Wisdom, and it is gilded, because Gold is a Symbol of Wisdom. This shall be given to our

grey-headed *Timothy*; that according to the Doctrine of the Gospel, to him that has Wisdom, Wisdom shall be given and abound.

Ti. I will be sure to make it my Study, to stand in less Need of it.

Eu. Sophronius, this Dial will suit you very well, whom I know to be so good a Husband of your Time, that you won't let a Moment of that precious Thing be lost. It came out of the furthest Part of *Dalmatia*, and that's all the Commendation I shall give it.

Sophr. You indeed admonish a Sluggard to be diligent.

Eu. You have in this little Book the Gospel written on Vellum; it deserv'd to be set with Diamonds, except that the Heart of a Man were a fitter Repository for it. Lay it up there, *Theophilus*, that you may be more and more like to your Name.

The. I will do my Endeavour, that you may not think your Present ill bestow'd.

Eu. There are St. *Paul*'s Epistles; your constant Companions, *Eulalius*, are in this Book; you use to have *Paul* constantly in your Mouth, and he would not be there, if he were not in your Heart too: And now for the Time to come, you may more conveniently have him in your Hand, and in your Eye. This is a Gift with good Counsel into the Bargain. And there is no Present more precious than good Counsel.

Eu. This Lamp is very fit for *Chrysoglottus*, who is an insatiable Reader; and as M. *Tully* says, a Glutton of Books.

Ch. I give you double Thanks; first, for so choice a Present, and in the next Place, for admonishing a drowsy Person of Vigilance.

Eu. Theodidactus must have this Pen-Case, who writes much, and to excellent Purposes; and I dare pronounce these Pens to be happy, by which the Honour of our Lord *Jesus Christ* shall be celebrated, and that by such an Artist.

The. I would you could as well have supply'd me with Abilities, as you have with Instruments.

Eu. This contains some of the choicest of *Plutarch*'s Books of Morals, and very fairly written by one very well skill'd in the *Greek*; I find in them so much Purity of Thought, that it is my Amazement, how such evangelical Notions should come into the Heart of a Heathen. This I will present to young *Uranius*, that is a Lover of the *Greek* Language. Here is one Dial left, and that falls to our *Nephalius*, as a thrifty Dispenser of his Time.

Neph. We give you Thanks, not only for your Presents, but your Compliments too. For this is not so much a making of Presents, as Panegyricks.

Eu. I give you double Thanks, Gentlemen: First for taking these small Matters in so good Part; and secondly, for the Comfort I have receiv'd by your learned and pious Discourses. What Effect my Entertainment may have upon you I know not; but this I am sure of, you'll leave me wiser and better for it. I know you take no Pleasure in Fiddles or Fools, and much less in Dice: Wherefore, if you please, we will pass away an Hour in seeing the rest of the Curiosities of my little Palace.

Ti. That's the very Thing we were about to desire of you.

Eu. There is no Need of entreating a Man of his Word. I believe you have seen enough of this Summer Hall. It looks three Ways, you see; and which Way soever you turn your Eye, you have a most delicate Green before you. If we please, we can keep out the Air or Rain, by putting down the Sashes, if either of them be troublesome; and if the Sun is incommodious, we have thick folding Shutters on the out-Side, and thin ones within, to prevent that. When I dine here, I seem to dine in my Garden, not in my House, for the very Walls have their Greens and their Flowers intermix'd; and 'tis no ill Painting neither. Here's our Saviour celebrating his last Supper with his elect Disciples. Here's *Herod* a keeping his Birth-Day with a bloody Banquet. Here's *Dives*, mention'd in the Gospel, in the Height of his Luxury, by and by sinking into Hell. And here is *Lazarus*, driven away from his Doors, by and by to be receiv'd into *Abraham*'s Bosom.

Ti. We don't very well know this Story.

Eu. It is *Cleopatra* contending with *Anthony*, which should be most luxurious; she has drunk down the first Pearl, and now reaches forth her Hand for the other. Here is the Battel of the *Centaurs*; and here *Alexander* the Great thrusts his Launce through the Body of *Clytus*. These Examples preach Sobriety to us at Table, and deter a Man from Gluttony and Excess. Now let us go into my Library, it is not furnish'd with very many Books, but those I have, are very good ones.

Ti. This Place carries a Sort of Divinity in it, every Thing is so shining.

Eu. You have now before you my chiefest Treasure: You see nothing at the Table but Glass and Tin, and I have in my whole House but one Piece of Plate, and that is a gilt Cup, which I preserve very carefully for the Sake of him that gave it me. This hanging Globe gives you a Prospect of the whole World. And here upon the Wall, are the several Regions of it describ'd more at large. Upon those other Walls, you have the Pictures of the most eminent Authors: There would be no End of Painting them all. In the first Place, here is *Christ* sitting on the Mount, and stretching forth his Hand over his Head; the Father sends a Voice, saying, *Hear ye him*: the Holy Ghost, with outstretch'd Wings, and in a Glory, embracing him.

Ti. As God shall bless me, a Piece of Work worthy of *Apelles.*

Eu. Adjoining to the Library, there is a little Study, but a very neat one; and 'tis but removing a Picture, and there is a Chimney behind it, if the Cold be troublesome. In Summer-Time it passes for solid Wall.

Ti. Every Thing here looks like Jewels; and here's a wonderful pretty Scent.

Eu. Above all Things, I love to have my House neat and sweet, and both these may be with little Cost. My Library has a little Gallery that looks into the Garden, and there is a Chapel adjoining to it.

Ti. The Place itself deserves a Deity.

Eu. Let us go now to those three Walks above the other that you have seen, that look into the Kitchen Garden. These upper Walks have a Prospect into both Gardens; but only by Windows with Shutters; especially, in the Walls that have no Prospect into the inner Garden, and that's for the Safety of the House. Here upon the Left-Hand, because there is more Light, and fewer Windows, is painted the whole Life of *Jesus*, out of the History of the four Evangelists, as far as to the Mission of the Holy Ghost, and the first Preaching of the Apostles out of the Acts; and there are Notes upon the Places, that the Spectator may see near what Lake, or upon what Mountain such or such a Thing was done. There are also Titles to every Story, with an Abstract of the Contents, as that of our Saviour, *I will, Be thou clean.* Over against it you have the Types and Prophecies of the Old Testament; especially, out of the Prophets and Psalms, which are little else but the Life of Christ and Apostles related another Way. Here I sometimes walk, discoursing with myself, and meditating upon the unspeakable Counsel of God, in giving his Son for the Redemption of Mankind. Sometimes my Wife bears me Company, or sometimes a Friend that takes Delight in pious Things.

Ti. Who could be tired with this House?

Eu. No Body that has learn'd to live by himself. Upon the upper Border (as though not fit to be among the rest) are all the Popes Heads with their Titles, and over against them the Heads of the *Cæsars*, for the better taking in the Order of History. At each Corner, there is a Lodging Room, where I can repose myself, and have a Prospect of my Orchard, and my little Birds. Here, in the farthest Nook of the Meadow, is a little Banquetting House; there I sup sometimes in Summer, and I make Use of it, as an Infirmary, if any of my Family be taken ill, with any infectious Disease.

Ti. Some People are of Opinion, that those Diseases are not to be avoided.

Eu. Why then do Men shun a Pit or Poison? Or do

they fear this the less, because they don't see it? No more is the Poison seen, that a Basilisk darts from his Eyes. When Necessity calls for it, I would not stick to venture my Life: But to do it without any Necessity, is Rashness. There are some other Things worth your seeing; but my Wife shall shew you them: Stay here this three Days if you please, and make my House your Home; entertain your Eyes and your Minds, I have a little Business abroad: I must ride out to some of the Neighbouring Towns.

Ti. What, a Money Business?

Eu. I would not leave such Friends for the Sake of receiving a little Money.

Ti. Perhaps you have appointed a hunting Match.

Eu. It is a Kind of Hunting indeed, but it is something else I hunt, than either Boars or Stags.

Ti. What is it then?

Eu. I'll tell you: I have a Friend in one Town lies dangerously ill; the Physician fears his Life, but I am afraid of his Soul: For I don't think he's so well prepar'd for his End as a Christian should be: I'll go and give him some pious Admonitions that he may be the better for, whether he lives or dies. In another Town there are two Men bitterly at odds, they are no ill Men neither, but Men of a very obstinate Temper. If the Matter should rise to a greater Height, I am afraid it would be of ill Consequence to more than themselves: I will do all I can in the World, to reconcile them; they are both my Kinsmen. This is my hunting Match, and if I shall have good Success in it, we'll drink their Healths.

Ti. A very pious Hunting, indeed; we pray heartily, that not *Delia* but *Christ* would give you good Success.

Eu. I had rather obtain this Prey, than have two thousand Ducats left me for a Legacy.

Ti. Will you come back quickly?

Eu. Not till I have try'd every Thing; therefore, I can't set a Time. In the mean Time, be as free with any Thing of mine, as though it were your own, and enjoy yourselves.

Ti. God be with you, forward and backward.

The APOTHEOSIS of CAPNIO.

The ARGUMENT.

Canonizing, or entring the incomparable Man, John Reuclin, *into the Number of the Saints, teaches how much Honour is due to famous Men, who have by their Industry improv'd the liberal Sciences.*

None that has liv'd Well, dies Ill.

POMPILIUS, BRASSICANUS.

PO. Where have you been, with your Spatter-Lashes?

Br. At *Tubinga.*

Po. Is there no News there?

Br. I can't but admire, that the World should run so strangely a gadding after News. I heard a *Camel* preach at *Lovain*, that we should have nothing to do with any Thing that is new.

Po. Indeed, it is a Conceit fit for a Camel. That Man, (if he be a Man,) ought never to change his old Shoes, or his Shirt, and always to feed upon stale Eggs, and drink nothing but sour Wine.

Br. But for all this, you must know, the good Man does not love old Things so well, but that he had rather have his Porridge fresh than stale.

Po. No more of the Camel; but prithee tell me, what News have you?

Br. Nay, I have News in my Budget too; but News which he says is naught.

Po. But that which is new, will be old in Time. Now if all old Things be good, and all new Things be bad, then it

follows of Consequence, that that which is good at present, has been bad heretofore, and that which is now bad, will in Time come to be good.

Br. According to the Doctrine of the Camel, it must be so; and therefore, hence it follows, that he that was a young wicked Fool in Time past, because he was new, will come to be a good One, because he is grown old.

Po. But prithee, let's have the News, be it what it will.

Br. The famous triple-tongu'd Phœnix of Learning, *John Reuclin*, is departed this Life.

Po. For certain?

Br. Nay, it is too certain.

Po. Why, pray, what Harm is that, for a Man to leave an immortal Memory of a good Name and Reputation behind him, and to pass out of this miserable World, into the Society of the Blessed?

Br. How do you know that to be the Case?

Po. It is plain, for he can't die otherwise, who has liv'd as he did.

Br. You would say so, indeed, if you knew what I know.

Po. What's that, I pray?

Br. No, no, I must not tell you.

Po. Why so?

Br. Because he that entrusted me with the Secret, made me promise Silence.

Po. Do you entrust me with it upon the same Condition, and, upon my honest Word, I'll keep Counsel.

Br. That honest Word has often deceived me; but however, I'll venture; especially, it being a Matter of that Kind, that it is fit all honest Men should know it. There is at *Tubinge*, a certain *Franciscan*, a Man accounted of singular Holiness in every Bodies Opinion but his own.

Po. That you mention, is the greatest Argument in the World of true Piety.

Br. If I should tell you his Name, you'd say as much, for you know the Man.

Po. What if I shall guess at him?

Br. Do, if you will.

Po. Hold your Ear then.

Br. What needs that, when here's no Body within Hearing?

Po. But however, for Fashion Sake.

Br. 'Tis the very same.

Po. He is a Man of undoubted Credit. If he says a Thing, it is to me, as true as the Gospel.

Br. Mind me then, and I'll give you the naked Truth of the Story. My Friend *Reuclin* was sick, indeed very dangerously; but yet, there was some Hopes of his Recovery; he was a Man worthy never to grow old, be sick, or die. One Morning I went to visit my Franciscan, that he might ease my Mind of my Trouble by his Discourse. For when my Friend was sick, I was sick too, for I lov'd him as my own Father.

Po. Phoo! There's no Body but lov'd him, except he were a very bad Man indeed.

Br. My Franciscan says to me, *Brassicanus*, leave off grieving, our *Reuclin* is well. What, said I, Is he well all on a sudden then? For but two Days ago, the Doctors gave but little Hopes of him. Then, says he, he is so well recover'd, that he will never be sick again. Don't weep, says he, (for he saw the Tears standing in my Eyes) before you have heard the Matter out. I have not indeed seen the Man this six Days, but I pray for him constantly every Day that goes over my Head. This Morning after Mattins, I laid myself upon my Couch, and fell into a gentle pleasant Slumber.

Po. My Mind presages some joyful Thing.

Br. You have no bad Guess with you. Methought, says he, I was standing by a little Bridge, that leads into a wonderful pleasant Meadow; the emerald Verdure of the Grass and Leaves affording such a charming Prospect; the infinite Beauty, and Variety of the Flowers, like little Stars, were so delightful, and every Thing so fragrant, that all the Fields on this Side the River, by which that blessed Field

was divided from the rest, seem'd neither to grow, nor to be green; but look'd dead, blasted, and withered. And in the Interim, while I was wholly taken up with the Prospect, *Reuclin*, as good Luck would have it, came by; and as he past by, gave me his Blessing in *Hebrew*. He was gotten half Way over the Bridge before I perceived him, and as I was about to run to him, he look'd back, and bid me keep off. You must not come yet, says he, but five Years hence, you shall follow me. In the mean Time, do you stand by a Spectator, and a Witness of what is done. Here I put in a Word, says I, was *Reuclin* naked, or had he Cloaths on; was he alone, or had he Company? He had, says he, but one Garment, and that was a very white one; you would have said, it had been a Damask, of a wonderful shining White, and a very pretty Boy with Wings followed him, which I took to be his good Genius.

Po. But had he no evil Genius with him?

Br. Yes, the Franciscan told me he thought he had. For there followed him a great Way off, some Birds, that were all over Black, except, that when they spread their Wings, they seem'd to have Feathers, of a Mixture of White and Carnation. He said, that by their Colour and Cry, one might have taken them for Magpies, but that they were sixteen Times as big; about the size of Vultures, having Combs upon their Heads, with crooked Beaks and Gorbellies. If there had been but three of them, one would have taken them for Harpyes.

Po. And what did these Devils attempt to do?

Br. They kept at a Distance, chattering and squalling at the Hero *Reuclin*, and were ready to set upon him, if they durst.

Po. What hindred them?

Br. Turning upon them, and making the Sign of the Cross with his Hand at them, he said, *Be gone, ye cursed Fiends to a Place that's fitter for you. You have Work enough to do among Mortals, your Madness has no Power over me, that am now lifted in the Roll of Immortality.* The

Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, says the Franciscan, but these filthy Birds took their Flight, but left such a Stink behind them, that a House of Office would have seem'd Oyl of sweet Marjoram, or Ointment of Spikenard to it. He swore, he had rather go to Hell, than snuff up such a Perfume again.

Po. A Curse upon these Pests.

Br. But, hear what the Franciscan told me besides: While I was intent upon these Things, says he, St. *Jerome* was come close to the Bridge, and saluted *Reuclin* in these Words, *God save thee, my most holy Companion, I am ordered to conduct thee to the Mansions of the blessed Souls above, which the divine Bounty has appointed thee as a Reward for thy most pious Labours.* With that he took out a Garment, and put it upon *Reuclin.* Then, said I, tell me in what Habit or Form St. *Jerome* appear'd, was he so old as they paint him? Did he wear a Cowl or a Hat, or the Garb of a Cardinal? Or had he a Lion by his Side? Nothing of all these, said he; but his Person was comely, which made his Age appear such as carried in it much Comeliness, but no Deformity. What Need had he to have a Lion by his Side, as he is commonly painted? His Gown came down to his Heels, as transparent as Crystal, and of the same Fashion of that he gave to *Reuclin.* It was all over painted with Tongues of three several Colours; some imitated Rubies, some Emeralds, and others Sapphires; and beside the Clearness of it, the Order set it off very much.

Po. An Intimation, I suppose, of the three Tongues that he profess'd.

Br. Without doubt: For he said, that upon the very Borders of the Garments were the Characters of these three Languages inscrib'd in their different Colours.

Po. Had *Jerome* no Company with him?

Br. No Company, do you say? The whole Field swarm'd with Myriads of Angels, that fill'd the Air as thick, as those little Corpuscles they call Atoms, fly in the Sun Beams; pardon the Meanness of the Comparison. If they had not

been as transparent as Glass, there would have been no Heaven nor Earth to have been seen.

Po. O brave, I am glad with all my Heart, for *Reuclin*'s Sake; but what follow'd?

Br. Jerome, (says he) for Honour's Sake, giving *Reuclin* the Right-Hand, and embracing him, conducts him into the Meadow, and up a Hill that was in the middle of it, where they kiss'd and embrac'd one another again: In the mean Time, the Heavens open'd over their Heads to a prodigious Wideness, and there appear'd a Glory so unutterable, as made every Thing else, that pass'd for wonderful before, to look mean and sordid.

Po. Can't you give us some Representation of it?

Br. No, how should I, that did not see it? He who did see it, says, that he was not able to express the very Dream of it. He said, he would die a thousand Deaths to see it over again, if it were but for one Moment.

Po. How then?

Br. Out of this Overture of the Heavens, there was let down a great Pillar of Fire that was transparent, and of a very pleasant Form: By this the two holy Souls were carried into Heaven, in one anothers Embraces; a Choir of Angels all the While accompanying them, with so charming a Melody, that the Franciscan says, he is never able to think of the Delight of it without weeping. And after this there follow'd a wonderful fragrant Smell. When he waked out of his Dream, if you will call it a Dream, he was just like a mad Man. He would not believe he was in his Cell; he called for his Bridge and his Meadow; he could not speak or think of any Thing else but them. The Seniors of the Convent, when they found the Story to be no Fable, for it is certain that *Reuclin* dy'd at the very Instant that the holy Man had this Vision, they unanimously gave Thanks to God, that abundantly rewards good Men for their good Deeds.

Po. What have we to do, but to set down this holy Man's Name in the Calendar of Saints?

Br. I should have done that if the Franciscan had seen nothing at all of this, and in Gold Letters too, I'll assure you, next to St. *Jerome* himself.

Po. And let me die if I don't put him down in my Book so too.

Br. And besides that, I'll set him in Gold in my little Chapel, among the choicest of my Saints.

Po. And if I had a Fortune to my Mind, I'd have him in Diamonds.

Br. He shall stand in my Library, the very next to St. *Jerome.*

Po. And I'll have him in mine too.

Br. If they were grateful, every one who loves Learning and Languages, especially, the holy Tongues, would do so too.

Po. Truly it is no more than he deserves. But han't you some Scruple upon your Mind, in as much as he is not yet canoniz'd by the Authority of the Bishop of *Rome*?

Br. Why, pray, who canoniz'd (for that's the Word) St. *Jerome*? Who canoniz'd St. *Paul*, or the Virgin *Mary*? Pray tell me whose Memory is most sacred among all good Men? Those that by their eminent Piety, and the Monuments of their Learning and good Life, have entitled themselves to the Veneration of all Men; or *Catherine* of *Sien*, that was sainted by *Pius* the Second, in favour of the Order and the City?

Po. You say true: That's the right Worship, that by the Will of Heaven, is paid to the Merits of the Dead, whose Benefits are always sensibly felt.

Br. And can you then deplore the Death of this Man? If long Life be a Blessing, he enjoyed it. He has left behind him immortal Monuments of his Vertue, and by his good Works, consecrated his Name to Immortality. He is now in Heaven, out of the Reach of Misfortunes, conversing with St. *Jerome* himself.

Po. But he suffer'd a great Deal tho' in his Life.

Br. But yet St. *Jerome* suffered more. It is a Blessing to be persecuted by wicked Men for being good.

Po. I confess so, and St. *Jerome* suffer'd many unworthy Things from the worst of Men, for the best of Deeds.

Br. That which Satan did formerly by the Scribes and Pharisees against the Lord Jesus, he continues still to do by pharisaical Men, against good Men, who have deserved well from the World by their Studies. He now reaps the blessed Harvest of the Seed he has been sowing. In the mean Time, it will be our Duty, to preserve his Memory sacred; to honour his Name, and to address him often in some such Manner as follows. *O holy Soul, be thou propitious to Languages, and to those that cultivate them: Favour the holy Tongues, and destroy evil Tongues that are infected with the Poison of Hell.*

Po. I'll do't myself, and earnestly persuade all my Friends to do it. I make no Question but there will be those that will desire to have some little Form of Prayer, according to Custom, to celebrate the Memory of this most holy Hero.

Br. Do you mean that which they call a Collect?

Po. Yes.

Br. I have one ready, that I provided before his Death.

Po. I pray let's hear it.

Br. O God, that art the Lover of Mankind, that hast by thy chosen Servant John Reuclin, *renew'd to Mankind the Gift of Tongues, by which thy holy Spirit from above, did formerly furnish thy Apostles for their Preaching the Gospel; grant that all thy People may every where, in all Languages, preach the Glory of thy Son Jesus Christ, to the confounding of the Tongues of false Apostles; who being in a Confederacy to uphold the impious Tower of* Babel, *endeavour to obscure thy Glory, and to advance their own, when to thee alone, together with thy only Son Jesus Christ our Lord, and the holy Spirit, is due all Glory to eternal Ages.* Amen.

Po. A most elegant and holy Prayer. As I live, it shall be mine daily. And I account this a happy Opportunity, that has brought me to the Knowledge of so joyful a Story.

Br. Mayst thou long enjoy that Comfort, and so farewell.

Po. Fare you well too.

Br. I will fare well, but not be a Cook.

A LOVER and MAIDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

This Colloquy presents you with a very chaste Wooing, mingling many philosophical Notions with pleasant Jokes. Of not being hasty in marrying; of chusing, not only for the Sake of the outward Person, but the inward Endowments of the Mind; of the Firmness of Wedlock; of not contracting Matrimony without the Consent of Parents; of living chastly in Matrimony; of bringing up Children piously; that the Soul is not where it animates, but where it loves. The Description of a deformed Man. That Wedlock is to be preferr'd before a single Life, and is not, as it is vulgarly called, a Halter. That we must not consult our Affections so much as Reason.

PAMPHILUS *and* MARY.

PA. Good Morrow, Madam, cruel, hard Heart, inflexible.

Ma. Good Morrow to you too, Mr. *Pamphilus*, as often, and as much, and by what Names you please: But you seem to have forgotten my Name, 'tis *Mary*.

Pa. It should rather have been *Martia*.

Ma. Why so, pray, what is *Mars* to me?

Pa. Because just as *Mars* makes a Sport of killing Men, so do you; saving that you do it the more cruelly of the two, because you kill one that loves you.

Ma. Say you so! pray where's the great Slaughter of Men that I have made? Where's the Blood of the Slain?

Pa. You may see one dead Corpse before your Face, if you look upon me.

Ma. What strange Story is this? Does a dead Man talk and walk? I wish I may never meet with more frightful Ghosts than you are.

Pa. Ay, indeed, you make a Jest of it; but for all that, you kill poor me, and more cruelly too, than if you stuck a Dagger in my Breast. For now I, poor Wretch as I am, die a lingering Death.

Ma. Prithee tell me, how many Women with Child have miscarried at the Sight of thee?

Pa. My Paleness shews I have no more Blood in my Body than a Ghost.

Ma. Indeed you are as pale as a Violet; You are as pale as a ripe Cherry, or purple Grape.

Pa. You coquet it with my Misery.

Ma. If you can't believe me, look in the Glass.

Pa. I would never desire a better Glass, nor do I believe there is a better in the World than I am a looking in already.

Ma. What Looking-Glass do you mean?

Pa. Your Eyes.

Ma. You Banterer! that's like you. But how do you prove yourself to be dead? Do dead Folks eat?

Pa. Yes, they do; but Things that have no Relish, as I do.

Ma. What do they feed upon?

Pa. Mallows, Leeks, and Lupines.

Ma. But you feed upon Capons and Partridges.

Pa. If I do, I relish them no more than Beets without Pepper or Vinegar.

Ma. Poor Creature! but yet you're in pretty good Case, for all that. And do dead Folks talk too?

Pa. Just as I do, with a weak Voice.

Ma. But when I heard you rallying your Rival a little While ago, your Voice was not very low then. But, prithee, do Ghosts walk, wear Cloaths, and sleep?

Pa. Yes, and enjoy one another too, after their Manner.

Ma. Thou art a merry Fellow.

Pa. But what will you say, if I prove it by undeniable Arguments, that I am dead, and that you have kill'd me too.

Ma. God forbid, *Pamphilus*; but let's hear your Arguments, however.

Pa. In the first Place, I think you will grant me this, that Death is only a Separation of Soul and Body.

Ma. I grant it.

Pa. But you must grant it so as not to eat your Words.

Ma. No, I will not.

Pa. You will not deny, I suppose, that the Person that takes away another's Life, is a Murtherer.

Ma. I grant that too.

Pa. I suppose you will grant that which has been allow'd by the greatest Men of many Ages, that the Soul of a Man is not really where it animates, but where it loves.

Ma. Make that a little plainer, I can't well understand it then.

Pa. You might as well bid me make an Adamant sensible of it.

Ma. I am a Maid, not a Stone.

Pa. 'Tis true, but harder than an Adamant Stone.

Ma. Go on with your Inferences.

Pa. Those that are in a Trance, do neither hear, nor see, nor smell, nor feel, if you kill them outright.

Ma. Indeed I have heard so.

Pa. What do you think is the Reason?

Ma. Do you, Philosopher, tell that.

Pa. Because their Mind is in Heaven, where it enjoys what it dearly loves; and therefore is absent from the Body.

Ma. Well, what then?

Pa. What then, hard-hearted Creature? Then it follows, that I am dead, and you have killed me.

Ma. Where is your Soul then?

Pa. Where it loves.

Ma. Who took this Soul of yours away? What do you Sigh for? Tell me freely: There's no Hurt in it.

Pa. A cruel Maid, that I could not be angry with if she kill'd me outright.

Ma. You're very good-humour'd; but why don't you take her Soul from her too, and pay her in her own Coin, according to the old Proverb.

Pa. I should be the happiest Man in the World, if I could make that Exchange, that her Heart would pass as wholly into my Breast, as mine has into hers.

Ma. But may I play the Sophister with you now?

Pa. The Sophistress.

Ma. Can one and the same Body be both alive and dead?

Pa. Not at the same Time.

Ma. Is the Body dead, when the Soul is out of it?

Pa. Yes.

Ma. Nor does it animate it, but when it is in it?

Pa. No, it does not.

Ma. How comes it to pass then, that when it is there where it loves, it yet animates the Body it is gone out of? And if it animates when it loves any where, how is that called a dead Body which it animates?

Pa. Indeed, you argue very cunningly, but you shan't catch me there. That Soul, which after some Sort governs the Body of the Lover, is but improperly call'd a Soul, when it is but some small Remains of the Soul; just as the Smell of a Rose remains in the Hand, when the Rose is gone.

Ma. I see it is a hard Matter to catch a Fox in a Trap. But answer me this Question, does not the Person that kills, act?

Pa. Yes.

Ma. And does not he suffer who is kill'd?

Pa. Yes.

Ma. And how comes it about then, that when he that loves, acts, and she that is lov'd, suffers, she that is lov'd should be said to kill, when he that loves, rather kills himself?

Pa. Nay, on the Contrary, 'tis he that loves that suffers, and she is lov'd, that acts.

Ma. You will never prove that by all your Grammar.

Pa. Well, I'll prove it by Logic then.

Ma. But do so much as answer me this one Question, do you love voluntarily, or against your Will?

Pa. Voluntarily.

Ma. Then since a Person is at Liberty, whether he will love or no; he that does love, is guilty of *Felo de se*, and accuses a Maid wrongfully.

Pa. A Maid does not kill in being lov'd, but in not loving again. He is guilty of killing, that can save and don't save.

Ma. What if a young Man should fall into an unlawful Love, as suppose with another Man's Wife, or a Vestal Virgin? Must she love him again, to save the Lover?

Pa. But the young Man, meaning myself, loves one whom he ought to love, and by Right and good Reason, and yet am murthered. If Murther be a light Matter, I could indict you for Witchcraft too.

Ma. God forbid, do you make a *Circe* of me?

Pa. You are more barbarous than *Circe* herself, I had rather be a Hog or a Bear, than as I now am, half dead.

Ma. By what Sort of Enchantments do I kill Men?

Pa. By the Witchcraft of your Eyes.

Ma. Would you have me take my noxious Eyes off of you then.

Pa. No, by no Means, rather look more upon me.

Ma. If my Eyes are so infectious, how comes it about they don't throw others I look upon into a Consumption too? I therefore rather believe the Infection is in your own Eyes than mine.

Pa. Is it not enough for you to kill poor *Pamphilus*, but you must insult him too.

Ma. O pretty dead Creature! but when must I come to your Funeral?

Pa. Sooner than you think for, if you don't relieve me.

Ma. Can I perform such a wonderful Cure?

Pa. You can raise a dead Man to Life again with the greatest Ease imaginable.

Ma. Ay, if I had the Grand-Elixir.

Pa. You have no Need of any Medicine, do but love me again. And what's easier than that ? Nay, what's more just ? You can no other Way in the World get clear of the Crime of Murther.

Ma. In what Court must I be try'd ? In the Court of Chancery ?

Pa. No, in the Court of *Venus.*

Ma. They say, she is a very merciful Goddess.

Pa. Nay, the most severe in the World.

Ma. Has she any Thunderbolts ?

Pa. No.

Ma. Has she got a Trident ?

Pa. No.

Ma. Has she got a Spear ?

Pa. No ; but she is the Goddess of the Sea.

Ma. But I don't go to Sea.

Pa. But she has a Son.

Ma. Youth is not very formidable.

Pa. But he is very revengeful and resolute.

Ma. What will he do to me ?

Pa. What will he do ? That which I can't wish to be done to one I wish so well to. God forbid I should.

Ma. Tell me what it is, for I an't afraid to hear it.

Pa. Well, I'll tell you then ; if you slight me that love you, and am no Way unworthy of your Love ; I shall be much mistaken if he don't by his Mother's Order shoot you with a venomous Dart, and make you fall deeply in Love with some sorry Fellow or other, that would not love you again.

Ma. That's a most horrid Punishment indeed. I had rather die a thousand Deaths than to be so bitterly in Love with an ugly Man, and one that won't love me neither.

Pa. But we had a notable Example of this not long since upon a certain Maid.

Ma. Where did she live?

Pa. At *Orleans.*

Ma. How many Years ago was it?

Pa. How many Years! not ten Months.

Ma. What was her Name? What do you stick at?

Pa. Nothing at all. I know her as well as I know you.

Ma. Why don't you tell me her Name then?

Pa. Because I am afraid it is ominous. I wish she had been of some other Name. She was your own Namesake.

Ma. Who was her Father?

Pa. Her Father is alive at this Time, and is a topping Lawyer, and a rich Man.

Ma. Tell me his Name.

Pa. Mauritius.

Ma. His Sirname.

Pa. Aglaius.

Ma. Is her Mother alive?

Pa. No, she died lately.

Ma. What did she die of, say you?

Pa. Why of Grief, and it had like to have cost her Father his Life too, for all he was a Man of a strong Constitution.

Ma. Mayn't a Body know her Mother's Name.

Pa. Yes, *Sophrona*, every Body knows her Name. What do you mean by that Question? Do you think I invent a Lye?

Ma. Why should I think so of you? Our Sex is most to be suspected for that. But tell me what became of the Maid?

Pa. The Maid, as I told you before, came of very honest Parents, had a good Fortune, was very handsome, and in few Words, was a Match for a Prince; a certain Gentleman of an equal Fortune courted her.

Ma. What was his Name?

Pa. Ah me, I can't bear the Thoughts of it, his Name was *Pamphilus* as well as mine. He try'd all the Ways in the World to gain her good Will; but she slighted all his Offers. The young Man pines away with Grief. Presently

after she fell deep in Love with one more like an Ape than a Man.

Ma. How!

Pa. Ay, so wretchedly in Love, that 'tis impossible to relate it.

Ma. Such a pretty Maid to fall in Love with such an ugly Fellow?

Pa. Ay, with a long-visag'd, scald-headed, bald-pated, hollow-ey'd, snub-nos'd, wide-mouth'd, rotton-tooth'd, stuttering, scabby-bearded, hump-back'd, gor-belly'd, bandy-legg'd Fellow.

Ma. You tell me of a mere *Thersites.*

Pa. Nay, they said he had but one Ear, neither.

Ma. It may be he had lost the other in the War.

Pa. No, he lost it in Peace.

Ma. Who dar'd to cut it off?

Pa. Jack Ketch.

Ma. It may be his Riches made Amends.

Pa. Over Head and Ears in Debt. And with this Husband this charming Girl now spends her Days, and is now and then drubb'd into the Bargain.

Ma. That is a miserable Story indeed.

Pa. But it is a true one. It is a just Retaliation upon her, for slighting the young Gentleman.

Ma. I should rather chuse to be thunder-struck than ty'd to endure such a Husband.

Pa. Then don't provoke Justice, but love him that loves you.

Ma. Well, if that will do, I do love you again.

Pa. Ay, But I would have that Love constant as mine own. I court a Wife, not a Mistress.

Ma. I suppose so, but yet we ought to be very deliberate in that which being once done, can never be undone again.

Pa. I have been deliberating too long already.

Ma. Love is none of the best Advisers; see that he han't impos'd upon you, for they say he is blind.

Pa. But that Love has Eyes in his Head, that proceeds

from Judgment; you don't appear so amiable, only because I love you, but you are really so, and therefore I love you.

Ma. But perhaps you don't know me thoroughly. When once a Shoe is on, then you'll know where it pinches.

Pa. I'll venture it, but I gather from many Conjectures, that it will be happy for me.

Ma. What, are you an Augur then?

Pa. Yes, I am.

Ma. Pray by what Auguries do you prognosticate all this? What, hath the Night Owl appear'd luckily?

Pa. She flies for Fools.

Ma. Did you see a pair of Pigeons on your right Hand?

Pa. Nothing of all this. But have for some Years been satisfy'd of the Honesty of your Father and Mother; and in the first Place, that's no bad Sign. Nor am I ignorant how modestly and religiously you have been brought up by them, and it is a greater Advantage to be honestly educated, than honourably born. And then there's another good Circumstance besides, that as my Parents are none of the worst, so yours and mine have been very intimate for many Years, and you and I have known one another from our very Childhood, as they use to say; and besides all this, our Humours agree very well together. Our Age, Fortunes, Quality, and Parentage are pretty equal. And last of all, that which is the chief Thing in Friendship, your Temper seems to agree very well with mine. There are some Things that may be very good in themselves that may not agree with others. How acceptable my Temper may be to yours, I don't know. These are the Auguries, my Dear, that make me prognosticate that a Marriage between you and me would be happy, lasting, comfortable and pleasant, unless you shall prevent it by a Denial.

Ma. What would you have me say?

Pa. I will sing *I am thine* first, and you shall sing *I am thine* after me.

Ma. That indeed is but a short Song, but it has a long Chorus.

Pa. What signifies it how long it is, so it be a merry one.

Ma. I have that Respect for you, I would not have you do what you should repent of when done.

Pa. Leave off teasing me.

Ma. Perhaps I shall not appear so amiable in your Eye, when Age or Sickness have spoil'd my Beauty.

Pa. No more, my Dear, shall I myself be always so young and lusty. I don't only look at that blooming, lovely Body of yours, but it is your Guest within it I am most in Love with.

Ma. What Guest do you mean ?

Pa. This Soul of yours, whose Beauty will grow as Years increase.

Ma. In Truth you have a very penetrating Sight, if you can see that through so many Coverings.

Pa. It is with the Eyes of my Mind that I see your Mind, and then besides we shall be ever and anon renewing our Age by our Children.

Ma. But then I shall lose my Maidenhead.

Pa. Right enough ; but prithee tell me, if you had a fine Orchard, would you rather chuse never to have nothing but Blossoms on the Trees ; or would you rather, that the Blossoms should fall off, and see the Boughs laden with ripe Apples ?

Ma. Oh, how cunningly you can argue !

Pa. Answer me but this one Question, which is the finest Sight, a Vine lying along upon the Ground and rotting, or twining round a Stake or an Elm-Tree, loaden with ripe Grapes of a curious purple Colour ?

Ma. And pray do you answer me this Question ; which is the most pleasant Sight, a Rose fresh and fair upon the Tree, or one gathered and withering in the Hand ?

Pa. I look upon that the happier Rose that dies in a Man's Hand ; there delighting the Sight and Smell, than that which withers away upon the Bush, for it would die there, if it were let alone. As that Wine has the most Honour done it ; that is drank before it grows dead : Though this

is to be said, that the Flower of a Maid does not presently fade, as soon as she is married : Nay, I have seen a great many, that before Marriage look'd pale and languid, and just as if they were dropping into the Ground : but having been in the Embraces of a Husband, they have brightened up, just as if they just then began to bloom.

Ma. But for all that, a Maidenhead is accounted a fine Thing.

Pa. A young Virgin is indeed a pretty Thing : But what's more monstrous than an old Maid ? If your Mother had not shed that Blossom, we should never have had this fine Flower, yourself. And if we don't make a barren Match, as I hope we shan't, there will be never a Maid the less for us.

Ma. But they say Chastity is very well pleasing to God.

Pa. And for that Reason I would marry a chaste Maid, that I may live chastly with her. The Union of Minds will be more than that of Bodies. We'll get Subjects for the King, and Servants for Christ, and where will the Unchastity of this Matrimony be ? And who can tell but we may live together like *Joseph* and *Mary* ? And in the mean Time, we'll learn to be Virgins, we don't arrive at Perfection all at once.

Ma. What do you talk of ? Is Virginity to be violated, that it may be learned ?

Pa. Why not ? As by little and little drinking Wine sparingly, we learn to be abstemious. Which do you think is the most temperate Person, he that is sitting at a Table full of Delicacies, and abstains from them, or he who is out of the Reach of those Things that incite Intemperance ?

Ma. I think he is the most temperate Person, that the greatest Plenty can't debauch.

Pa. Which is the most laudable for Chastity, he that castrates himself, or he that having his Members entire, forbears Venery ?

Ma. The latter, in my Opinion : I should call the former a Madman.

Pa. Don't they in a Manner castrate themselves, that abjure Matrimony ?

Ma. I think they do.

Pa. Then it is no Virtue to forbear Coition.

Ma. Is it not ?

Pa. I prove it thus; if it were of itself a Virtue not to copulate, it were a Sin to do it : so that it follows of Consequence, it is a Fault not to copulate, and a Virtue to do it.

Ma. When does this Case happen ?

Pa. As often as the Husband requires his due of his Wife ; especially if he would embrace her for the Sake of Procreation.

Ma. But if it be out of Wantonness ? Is it not lawful to deny him ?

Pa. He may be admonish'd or dissuaded by soft Language to forbear ; but if he insists upon it, he ought not to be refus'd. But I hear very few Husbands complain of their Wives upon this Account.

Ma. But Liberty is a very sweet Thing.

Pa. Virginity is rather a greater Burthen. I will be your King, and you shall be my Queen, and we'll govern the Family according to our Pleasure : And do you think that a Bondage ?

Ma. Marriage is called a Halter.

Pa. They deserve a Halter that call it so. Pray tell me, is not your Soul and Body bound together ?

Ma. Yes, I think they are.

Pa. Just like a Bird in a Cage ; and yet, ask it if it would be freed from it, I believe it will say, no : And what's the Reason of that ? Because it is bound by its own Consent.

Ma. But we have neither of us got much of Portion.

Pa. We are the safer for that, you shall add to it at Home by good Housewifery, and that is not without good Reason said to be a great Revenue, and I'll increase it abroad by my Industry.

Ma. But Children bring a great many Cares along with them.

Pa. And they bring a great many Comforts too, and oftentimes repay their Parents Tenderness with much Interest.

Ma. It is a grievous thing to bury one's Children.

Pa. Why, you have none now, have you? What need is there of troubling ourselves with that we don't know will be or not? Pray, tell me, had you rather not be born at all, or to be born mortal?

Ma. Why, indeed, I had rather be born mortal, than not to be born at all.

Pa. And so that Destituteness is the most miserable, that never has had Children, nor ever will have; as those are happier that have liv'd, than those that have not, nor ever will.

Ma. Who are they that never have been, nor ever shall be born?

Pa. Although he that refuses to bear the Chance of Fortune, which all are equally liable to, whether we be Kings or Commoners, must go out of the World; yet, whatsoever shall happen, you shall bear but Half of it, I'll take the greatest Half upon myself; and if any Thing happen of Felicity, the Pleasure will be double; if any Infelicity, Society will take away one Half of the Uneasiness of it: And as for me, if it should be my Fate, it would be a Pleasure to me, to die in your Embraces.

Ma. Men can bear the Misfortunes that happen according to the common Course of Nature better than Women; but I see what a great Deal of Grief Children bring to some Parents by their Manners, more than following them to the Grave.

Pa. To prevent that, lies pretty much in our own Power.

Ma. How so?

Pa. Because as to Disposition, good Parents commonly have good Children. For Doves don't bring Kites: Therefore, we will do our Endeavour to be good ourselves, and then take Care to instruct our Children in Religion and Piety from the very Cradle. It is of great Moment what

is first infused into them ; and besides, we will take Care that at Home they may have good Examples of Life to imitate.

Ma. That you talk of, is very hard to be done.

Pa. It is hard because it is good, and for the same Reason, you are hard to be got ; but then we'll endeavour the more industriously.

Ma. You will find me easy to be wrought upon : Do you see that you form and model me.

Pa. But only say three Words.

Ma. That is a very easy Matter ; but Words when they are once out, can't be called in again. I'll give you Counsel, that shall be better than that for both of us. Do you treat with both our Parents, that it may be done with their Consent.

Pa. You bid me go a great Way about, and you may satisfy me in three Words.

Ma. I can't tell whether I can or no ; I an't at my own Disposal. It was the Custom in old Time to have the Consent of Parents. The Match in my Opinion is like to be the more happy, if we have our Parents Consent to it. It is your Business to Court, it is not handsome for us to do it. We Maids love to be forc'd, though sometimes we love with the strongest Passion.

Pa. I shan't think much to court, if you yourself won't frustrate my Endeavours.

Ma. I promise you, I won't, my *Pamphilus* ; don't be discourag'd.

Pa. I wish you were not so scrupulous.

Ma. Do you first endeavour to know your own Mind thoroughly, and don't be govern'd by your Passion, but by Reason. The Passion of Love is but temporary ; but what proceeds from Reason is lasting.

Pa. In Truth, you play the Philosopher very prettily, and therefore I'll follow your Advice.

Ma. You won't repent of your Condescention. But, hark ye though, here's one Scruple comes into my Mind, that I can't well get over.

Pa. Have done with Scruples.

Ma. Would you have me marry a dead Man ?

Pa. No, but I shall come to Life again then.

Ma. Well, you have removed my Objection. My *Pamphilus*, farewell.

Pa. Do you take Care of that.

Ma. I wish you a good Night. Why do you sigh ?

Pa. A good Night, say you, I wish you would give me what you wish me.

Ma. Soft and fair, you are a little too hasty.

Pa. Must I not carry nothing of you along with me ?

Ma. This sweet Ball ; it will cheer your Heart.

Pa. But give me a Kiss too.

Ma. No, I have a Mind to keep my Maidenhead for you entire and untouch'd.

Pa. Will a Kiss take any Thing from your Virginity ?

Ma. Will you give me leave to kiss other Folks ?

Pa. No, by no Means, I'd have my Kisses kept for myself.

Ma. Well, I'll keep 'em for you : But there is another Reason why I dare not give you a Kiss, as Things are at present.

Pa. What is that ?

Ma. You say your Soul is gone out of your Body into mine, so that there is but very little left. I am afraid that in Kissing, the little that is left in you, should jump out of you into me, and so you should be quite dead. Shake Hands as a Pledge of my Love, and so farewell. Do you see that you manage the Matter vigorously, and I'll pray to God in the mean Time, that whatsoever be done, may be for both our good.

The VIRGIN AVERSE TO MATRIMONY.

The ARGUMENT.

A Virgin averse to Matrimony, will needs be a Nun. She is dissuaded from it, and persuaded to moderate her Inclination in that Matter, and to do nothing against her Parents Consent, but rather to marry. That Virginity may be maintain'd in a conjugal Life. The Monks Way of living in Celibacy is rally'd. Children, why so call'd. He abhors those Plagiaries who entice young Men and Maids into Monasteries, as though Salvation was to be had no other Way; whence it comes to pass, that many great Wits are as it were buried alive.

EUBULUS, CATHERINE.

EUB. I am glad with all my Heart, that Supper is over at last, that we may have an Opportunity to take a Walk, which is the greatest Diversion in the World.

Ca. And I was quite tir'd of sitting so long at Table.

Eu. How green and charming does every Thing in the World look! surely this is its Youth.

Ca. Ay, so it is.

Eu. But why is it not Spring with you too?

Ca. What do you mean?

Eu. Because you look a little dull.

Ca. Why, don't I look as I use to do?

Eu. Shall I show you how you look?

Ca. With all my Heart.

Eu. Do you see this Rose, how it contracts itself, now towards Night?

Ca. Yes, I do see it: And what then?

Eu. Why, just so you look.

Ca. A very fine Comparison.

Eu. If you won't believe me, see your own Face in this Fountain here. What was the Meaning you sat sighing at Supper so?

Ca. Pray don't ask Questions about that which don't concern you.

Eu. But it does very much concern me, since I can't be chearful myself, without you be so too. See now, there's another Sigh, and a deep one too!

Ca. There is indeed something that troubles my Mind. But I must not tell it.

Eu. What, won't you tell it me, that love you more dearly than I do my own Sister: My *Katy*, don't be afraid to speak; be it what it will you are safe.

Ca. If I should be safe enough, yet I'm afraid I shall be never the better in telling my Tale to one that can do me no good.

Eu. How do you know that? If I can't serve you in the Thing itself, perhaps I may in Counsel or Consolation.

Ca. I can't speak it out.

Eu. What is the Matter? Do you hate me?

Ca. I love you more dearly than my own Brother, and yet for all that my Heart won't let me divulge it.

Eu. Will you tell me, if I guess it? Why do you quibble now? Give me your Word, or I'll never let you alone till I have it out.

Ca. Well then, I do give you my Word.

Eu. Upon the whole of the Matter, I can't imagine what you should want of being compleatly happy.

Ca. I would I were so.

Eu. You are in the very Flower of your Age: If I'm not mistaken, you are now in your seventeenth Year.

Ca. That's true.

Eu. So that in my Opinion the Fear of old Age can't yet be any Part of your Trouble.

Ca. Nothing less, I assure you.

Eu. And you are every Way lovely, and that is the singular Gift of God.

Ca. Of my Person, such as it is, I neither glory nor complain.

Eu. And besides the Habit of your Body and your Complexion bespeak you to be in perfect Health, unless you have some hidden Distemper.

Ca. Nothing of that, I thank God.

Eu. And besides, your Credit is fair.

Ca. I trust it is.

Eu. And you are endow'd with a good Understanding suitable to the Perfections of your Body, and such a one as I could wish to myself, in order to my Attainment of the liberal Sciences.

Ca. If I have, I thank God for it.

Eu. And again, you are of a good agreeable Humour, which is rarely met with in great Beauties, they are not wanting neither.

Ca. I wish they were such as they should be.

Eu. Some People are uneasy at the Meanness of their Extraction, but your Parents are both of them well descended, and virtuous, of plentiful Fortunes, and very kind to you.

Ca. I have nothing to complain of upon that Account.

Eu. What Need of many Words? Of all the young Women in the Country you are the Person I would chuse for a Wife, if I were in Condition to pretend to't.

Ca. And I would chuse none but you for a Husband, if I were dispos'd to marry.

Eu. It must needs be some extraordinary Matter that troubles your Mind so.

Ca. It is no light Matter, you may depend upon it.

Eu. You won't take it ill I hope if I guess at it.

Ca. I have promis'd you I won't.

Eu. I know by Experience what a Torment Love is. Come, confess now, is that it? You promis'd to tell me.

Ca. There's Love in the Case, but not that Sort of Love that you imagine.

Eu. What Sort of Love is it that you mean?

Ca. Guess.

Eu. I have guess'd all the Guesses I can guess; but I'm resolv'd I'll never let go this Hand till I have gotten it out of you.

Ca. How violent you are.

Eu. Whatever your Care is, repose it in my Breast.

Ca. Since you are so urgent, I will tell you. From my very Infancy I have had a very strong Inclination.

Eu. To what, I beseech you?

Ca. To put myself into a Cloyster.

Eu. What, to be a Nun?

Ca. Yes.

Eu. Ho! I find I was out in my Notion; to leave a Shoulder of Mutton for a Sheep's Head.

Ca. What's that you say, *Eubulus*?

Eu. Nothing, my Dear, I did but cough. But, go on, tell me it out.

Ca. This was my Inclination; but my Parents were violently set against it.

Eu. I hear ye.

Ca. On the other Hand, I strove by Intreaties, fair Words, and Tears, to overcome that pious Aversion of my Parents.

Eu. O strange!

Ca. At Length when they saw I persisted in Intreaties, Prayers, and Tears, they promis'd me that if I continu'd in the same Mind till I was seventeen Years of Age, they would leave me to my own Liberty: The Time is now come, I continue still in the same Mind, and they go from their Words. This is that which troubles my Mind. I have told you my Distemper, do you be my Physician, and cure me, if you can.

Eu. In the first Place, my sweet Creature, I would advise you to moderate your Affections; and if you can't do all you would, do all that you can.

Ca. It will certainly be the Death of me, if I han't my Desire.

Eu. What was it that gave the first Rise to this fatal Resolution?

Ca. Formerly, when I was a little Girl, they carried me into one of those Cloysters of Virgins, carry'd me all about it, and shew'd me the whole College. I was mightily taken with the Virgins, they look'd so charming pretty, just like Angels; the Chapels were so neat, and smelt so sweet, the Gardens look'd so delicately well order'd, that in short which Way soever I turn'd my Eye every Thing seem'd delightful. And then I had the prettiest Discourse with the Nuns. And I found two or three that had been my Play-Fellows when I was a Child, and I have had a strange Passion for that Sort of Life ever since.

Eu. I have no Dislike to the Nunneries themselves, though the same Thing can never agree with all Persons: But considering your Genius, as far as I can gather from your Complexion and Manners, I should rather advise you to an agreeable Husband, and set up a College in your own House, of which he should be the Abbot and you the Abbess.

Ca. I will rather die than quit my Resolution of Virginity.

Eu. Nay, it is indeed an admirable Thing to be a pure Virgin, but you may keep yourself so without running yourself into a Cloyster, from which you never can come out. You may keep your Maidenhead at Home with your Parents.

Ca. Yes, I may, but it is not so safe there.

Eu. Much safer truly in my Judgment there, than with those brawny, swill-belly'd Monks. They are no Capons, I'll assure you, whatever you may think of them. They are call'd Fathers, and they commonly make good their Calling to the very Letter. Time was when Maids liv'd no

where honester than at home with their Parents, when the only spiritual Father they had was the Bishop. But, prithee, tell me, what Cloyster hast thou made Choice of among 'em all, to be a Slave in?

Ca. The *Chrysertian.*

Eu. Oh! I know it, it is a little Way from your Father's House.

Ca. You're right.

Eu. I am very well acquainted with the whole Gang. A sweet Fellowship to renounce Father and Mother, Friends, and a worthy Family for! For the Patriarch himself, what with Age, Wine, and a certain natural Drowsiness, has been mop'd this many a Day, he can't now relish any Thing but Wine; and he has two Companions, *John* and *Jodocus*, that match him to a Hair. And as for *John*, indeed I can't say he is an ill Man, for he has nothing at all of a Man about him but his Beard, not a Grain of Learning in him, and not much more common Prudence. And *Jodocus* he's so arrant a Sot, that if he were not ty'd up to the Habit of his Order, he would walk the Streets in a Fool's Cap with Ears and Bells at it.

Ca. Truly they seem to me to be very good Men.

Eu. But, my *Kitty*, I know 'em better than you do. They will do good Offices perhaps between you and your Parents, that they may gain a Proselyte.

Ca. Jodocus is very civil to me.

Eu. A great Favour indeed. But suppose 'em good and learned Men to Day, you'll find 'em the contrary perhaps to Morrow; and let them be what they will then, you must bear with them.

Ca. I am troubled to see so many Entertainments at my Father's House, and marry'd Folks are so given to talk smutty; I'm put to't sometimes when Men come to kiss me, and you know one can't well deny a Kiss.

Eu. He that would avoid every Thing that offends him, must go out of the World; we must accustom our Ears to hear every Thing, but let nothing enter the Mind but what

is good. I suppose your Parents allow you a Chamber to yourself.

Ca. Yes, they do.

Eu. Then you may retire thither, if you find the Company grow troublesome ; and while they are drinking and joking, you may entertain yourself with Christ your Spouse, praying, singing, and giving Thanks : Your Father's House will not defile you, and you will make it the more pure.

Ca. But it is a great Deal safer to be in Virgins Company.

Eu. I do not disapprove of a chaste Society : Yet I would not have you delude yourself with false Imaginations. When once you come to be throughly acquainted there, and see Things nearer Hand, perhaps Things won't look with so good a Face as they did once. They are not all Virgins that wear Vails ; believe me.

Ca. Good Words, I beseech you.

Eu. Those are good Words that are true Words. I never read of but one Virgin that was a Mother, *i. e.* the Virgin *Mary*, unless the Eulogy we appropriate to the Virgin be transferr'd to a great many to be call'd Virgins after Childbearing.

Ca. I abhor the Thoughts on't.

Eu. Nay, and more than that, those Maids, I'll assure you, do more than becomes Maids to do.

Ca. Ay ! why so, pray ?

Eu. Because there are more among 'em that imitate *Sappho* in Manners, than are like her in Wit.

Ca. I don't very well understand you.

Eu. My dear *Kitty*, I therefore speak in Cypher that you may not understand me.

Ca. But my Mind runs strangely upon this Course of Life, and I have a strong Opinion that this Disposition comes from God, because it hath continu'd with me so many Years, and grows every Day stronger and stronger.

Eu. Your good Parents being so violently set against it, makes me suspect it. If what you attempt were good, God would have inclined your Parents to favour the Motion.

But you have contracted this Affection from the gay Things you saw when you were a Child; the Tittle-tattles of the Nuns, and the Hankering you have after your old Companions, the external Pomp and specious Ceremonies, and the Importunities of the senseless Monks which hunt you to make a Proselyte of you, that they may tipple more largely. They know your Father to be liberal and bountiful, and they'll either give him an Invitation to them, because they know he'll bring Wine enough with him to serve for ten lusty Soaks, or else they'll come to him. Therefore let me advise you to do nothing without your Parents Consent, whom God has appointed your Guardians. God would have inspired their Minds too, if the Thing you were attempting were a religious Matter.

Ca. In this Matter it is Piety to contemn Father and Mother.

Eu. It is, I grant, sometimes a Piece of Piety to contemn Father or Mother for the Sake of Christ; but for all that, he would not act piously, that being a Christian, and had a Pagan to his Father, who had nothing but his Son's Charity to support him, should forsake him, and leave him to starve. If you had not to this Day profess'd Christ by Baptism, and your Parents should forbid you to be baptis'd, you would indeed then do piously to prefer Christ before your impious Parents; or if your Parents should offer to force you to do some impious, scandalous Thing, their Authority in that Case were to be contemned. But what is this to the Case of a Nunnery? You have Christ at home. You have the Dictates of Nature, the Approbation of Heaven, the Exhortation of St. *Paul*, and the Obligation of human Laws, for your Obedience to Parents; and will you now withdraw yourself from under the Authority of good and natural Parents, to give yourself up a Slave to a fictitious Father, rather than to your real Father, and a strange Mother instead of your true Mother, and to severe Masters and Mistresses rather than Parents? For you are so under your Parents Direction, that they would have you be at Liberty

wholly. And therefore Sons and Daughters are call'd [*liberi*] Children, because they are free from the Condition of Servants. You are now of a free Woman about to make yourself voluntarily a Slave. The Clemency of the Christian Religion has in a great Measure cast out of the World the old Bondage, saving only some obscure Foot-Steps in some few Places. But there is now a Days found out under pretence of Religion a new Sort of Servitude, as they now live indeed in many Monasteries. You must do nothing there but by a Rule, and then all that you lose they get. If you offer to step but one Step out of the Door, you're lugg'd back again just like a Criminal that had poison'd her Father. And to make the Slavery yet the more evident, they change the Habit your Parents gave you, and after the Manner of those Slaves in old Time, bought and sold in the Market, they change the very Name that was given you in Baptism, and *Peter* or *John* are call'd *Francis*, or *Dominic*, or *Thomas*. *Peter* first gives his Name up to Christ, and being to be enter'd into *Dominic*'s Order, he's called *Thomas*. If a military Servant casts off the Garment his Master gave him, is he not look'd upon to have renounc'd his Master ? And do we applaud him that takes upon him a Habit that Christ the Master of us all never gave him ? He is punish'd more severely for the changing it again, than if he had a hundred Times thrown away the Livery of his Lord and Emperor, which is the Innocency of his Mind.

Ca. But they say, it is a meritorious Work to enter into this voluntary Confinement.

Eu. That is a pharisaical Doctrine. St. *Paul* teacheth us otherwise, *and will not have him that is called free, make himself a Servant, but rather endeavour that he may be more free:* And this makes the Servitude the worse, that you must serve many Masters, and those most commonly Fools too, and Debauchees ; and besides that, they are uncertain, being every now and then new. But answer me this one Thing, I beseech you, do any Laws discharge you from your Duty to your Parents ?

Ca. No.

Eu. Can you buy or sell an Estate against your Parents Consent ?

Ca. No, I can't.

Eu. What Right have you then to give away yourself to I know not whom, against your Parents Consent ? Are you not their Child, the dearest and most appropriate Part of their Possession ?

Ca. In the Business of Religion, the Laws of Nature give Place.

Eu. The great Point of our Religion lies in our Baptism : But the Matter in Question here is, only the changing of a Habit, or of such a Course of Life, which in itself is neither Good nor Evil. And now consider but this one Thing, how many valuable Privileges you lose, together with your Liberty. Now, if you have a Mind to read, pray, or sing, you may go into your own Chamber, as much and as often as you please. When you have enough of Retirement, you may go to Church, hear Anthems, Prayers and Sermons ; and if you see any Matron or Virgin remarkable for Piety, in whose Company you may get good ; if you see any Man that is endow'd with singular Probity, from whom you may learn what will make for your bettering, you may have their Conversation ; and you may chuse that Preacher that preaches Christ most purely. When once you come into a Cloyster, all these Things, that are the greatest Assistances in the Promotion of true Piety, you lose at once.

Ca. But in the mean Time I shall not be a Nun.

Eu. What signifies the Name ? Consider the Thing itself. They make their boast of Obedience, and won't you be praise-worthy, in being obedient to your Parents, your Bishop and your Pastor, whom God has commanded you to obey ? Do you profess Poverty ? And may not you too, when all is in your Parents Hands ? Although the Virgins of former Times were in an especial Manner commended by holy Men, for their Liberality towards the Poor ; but they could never have given any Thing, if they had possessed

nothing. Nor will your Charity be ever the less for living with your Parents. And what is there more in a Convent than these? A Vail, a Linnen-Shift turned into a Stole, and certain Ceremonies, which of themselves signify nothing to the Advancement of Piety, and make no Body more acceptable in the Eyes of Christ, who only regards the Purity of the Mind.

Ca. This is News to me.

Eu. But it is true News. When you, not being discharg'd from the Government of your Parents, can't dispose of, or sell so much as a Rag, or an Inch of Ground, what Right can you pretend to for disposing of yourself into the Service of a Stranger?

Ca. They say, that the Authority of a Parent does not hinder a Child from entering into a religious Life.

Eu. Did you not make Profession of Religion in your Baptism?

Ca. Yes.

Eu. And are not they religious Persons that conform to the Precepts of Christ?

Ca. They are so.

Eu. What new Religion is that then, which makes that void, that the Law of Nature had establish'd? What the old Law hath taught, and the Gospel approv'd, and the Apostles confirm'd? That is an Ordinance that never came from Heaven, but was hatch'd by a Company of Monks in their Cells. And after this Manner, some of them undertake to justify a Marriage between a Boy and a Girl, though without the Privity, and against the Consent of their Parents; if the Contract be (as they phrase it) in Words of the present Tense. And yet that Position is neither according to the Dictate of Nature, the Law of *Moses*, or the Doctrine of *Christ* or his Apostles.

Ca. Do you think then, that I may not espouse myself to Christ without my Parents Consent?

Eu. I say, you have espous'd him already, and so we have all. Where is the Woman that marries the same Man

twice? The Question is here only about Places, Garments and Ceremonies. I don't think Duty to Parents is to be abandon'd for the Sake of these Things; and you ought to look to it, that instead of espousing Christ, you don't espouse some Body else.

Ca. But I am told, that in this Case it is a Piece of the highest Sanctity, even to contemn ones Parents.

Eu. Pray, require these Doctors to shew you a Text for it, out of the holy Scriptures, that teach this Doctrine; but if they can't do this, bid them drink off a good large Bumper of *Burgundian* Wine: That they can do bravely. It is indeed a Piece of Piety to fly from wicked Parents to Christ: But to fly from pious Parents to a Monkery, that is (as it too often proves) to fly from ought to stark naught. What Pity is that I pray? Although in old Time, he that was converted from Paganism to Christianity, paid yet as great a Reverence to his idolatrous Parents, as it was possible to do without prejudice to Religion itself.

Ca. Are you then against the main Institution of a monastick Life?

Eu. No, by no Means: But as I will not persuade any Body against it, that is already engag'd in this Sort of Life, to endeavour to get out of it, so I would most undoubtedly caution all young Women; especially those of generous Tempers, not to precipitate themselves unadvisedly into that State from whence there is no getting out afterwards: And the rather, because their Chastity is more in Danger in a Cloyster than out of it; and beside that, you may do whatsoever is done there as well at Home.

Ca. You have indeed urg'd many, and very considerable Arguments; yet this Affection of mine can't be removed.

Eu. If I can't dissuade you from it, as I wish heartily I could, however, remember this one Thing, that *Eubulus* told you before Hand. In the mean Time, out of the Love I bear you, I wish your Inclinations may succeed better than my Counsel.

The PENITENT VIRGIN.

The ARGUMENT.

A Virgin repenting before she had profess'd herself, goes Home again to her Parents. The crafty Tricks of the Monks are detected, who terrify and frighten unexperienced Minds into their Cloysters, by feign'd Apparitions and Visions.

EUBULUS, CATHERINE.

Eu. I could always wish to have such a Porter.

Ca. And I to have such Visitors.

Eu. But fare you well, *Kitty.*

Ca. What's the Matter, do you take Leave before you salute?

Eu. I did not come hither to see you cry: What's the Matter, that as soon as ever you see me, the Tears stand in your Eyes?

Ca. Why in such Haste? Stay a little; pray stay. I'll put on my better Looks, and we'll be merry together.

Eu. What Sort of Cattle have we got here?

Ca. 'Tis the Patriarch of the College: Don't go away, they have had their Dose of Fuddle: Stay but a little While, and as soon as he is gone, we will discourse as we use to do.

Eu. Well, I'll be so good natur'd as to hearken to you, though you would not to me. Now we are alone, you must tell me the whole Story, I would fain have it from your Mouth.

Ca. Now I have found by Experience, of all my Friends, which I took to be very wise Men too, that no Body gave more wise and grave Advice than you, that are the youngest of 'em all.

Eu. Tell me, how did you get your Parents Consent at last?

Ca. First, by the restless Sollicitations of the Monks and Nuns, and then by my own Importunities and Tears, my Mother was at length brought over; but my Father stood out stiffly still: But at last being ply'd by several Engines, he was prevail'd upon to yield; but yet, rather like one that was forced, than that consented. The Matter was concluded in their Cups, and they preach'd Damnation to him, if he refus'd to let Christ have his Spouse.

Eu. O the Villany of Fools! But what then?

Ca. I was kept close at Home for three Days; but in the mean Time there were always with me some Women of the College that they call *Convertites*, mightily encouraging me to persist in my holy Resolution, and watching me narrowly, lest any of my Friends or Kindred should come at me, and make me alter my Mind. In the mean While, my Habit was making ready, and the Provision for the Feast.

Eu. How did you find yourself? Did not your Mind misgive you yet?

Ca. No, not at all; and yet I was so horridly frighted, that I had rather die ten Times over, than suffer the same again.

Eu. What was that, pray?

Ca. It is not to be uttered.

Eu. Come, tell me freely, you know I'm your Friend.

Ca. Will you keep Counsel?

Eu. I should do that without promising, and I hope you know me better than to doubt of it.

Ca. I had a most dreadful Apparition.

Eu. Perhaps it was your evil Genius that push'd you on to this.

Ca. I am fully persuaded it was an evil Spirit.

Eu. Tell me what Shape it was in. Was it such as we use to paint with a crooked Beak, long Horns, Harpies Claws, and swinging Tail?

Ca. You make a Game of it, but I had rather sink into the Earth, than see such another.

Eu. And were your Women Sollicitresses with you then?

Ca. No, nor I would not so much as open my Lips of it to them, though they sifted me most particularly about it, when they found me almost dead with the Surprise.

Eu. Shall I tell you what it was?

Ca. Do if you can.

Eu. Those Women had certainly bewitch'd you, or conjur'd your Brain out of your Head rather. But did you persist in your Resolution still, for all this?

Ca. Yes, for they told me, that many were thus troubled upon their first consecrating themselves to Christ; but if they got the better of the Devil that Bout, he'd let them alone for ever after.

Eu. Well, what Pomp were you carried out with?

Ca. They put on all my Finery, let down my Hair, and dress'd me just as if it had been for my Wedding.

Eu. To a fat Monk, perhaps; Hem! a Mischief take this Cough.

Ca. I was carried from my Father's House to the College by broad Day-Light, and a World of People staring at me.

Eu. O these Scaramouches, how they know to wheedle the poor People! How many Days did you continue in that holy College of Virgins, forsooth?

Ca. Till Part of the twelfth Day.

Eu. But what was it that changed your Mind, that had been so resolutely bent upon it?

Ca. I must not tell you what it was, but it was something very considerable. When I had been there six Days, I sent for my Mother; I begged of her, and besought her, as she lov'd my Life, to get me out of the College again. She would not hear on't, but bad me hold to my Resolution. Upon that I sent for my Father, but he chid me too, telling me, that I had made him master his Affections, and that now he'd make me master mine, and not disgrace him, by starting from my Purpose. At last, when I saw that I could do no good with them this Way, I told my Father and Mother both, that to please them, I would submit to

die, and that would certainly be my Fate, if they did not take me out, and that very quickly too; and upon this, they took me Home.

Eu. It was very well that you recanted before you had profess'd yourself for good and all: But still, I don't hear what it was changed your Mind so suddenly.

Ca. I never told any Mortal yet, nor shall.

Eu. What if I should guess?

Ca. I'm sure you can't guess it; and if you do, I won't tell you.

Eu. Well, for all that, I guess what it was. But in the mean Time, you have been at a great Charge.

Ca. Above 400 Crowns.

Eu. O these guttling Nuptials! Well, but I am glad though the Money is gone, that you're safe: For the Time to come, hearken to good Counsel when it is given you.

Ca. So I will. *The burnt Child dreads the Fire.*

The UNEASY WIFE.

The ARGUMENT.

This Colloquy, entitled, The uneasy Wife: *Or,* Uxor Μεμψίγαμος, *treats of many Things that relate to the mutual Nourishment of conjugal Affection. Concerning the concealing a Husband's Faults; of not interrupting conjugal Benevolence; of making up Differences; of mending a Husband's Manners; of a Woman's Condescention to her Husband. What is the Beauty of a Woman; she disgraces herself, that disgraces her Husband; that the Wife ought to submit to the Husband; that the Husband ought not to be out of Humour when the Wife is; and on the Contrary; that they ought to study mutual Concord, since there is no Room for Advice; that they ought to conceal one another's Faults, and not expose one another; that it is in the Power of the Wife to mend her Husband; that she ought to carry herself engagingly, learn his Humour, what provokes him or appeases him; that all Things be in Order at Home; that he have what he likes best to eat; that if the Husband be vext, the Wife don't laugh; if he be angry, that she should speak pleasantly to him, or hold her Tongue; that what she blames him for, should be betwixt themselves; the Method of admonishing; that she ought to make her Complaint to no Body but her Husband's Parents;*

or to some peculiar Friends that have an Influence upon him. The Example of a prudent Man, excellently managing a young morose Wife, by making his Complaint to her Father. Another of a prudent Wife, that by her good Carriage reformed a Husband that frequented leud Company. Another of a Man that had beaten his Wife in his angry Fit; that Husbands are to be overcome, brought into Temper by Mildness, Sweetness, and Kindness; that there should be no Contention in the Chamber or in the Bed; but that Care should be taken, that nothing but Pleasantness and Engagingness be there. The Girdle of Venus *is Agreeableness of Manners. Children make a mutual Amity. That a Woman separated from her Husband, is nothing: Let her always be mindful of the Respect that is due to a Husband.*

EULALIA, XANTIPPE.

Eu. Most welcome *Xantippe*, a good Morning to you.

Xa. I wish you the same, my dear *Eulalia*. Methinks you look prettier than you use to do.

Eu. What, do you begin to banter me already?

Xa. No, upon my Word, for you seem so to me.

Eu. Perhaps then my new Cloaths may set me off to Advantage.

Xa. You guess right, it is one of the prettiest Suits I ever beheld in all my Life. It is *English* Cloth, I suppose.

Eu. It is indeed of *English* Wool, but it is a *Venetian* Dye.

Xa. It is as soft as Silk, and 'tis a charming Purple. Who gave you this fine Present?

Eu. My Husband. From whom should a virtuous Wife receive Presents but from him?

Xa. Well, you are a happy Woman, that you are, to have

such a good Husband. For my Part, I wish I had been married to a Mushroom when I was married to my *Nick.*

Eu. Why so, pray? What! is it come to an open Rupture between you already?

Xa. There is no Possibility of agreeing with such a one as I have got. You see what a ragged Condition I am in; so he lets me go like a Dowdy! May I never stir, if I an't asham'd to go out of Doors any whither, when I see how fine other Women are, whose Husbands are nothing nigh so rich as mine is.

Eu. The Ornament of a Matron does not consist in fine Cloaths or other Deckings of the Body, as the Apostle *Peter* teaches, for I heard that lately in a Sermon; but in chaste and modest Behaviour, and the Ornaments of the Mind. Whores are trick'd up to take the Eyes of many, but we are well enough drest, if we do but please our own Husbands.

Xa. But mean while this worthy Tool of mine, that is so sparing toward his Wife, lavishly squanders away the Portion I brought along with me, which by the Way was not a mean one.

Eu. In what?

Xa. Why, as the Maggot bites, sometimes at the Tavern, sometimes upon his Whores, sometimes a gaming.

Eu. O fie, you should never say so of your Husband.

Xa. But I'm sure 'tis too true; and then when he comes Home, after I have been waiting for him till I don't know what Time at Night, as drunk as *David*'s Sow, he does nothing but lye snoring all Night long by my Side, and sometimes bespues the Bed too, to say nothing more.

Eu. Hold your Tongue: You disgrace yourself in disgracing your Husband.

Xa. Let me dye, if I had not rather lye with a Swine than such a Husband as I have got.

Eu. Don't you scold at him then?

Xa. Yes, indeed, I use him as he deserves. He finds I have got a Tongue in my Head.

Eu. Well, and what does he say to you again?

Xa. At first he used to hector at me lustily, thinking to fright me with his big Words.

Eu. Well, and did your Words never come to downright Blows?

Xa. Once, and but once, and then the Quarrel rose to that Height on both Sides, that we were within an Ace of going to Fisty-Cuffs.

Eu. How, Woman! say you so?

Xa. He held up his Stick at me, swearing and cursing like a Foot-Soldier, and threatening me dreadfully.

Eu. Were not you afraid then?

Xa. Nay, I snatch'd up a three legg'd Stool, and if he had but touch'd me with his Finger, he should have known he had to do with a Woman of Spirit.

Eu. Ah! my *Xantippe*, that was not becoming.

Xa. What becoming? If he does not use me like a Wife, I won't use him like a Husband.

Eu. But St. *Paul* teaches, that Wives ought to be subject to their own Husbands with all Reverence. And St. *Peter* proposes the Example of *Sarah* to us, who call'd her Husband *Abraham* Lord.

Xa. I have heard those Things, but the same *Paul* likewise teaches that *Men should love their Wives as Christ lov'd his Spouse the Church.* Let him remember his Duty and I'll remember mine.

Eu. But nevertheless when Things are come to that Pass that one must submit to the other, it is but reasonable that the Wife submit to her Husband.

Xa. Yes indeed, if he deserves the Name of a Husband who uses me like a Kitchen Wench.

Eu. But tell me, *Xantippe*, did he leave off threatening after this?

Xa. He did leave off, and it was his Wisdom so to do, or else he would have been thresh'd.

Eu. But did not you leave off Scolding at him?

Xa. No, nor never will.

Eu. But what does he do in the mean Time?

Xa. What! Why sometimes he pretends himself to be fast asleep, and sometimes does nothing in the World but laugh at me; sometimes he catches up his Fiddle that has but three Strings, scraping upon it with all his Might, and drowns the Noise of my Bawling.

Eu. And does not that vex you to the Heart?

Xa, Ay, so that it is impossible to be express'd, so that sometimes I can scarce keep my Hands off of him.

Eu. Well, my *Xantippe*, give me Leave to talk a little freely with you.

Xa. I do give you Leave.

Eu. Nay, you shall use the same Freedom with me. Our Intimacy, which has been in a Manner from our very Cradles, requires this.

Xa. You say true, nor was there any of my Playfellows that I more dearly lov'd than you.

Eu. Let your Husband be as bad as bad can be, think upon this, That there is no changing. Heretofore, indeed, Divorce was a Remedy for irreconcilable Disagreements, but now this is entirely taken away: He must be your Husband and you his Wife to the very last Day of Life.

Xa. The Gods did very wrong that depriv'd us of this Privilege.

Eu. Have a Care what you say. It was the Will of Christ.

Xa. I can scarce believe it.

Eu. It is as I tell you. Now you have nothing left to do but to study to suit your Tempers and Dispositions one to another, and agree together.

Xa. Do you think, I can be able to new-make him?

Eu. It does not a little depend upon the Wives, what Men Husbands shall be.

Xa. Do you and your Husband agree very well together?

Eu. All is quiet with us now.

Xa. Well then, you had some Difference at first.

Eu. Never any Thing of a Storm; but yet, as it is com-

mon with human Kind, sometimes a few small Clouds would rise, which might have produc'd a Storm, if it had not been prevented by Condescention. Every one has his Humours, and every one their Fancies, and if we would honestly speak the Truth, every one his Faults, more or less, which if in any State, certainly in Matrimony we ought to connive at, and not to hate.

Xa. You speak very right.

Eu. It frequently happens that that mutual Love that ought to be between the Husband and Wife is cooled before they come to be throughly acquainted one with another. This is the first Thing that ought to be provided against; for when a Spirit of Dissention is once sprung up, it is a difficult Matter to bring them to a Reconciliation, especially if it ever proceeded so far as to come to reproachful Reflections. Those Things that are joined together with Glue, are easily pull'd one from another if they be handled roughly as soon as done, but when once they have been fast united together, and the Glue is dry, there is nothing more firm. For this Reason, all the Care possible is to be taken that good Will between Man and Wife be cultivated and confirmed even in the Infancy of Matrimony. This is principally effected by Obsequiousness, and an Agreeableness of Tempers. For that Love that is founded only upon Beauty, is for the most part but short-liv'd.

Xa. But prithee tell me by what Arts you brought your Husband to your Humour.

Eu. I'll tell you for this End, that you may copy after me.

Xa. Well, I will, if I can.

Eu. It will be very easy to do, if you will; nor is it too late yet; for he is in the Flower of his Youth, and you are but a Girl; and as I take it, have not been married this Twelve Months yet.

Xa. You are very right.

Eu. Then I'll tell you; but upon Condition, that you'll not speak of it.

Xa. Well, I will not.

Eu. It was my first Care that I might please my Husband in every Respect, that nothing might give him Offence. I diligently observed his Inclinations and Temper, and also observed what were his easiest Moments, what Things pleas'd him, and what vex'd him, as they use to do who tame *Elephants* and *Lions*, or such Sort of Creatures, that can't be master'd by downright Strength.

Xa. And such an Animal have I at Home.

Eu. Those that go near Elephants, wear no Garment that is white; nor those who manage Bulls, red; because it is found by Experience, that these Creatures are made fierce by these Colours, just as Tygers are made so raging mad by the Sound of a Drum, that they will tear their own selves; and Jockies have particular Sounds, and Whistles, and Stroakings, and other Methods to sooth Horses that are mettlesome: How much more does it become us to use these Acts towards our Husbands, with whom, whether we will or no, we must live all our Lives at Bed and Board?

Xa. Well, go on with what you have begun.

Eu. Having found out his Humour, I accommodated myself to him, taking Care that nothing should offend him.

Xa. How could you do that?

Eu. I was very diligent in the Care of my Family, which is the peculiar Province of Women, that nothing was neglected, and that every Thing should be suitable to his Temper, altho' it were in the most minute Things.

Xa. What Things?

Eu. Suppose my Husband peculiarly fancied such a Dish of Meat, or liked it dress'd after such a Manner; or if he lik'd his Bed made after such or such a Manner.

Xa. But how could you humour one who was never at Home, or was drunk?

Eu. Have Patience, I was coming to that Point. If at any Time my Husband seem'd to be melancholy, and did not much care for talking, I did not laugh, and put on a gay Humour, as some Women are us'd to do; but I put on a

grave demure Countenance, as well as he. For as a Looking-glass, if it be a true one, represents the Face of the Person that looks into it, so a Wife ought to frame herself to the Temper of her Husband, not to be chearful when he is melancholy, nor be merry when he is in a Passion. And if at any Time he was in a Passion, I either endeavoured to sooth him with fair Words, or held my Tongue till his Passion was over; and having had Time to cool, Opportunity offered, either of clearing myself, or of admonishing him. I took the same Method, if at any Time he came Home fuddled, and at such a Time never gave him any Thing but tender Language, that by kind Expressions, I might get him to go to Bed.

Xa. That is indeed a very unhappy Portion for Wives, if they must only humour their Husbands, when they are in a Passion, and doing every Thing that they have a Mind to do.

Eu. As tho' this Duty were not reciprocal, and that our Husbands are not forc'd to bear with many of our Humours: However, there is a Time, when a Wife may take the Freedom in a Matter of some Importance to advise her Husband; but as for small Faults, it is better to wink at them.

Xa. But what Time is that?

Eu. When his Mind is serene; when he's neither in a Passion, nor in the Hippo, nor in Liquor; then being in private, you may kindly advise him, but rather intreat him, that he would act more prudently in this or that Matter, relating either to his Estate, Reputation, or Health. And this very Advice is to be season'd with witty Jests and Pleasantries. Sometimes by Way of Preface, I make a Bargain with him before-Hand, that he shall not be angry with me, if being a foolish Woman, I take upon me to advise him in any Thing, that might seem to concern his Honour, Health, or Preservation. When I have said what I had a Mind to say, I break off that Discourse, and turn it into some other more entertaining Subject. For, my *Xantippe*, this is the Fault of us Women, that when once we have begun, we don't know when to make an End.

Xa. Why, so they say, indeed.

Eu. This chiefly I observed as a Rule, never to chide my Husband before Company, nor to carry any Complaints out of Doors. What passes between two People, is more easily made up, than when once it has taken Air. Now if any Thing of that kind shall happen, that cannot be born with, and that the Husband can't be cur'd by the Admonition of his Wife, it is more prudent for the Wife to carry her Complaints to her Husband's Parents and Kindred, than to her own; and so to soften her Complaint, that she mayn't seem to hate her Husband, but her Husband's Vices: And not to blab out all neither, that her Husband may tacitly own and love his Wife for her Civility.

Xa. A Woman must needs be a Philosopher, who can be able to do this.

Eu. By this Deportment we invite our Husbands to return the Civility.

Xa. But there are some Brutes in the World, whom you cannot amend, by the utmost good Carriage.

Eu. In Truth, I don't think it: But put the Case there are: First, consider this; a Husband must be born with, let him be as bad as he will. It is better therefore to bear with him as he is, or made a little better by our courteous Temper, than by our Outrageousness to make him grow every Day worse and worse. What if I should give Instances of Husbands, who by the like civil Treatment have altered their Spouses much for the better? How much more does it become us to use our Husbands after this Manner?

Xa. You will give an Instance then of a Man, that is as unlike my Husband, as black is from white.

Eu. I have the Honour to be acquainted with a Gentleman of a noble Family; Learned, and of singular Address and Dexterity; he married a young Lady, a Virgin of seventeen Years of Age, that had been educated all along in the Country in her Father's House, as Men of Quality love to reside in the Country, for the Sake of Hunting and

Fowling: He had a Mind to have a raw unexperienc'd Maid, that he might the more easily form her Manners to his own Humour. He began to instruct her in Literature and Musick, and to use her by Degrees to repeat the Heads of Sermons, which she heard, and to accomplish her with other Things, which would afterwards be of Use to her. Now these Things being wholly new to the Girl, which had been brought up at Home, to do nothing but gossip and play, she soon grew weary of this Life, she absolutely refus'd to submit to what her Husband requir'd of her; and when her Husband press'd her about it, she would cry continually, sometimes she would throw herself flat on the Ground, and beat her Head against the Ground, as tho' she wish'd for Death. Her Husband finding there was no End of this, conceal'd his Resentment, gave his Wife an Invitation to go along with him into the Country to his Father-in-Law's House, for the Sake of a little Diversion. His Wife very readily obey'd him in this Matter. When they came there, the Husband left his Wife with her Mother and Sisters, and went a Hunting with his Father-in-Law; there having taken him aside privately, he tells his Father-in-law, that whereas he was in good Hopes to have had an agreeable Companion of his Daughter, he now had one that was always a crying, and fretting herself; nor could she be cured by any Admonitions, and intreats him to lend a helping Hand to cure his Daughter's Disorder. His Father-in-Law made him answer, that he had once put his Daughter into his Hand, and if she did not obey him, he might use his Authority, and cudgel her into a due Submission. The Son-in-Law replies, I know my own Power, but I had much rather she should be reform'd by your Art or Authority, than to come to these Extremities. The Father-in-Law promis'd him to take some Care about the Matter: So a Day or two after, he takes a proper Time and Place, when he was alone with his Daughter, and looking austerely upon her, begins in telling her how homely she was, and how disagreeable as to her Disposition, and how often he had

been in Fear that he should never be able to get her a Husband: But after much Pains, says he, I found you such a one, that the best Lady of the Land would have been glad of; and yet, you not being sensible what I have done for you, nor considering that you have such a Husband, who if he were not the best natur'd Man in the World, would scarce do you the Honour to take you for one of his Maid Servants, you are disobedient to him: To make short of my Story, the Father grew so hot in his Discourse, that he seem'd to be scarce able to keep his Hands off her; for he was so wonderful cunning a Man, that he would act any Part, as well as any Comedian. The young Lady, partly for Fear, and partly convinc'd by the Truth of what was told her, fell down at her Father's Feet, beseeching him to forget past Faults, and for the Time to come, she would be mindful of her Duty. Her Father freely forgave her, and also promised, that he would be to her a very indulgent Father, provided she perform'd what she promis'd.

Xa. Well, what happened after that?

Eu. The young Lady going away, after her Father's Discourse was ended, went directly into her Chamber, and finding her Husband alone, she fell down on her Knees, and said, Husband, till this very Moment, I neither knew you nor myself; but from this Time forward, you shall find me another Sort of Person; only, I intreat you to forget what is past. The Husband receiv'd this Speech with a Kiss, and promised to do every Thing she could desire, if she did but continue in that Resolution.

Xa. What! Did she continue in it?

Eu. Even to her dying Day; nor was any Thing so mean, but she readily and chearfully went about it, if her Husband would have it so. So great a Love grew, and was confirm'd between them. Some Years after, the young Lady would often congratulate herself, that she had happen'd to marry such a Husband, which had it not happen'd, said she, I had been the most wretched Woman alive.

Xa. Such Husbands are as scarce now a Days as white Crows.

Eu. Now if it will not be tedious to you, I'll tell you a Story, that lately happen'd in this City, of a Husband that was reclaimed by the good Management of his Wife.

Xa. I have nothing to do at present, and your Conversation is very diverting.

Eu. There is a certain Gentleman of no mean Descent; he, like the rest of his Quality, used often to go a Hunting: Being in the Country, he happen'd to see a young Damsel, the Daughter of a poor old Woman, and began to fall desperately in love with her. He was a Man pretty well in Years; and for the Sake of this young Maid, he often lay out a Nights, and his Pretence for it was Hunting. His Wife, a Woman of an admirable Temper, suspecting something more than ordinary, went in search to find out her Husband's Intrigues, and having discover'd them, by I can't tell what Method, she goes to the Country Cottage, and learnt all the Particulars where he lay, what he drank, and what Manner of Entertainment he had at Table. There was no Furniture in the House, nothing but naked Walls. The Gentlewoman goes Home, and quickly after goes back again, carrying with her a handsome Bed and Furniture, some Plate and Money, bidding them to treat him with more Respect, if at any Time he came there again. A few Days after, her Husband steals an Opportunity to go thither, and sees the Furniture increas'd, and finds his Entertainment more delicate than it us'd to be; he enquir'd from whence this unaccustomed Finery came: They said, that a certain honest Gentlewoman of his Acquaintance, brought these Things; and gave them in Charge, that he should be treated with more Respect for the future. He presently suspected that this was done by his Wife. When he came Home, he ask'd her if she had been there. She did not deny it. Then he ask'd her for what Reason she had sent thither that household Furniture? My Dear, says she, you are us'd to a handsomer Way of Living: I found that you far'd hardly there, I thought it my Duty, since you took a Fancy to the Place, that your Reception should be more agreeable.

Xa. A Wife good even to an Excess. I should sooner have sent him a Bundle of Nettles and Thorns, than furnish'd him with a fine Bed.

Eu. But hear the Conclusion of my Story; the Gentleman was so touch'd, seeing so much good Nature and Temper in his Wife, that he never after that violated her Bed, but solaced himself with her at Home. I know you know *Gilbert* the *Dutchman.*

Xa. I know him.

Eu. He, you know, in the prime of his Age, marry'd a Gentlewoman well stricken in Years, and in a declining Age.

Xa. It may be he marry'd the Portion, and not the Woman.

Eu. So it was. He having an Aversion to his Wife, was over Head and Ears in Love with a young Woman, with whom he us'd ever and anon to divert himself abroad. He very seldom either din'd or supp'd at home. What would you have done, if this had been your Case, *Xantippe*?

Xa. Why I would have torn his beloved Strumpet's Headcloths off, and I would have wash'd him well with a Chamber-Pot, when he was going to her, that he might have gone thus perfum'd to his Entertainment.

Eu. But how much more prudently did this Gentlewoman behave herself. She invited his Mistress home to her House, and treated her with all the Civility imaginable. So she kept her Husband without any magical Charms. And if at any Time he supp'd abroad with her, she sent them thither some Nicety or other, desiring them to be merry together.

Xa. As for me, I would sooner chuse to lose my Life than to be Bawd to my own Husband.

Eu. But in the mean Time, pray consider the Matter soberly and coolly. Was not this much better, than if she had by her ill Temper totally alienated her Husband's Affections from her, and spent her whole Life in quarrelling and brawling.

Xa. I believe, that of two Evils it was the least, but I could never have submitted to it.

Eu. I will add one more, and then I'll have done with Examples. A next Door Neighbour of ours is a very honest, good Man, but a little too subject to Passion. One Day he beat his Wife, a Woman of commendable Prudence. She immediately withdrew into a private Room, and there gave Vent to her Grief by Tears and Sighs. Soon after upon some Occasion her Husband came into the Room, and found his Wife all in Tears. What's the Matter, says he, that you're crying and sobbing like a Child? To which she prudently reply'd, Why, says she, is it not much better to lament my Misfortune here, than if I should make a Bawling in the Street, as other Women do? The Man's Mind was so overcome and mollified by this Answer, so like a Wife, that giving her his Hand, he made a solemn Promise to his Wife, he would never lay his Hand upon her after, as long as he liv'd. Nor did he ever do it.

Xa. I have obtain'd as much from my Husband, but by a different Conduct.

Eu. But in the mean Time there are perpetual Wars between you.

Xa. What then would you have me to do?

Eu. If your Husband offers you any Affront, you must take no Notice of it, but endeavour to gain his good Will by all good Offices, courteous Carriage, and Meekness of Spirit, and by these Methods, you will in Time, either wholly reclaim him, or at least you will live with him much more easy than now you do.

Xa. Ay, but he's too ill-natur'd to be wrought upon by all the kind Offices in the World.

Eu. Hold, don't say so, there is no Beast that is so savage but he may be tam'd by good Management; therefore don't despair of it as to a Man. Do but make the Experiment for a few Months, and if you do not find that this Advice has been of Benefit to you, blame me. And there are also some Faults that you must wink at; but above all Things, it is my Opinion, you ought to avoid ever to begin any Quarrel either in the Bed-Chamber, or in Bed, and to take a

special Care that every Thing there be chearful and pleasant. For if that Place which is consecrated for the wiping out old Miscarriages and the cementing of Love, comes to be unhallowed by Contention and Sourness of Temper, all Remedy for the Reconcilement is taken away. For there are some Women of so morose Tempers that they will be querulous, and scold even while the Rites of Love are performing, and will by the Uneasiness of their Tempers render that Fruition itself disagreeable which is wont to discharge the Minds of Men from any Heart-burning, that they may have had; and by this Means they spoil that Cordial, by which Misunderstandings in Matrimony might be cured.

Xa. That has been often my Case.

Eu. And tho' it ought always to be the Care of a Wife, not to make her Husband uneasy in any Thing; yet that ought to be especially her Care to study, in conjugal Embraces to render herself by all ways possible, agreeable and delightful to her Husband.

Xa. To a Man, indeed! But I have to do with an untractable Beast.

Eu. Come, come, leave off Railing. For the most part Husbands are made bad, by our bad Conduct. But to return to our Argument, those that are conversant in the antient Fables of the Poets, tell you that *Venus*, (whom they make a Goddess, that presides over Matrimony) had a Girdle or *Cestus* which was made for her by *Vulcan*'s Art, in which were interwoven all bewitching Ingredients of an amorous Medicament, and that she put this on whenever she went to bed to her Husband.

Xa. I hear a Fable.

Eu. It is true: But hear the Moral of it.

Xa. Tell it me.

Eu. That teaches that a Wife ought to use all the Care imaginable to be so engaging to her Husband in conjugal Embraces, that matrimonial Affection may be retain'd and renew'd, and if there has been any Distaste or Aversion, it may be expell'd the Mind.

Xa. But where can a Body get this Girdle?

Eu. There is no Need of Witchcrafts and Spells to procure one. There is no Enchantment so effectual as Virtue, join'd with a Sweetness of Disposition.

Xa. I can't be able to bring myself to humour such a Husband as I have got.

Eu. But this is for your Interest, that he would leave off to be such a bad Husband. If you could by *Circe*'s Art transform your Husband into a Swine or a Bear, would you do it?

Xa. I can't tell, whether I should or no.

Eu. Which had you rather have, a Swine to your Husband, or a Man?

Xa. In Truth, I had rather have a Man.

Eu. Well, come on. What if you could by *Circe*'s Arts make him a sober Man of a Drunkard, a frugal Man of a Spendthrift, a diligent Man of an idle Fellow, would you not do it?

Xa. To be sure, I would do it. But how shall I attain the Art?

Eu. You have the Art in yourself, if you would but make Use of it. Whether you will or no he must be your Husband, and the better Man you make him, the more you consult your own Advantage. You only keep your Eyes fix'd upon his Faults, and those aggravate your Aversion to him; and only hold him by this Handle, which is such a one that he cannot be held by; but rather take Notice of what good Qualities he has, and hold him by this Handle, which is a Handle he may be held by: Before you married him, you had Time of considering what his Defects were. A Husband is not to be chosen by the Eyes only, but by the Ears too. Now 'tis your Time to cure him, and not to find Fault with him.

Xa. What Woman ever made Choice of a Husband by her Ears?

Eu. She chuses a Husband by her Eyes, which looks at nothing else but his Person and bare Outside: She chuses

him by her Ears, who carefully observes what Reputation he has in the World.

Xa. This is good Advice, but it is too late.

Eu. But it is not too late to endeavour to amend your Husband. It will contribute something to the Matter, if you could have any Children by him.

Xa. I have had one.

Eu. When?

Xa. A long Time ago.

Eu. How many Months?

Xa. Why, about Seven.

Eu. What do I hear! You put me in Mind of the Joke of the three Months Lying in.

Xa. By no Means.

Eu. It must be so, if you reckon from the Day of Marriage.

Xa. But I had some private Discourse with him before Marriage.

Eu. Are Children got by Talking?

Xa. He having by Chance got me into a Room by myself, began to play with me, tickling me about the Arm-pits and Sides, to make me laugh, and I not being able to bear being tickled any longer, threw myself flat upon the Bed, and he lying upon me, kiss'd me, and I don't know what he did to me besides; but this is certain, within a few Days after, my Belly began to swell.

Eu. Get you gone now, and slight a Husband, who if he can get Children jesting, what will he do if he sets about it in earnest?

Xa. I suspect that I am now with Child by him again.

Eu. O brave! to a good Soil, here's a good Ploughman to till it.

Xa. As to this Affair, he's better than I wish he was.

Eu. Very few Wives have this Complaint to make: But, I suppose, the Marriage Contract was made between you, before this happened.

Xa. It was made.

Eu. Then the Sin was so much the less. Is your Child a Boy?

Xa. It is.

Eu. That will reconcile you both, if you will but qualify yourself a little for it. What Sort of Character do your Husband's Companions give him? And what Company does he keep when he is abroad?

Xa. They give him the Character of an exceeding good-humour'd, courteous, generous Man, and a true Friend to his Friend.

Eu. These Things give me great Hopes, that he will become such as we would have him be.

Xa. But I am the only Person he is not so to.

Eu. Do you but be to him what I have told you, and if he does not begin to be so to you, instead of *Eulalia* (a good Speaker), call me *Pseudolalia* (a prating Liar); and besides, consider this, that he's but a young Man yet, I believe not above twenty-four Years of Age, and does not yet know what it is to be the Master of a Family. You must never think of a Divorce now.

Xa. But I have thought on it a great many Times.

Eu. But if ever that Thought comes into your Mind again, first of all consider with yourself, what an insignificant Figure a Woman makes when she is parted from her Husband. It is the greatest Glory of a Matron, to be obedient to her Husband. This Nature dictates, and it is the Will of God, that the Woman should wholly depend upon her Husband: Only think, as it really is, he is your Husband, you cannot have another. Then call to Mind that the little Boy belongs to you both. What would you do with him? Would you take him away with you? Then will you defraud your Husband of his own. Will you leave him to him? Then you will deprive yourself of that, than which nothing is more dear. Last of all, tell me, is there any Body that wishes you ill?

Xa. I have a Step-Mother, and a Mother-in-Law, as like her as may be.

Eu. And they wish you ill, do they?

Xa. They wish me in my Grave.

Eu. Then think of them likewise. What can you be able to do, that would be more grateful to them, than if they should see you divorc'd from your Husband; a Widow, nay, to live, a Widow bewitcht, worse than a Widow? For Widows may marry again.

Xa. I approve of your Advice; but can't bear the Thoughts of being always a Slave.

Eu. Recount what Pains you took before you could teach that Parrot to prattle.

Xa. A great Deal indeed.

Eu. And yet you think much to bestow a little Pains to mould your Husband, with whom you may live a pleasant Life all your Days. What a Deal of Pains do Men take to render a Horse tractable to them: And shall we think much to take a little Pains to render our Husbands more agreeable?

Xa. What must I do?

Eu. I have told you already, take Care that all Things be neat, and in Order at Home, that there be nothing discomposing, to make him go out of Doors; behave yourself easy and free to him, always remembring that Respect which is due from a Wife to a Husband. Let all Melancholy and ill-tim'd Gaiety be banished out of Doors; be not morose nor frolicksome. Let your Table be handsomely provided. You know your Husband's Palate, dress that which he likes best. Behave yourself courteously and affably to those of his Acquaintance he respects. Invite them frequently to Dinner; let all Things be pleasant and chearful at Table. Lastly, if at any Time he happens to come Home a little merry with Wine, and shall fall to playing on his Fiddle, do you sing to him, so you will gradually inure your Husband to keep at Home, and also lessen his Expences: For he will thus reason with himself; was not I mad with a Witness, who live abroad with a nasty Harlot, to the apparent Prejudice of my Estate and Reputation, when I have at Home a

Wife much more entertaining and affectionate to me, with whom I may be entertained more handsomely and more plentifully?

Xa. Do you think I shall succeed, if I try?

Eu. Look to me for that. I engage that you will: In the mean Time I'll talk to your Husband, and put him in Mind of his Duty.

Xa. I approve of your Design; but take Care that he mayn't discover any Thing of what has past between us two, for he would throw the House out of the Windows.

Eu. Don't fear, I'll order my Discourse so by Turnings and Windings, that he shall tell me himself, what Quarrels have happened between you. When I have brought this about, I'll treat him after my Way, as engagingly as can be, and I hope, shall render him to you better temper'd: I'll likewise take Occasion to tell a Lie or two in your Favour, how lovingly and respectfully you spoke of him.

Xa. Heaven prosper both our Undertakings.

Eu. It will, I doubt not, if you are not wanting to yourself.

The SOLDIER *and* CARTHUSIAN.

The ARGUMENT.

This Colloquy sets out to the Life, the Madness of young Men that run into the Wars, and the Life of a pious Carthusian, which without the love of Study, can't but be melancholy and unpleasant. The Manners of Soldiers, the Manners and Diet of Carthusians. Advice in chusing a Way of getting a Livelihood. The Conveniency of a single Life, to be at Leisure for Reading and Meditation. Wicked Soldiers oftentimes butcher Men for a pitiful Reward. The daily Danger of a Soldier's Life.

The SOLDIER *and* CARTHUSIAN.

SOL. Good Morrow, my Brother.

Cart. Good Morrow to you, dear Cousin.

Sol. I scarce knew you.

Cart. Am I grown so old in two Years Time?

Sol. No; but your bald Crown, and your new Dress, make you look to me like another Sort of Creature.

Cart. It may be you would not know your own Wife, if she should meet you in a new Gown.

Sol. No; not if she was in such a one as yours.

Cart. But I know you very well, who are not altered as to your Dress; but your Face, and the whole Habit of your Body: Why, how many Colours are you painted with? No Bird had ever such a Variety of Feathers. How all is cut and slash'd! Nothing according to Nature or Fashion! your cut Hair, your half-shav'd Beard, and that Wood upon

your upper Lip, entangled and standing out straggling like the Whiskers of a Cat. Nor is it one single Scar that has disfigured your Face, that you may very well be taken for one of the *Samian literati*, [q. d. burnt in the Cheek] concerning whom there is a joking Proverb.

Sol. Thus it becomes a Man to come back from the Wars. But, pray, tell me, was there so great a Scarcity of good Physicians in this Quarter of the World?

Cart. Why do you ask?

Sol. Because you did not get the Distemper of your Brain cur'd, before you plung'd yourself into this Slavery.

Cart. Why, do you think I was mad then?

Sol. Yes, I do. What Occasion was there for you to be buried here, before your Time, when you had enough in the World to have lived handsomely upon?

Cart. What, don't you think I live in the World now?

Sol. No, by *Jove*.

Cart. Tell me why.

Sol. Because you can't go where you list. You are confin'd in this Place as in a Coop. Besides, your bald Pate, and your prodigious strange Dress, your Lonesomeness, your eating Fish perpetually, so that I admire you are not turn'd into a Fish.

Cart. If Men were turn'd into what they eat, you had long ago been turn'd into a Hog, for you us'd to be a mighty Lover of Pork.

Sol. I don't doubt but you have repented of what you have done, long enough before now, for I find very few that don't repent of it.

Cart. This usually happens to those who plunge themselves headlong into this Kind of Life, as if they threw themselves into a Well; but I have enter'd into it warily and considerately, having first made Trial of myself, and having duly examined the whole Ratio of this Way of Living, being twenty-eight Years of Age, at which Time, every one may be suppos'd to know himself. And as for the Place, you are confined in a small Compass as well as I, if you

compare it to the Extent of the whole World. Nor does it signify any Thing how large the Place is, as long as it wants nothing of the Conveniences of Life. There are many that seldom stir out of the City in which they were born, which if they were prohibited from going out, would be very uneasy, and would be wonderfully desirous to do it. This is a common Humour, that I am not troubled with. I fancy this Place to be the whole World to me, and this Map represents the whole Globe of the Earth, which I can travel over in Thought with more Delight and Security than he that sails to the new-found Islands.

Sol. What you say as to this, comes pretty near the Truth.

Cart. You can't blame me for shaving my Head, who voluntarily have your own Hair clipp'd, for Conveniency Sake. Shaving, to me, if it does nothing else, certainly keeps my Head more clean, and perhaps more healthful too. How many Noblemen at *Venice* shave their Heads all over? What has my Garment in it that is monstrous? Does it not cover my Body? Our Garments are for two Uses, to defend us from the Inclemency of the Weather, and to cover our Nakedness. Does not this Garment answer both these Ends? But perhaps the Colour offends you. What Colour is more becoming Christians than that which was given to all in Baptism? It has been said also, *Take a white Garment*; so that this Garment puts me in Mind of what I promised in Baptism, that is, the perpetual Study of Innocency. And besides, if you call that Solitude which is only a retiring from the Crowd, we have for this the Example, not only of our own, but of the ancient Prophets, the *Ethnick* Philosophers, and all that had any Regard to the keeping a good Conscience. Nay, Poets, Astrologers, and Persons devoted to such-like Arts, whensoever they take in Hand any Thing that's great and beyond the Sphere of the common People, commonly betake themselves to a Retreat. But why should you call this Kind of Life Solitude? The Conversation of one single Friend drives away the Tædium of Solitude. I have here more than sixteen Companions, fit for all Manner

of Conversation. And besides, I have Friends who come to visit me oftner than I would have them, or is convenient. Do I then, in your Opinion, live melancholy?

Sol. But you cannot always have these to talk with.

Cart. Nor is it always expedient: For Conversation is the pleasanter, for being something interrupted.

Sol. You don't think amiss; for even to me myself, Flesh relishes much better after Lent.

Cart. And more than that, when I seem to be most alone, I don't want Companions, which are by far more delightful and entertaining than those common Jesters.

Sol. Where are they?

Cart. Look you, here are the four Evangelists. In this Book he that so pleasantly commun'd with the two Disciples in the Way going to *Emaus*, and who by his heavenly Discourse caus'd them not to be sensible of the Fatigue of their Journey, but made their Hearts burn within them with a divine Ardour of hearing his sweet Words, holds Conversation with me. In this I converse with *Paul*, with *Isaiah*, and the rest of the Prophets. Here the most sweet *Chrysostom* converses with me, and *Basil*, and *Austin*, and *Jerome*, and *Cyprian*, and the rest of the Doctors that are both learned and eloquent. Do you know any such pleasant Companions abroad in the World, that you can have Conversation with? Do you think I can be weary of Retirement, in such Society as this? And I am never without it.

Sol. But they would speak to me to no Purpose, who do not understand them.

Cart. Now for our Diet, what signifies it with what Food this Body of ours is fed which is satisfied with very little, if we live according to Nature? Which of us two is in the best Plight? You who live upon Partridges, Pheasants and Capons; or I who live upon Fish?

Sol. If you had a Wife as I have, you would not be so lusty.

Cart. And for that Reason, any Food serves us, let it be never so little.

Sol. But in the mean Time, you live the Life of a *Jew.*

Cart. Forbear Reflections: If we cannot come up to Christianity, at least we follow after it.

Sol. You put too much Confidence in Habits, Meats, Forms of Prayer, and outward Ceremonies, and neglect the Study of Gospel Religion.

Cart. It is none of my Business to judge what others do: As to myself, I place no Confidence in these Things, I attribute nothing to them; but I put my Confidence in Purity of Mind, and in *Christ* himself.

Sol. Why do you observe these Things then?

Cart. That I may be at Peace with my Brethren, and give no Body Offence. I would give no Offence to any one for the Sake of these trivial Things, which it is but a very little Trouble to observe. As we are Men, let us wear what Cloaths we will. Men are so humoursome, the Agreement or Disagreement in the most minute Matters, either procures or destroys Concord. The shaving of the Head, or Colour of the Habit does not indeed, of themselves, recommend me to God: But what would the People say, if I should let my Hair grow, or put on your Habit? I have given you my Reasons for my Way of Life; now, pray, in your Turn, give me your Reasons for yours, and tell me, were there no good Physicians in your Quarter, when you listed yourself for a Soldier, leaving a young Wife and Children at Home, and was hired for a pitiful Pay to cut Men's Throats, and that with the Hazard of your own Life too? For your Business did not lie among Mushrooms and Poppies, but armed Men. What do you think is a more unhappy Way of living, for a poor Pay, to murder a Fellow Christian, who never did you Harm, and to run yourself Body and Soul into eternal Damnation?

Sol. Why, it is lawful to kill an Enemy.

Cart. Perhaps it may be so, if he invades your native Country: Nay, and it is pious too, to fight for your Wife, Children, your Parents and Friends, your Religion and Liberties, and the publick Peace. But what is all that to your fighting for

Money? If you had been knocked on the Head, I would not have given a rotten Nut to redeem the very Soul of you.

Sol. No?

Cart. No, by Christ, I would not. Now which do you think is the harder Task, to be obedient to a good Man, which we call Prior, who calls us to Prayers, and holy Lectures, the Hearing of the saving Doctrine, and to sing to the Glory of God: Or, to be under the Command of some barbarous Officer, who often calls you out to fatiguing Marches at Midnight, and sends you out, and commands you back at his Pleasure, exposes you to the Shot of great Guns, assigns you a Station where you must either kill or be killed?

Sol. There are more Evils than you have mentioned yet.

Cart. If I shall happen to deviate from the Discipline of my Order, my Punishment is only Admonition, or some such slight Matter: But in War, if you do any Thing contrary to the General's Orders, you must either be hang'd for it, or run the Gantlope; for it would be a Favour to have your Head cut off.

Sol. I can't deny what you say to be true.

Cart. And now your Habit bespeaks, that you han't brought much Money Home, after all your brave Adventures.

Sol. As for Money, I have not had a Farthing this good While; nay, I have gotten a good Deal into Debt, and for that Reason I come hither out of my Way, that you might furnish me with some Money to bear my Charges.

Cart. I wish you had come out of your Way hither, when you hurried yourself into that wicked Life of a Soldier. But how come you so bare?

Sol. Do you ask that? Why, whatsoever I got of Pay, Plunder, Sacrilege, Rapine and Theft, was spent in Wine, Whores and Gaming.

Cart. O miserable Creature! And all this While your Wife, for whose Sake God commanded you to leave Father and Mother, being forsaken by you, sat grieving at Home with her young Children. And do you think this is Living, to be involved in so many Miseries, and to wallow in so great Iniquities?

Sol. The having so many Companions of my Wickedness, made me insensible of my Evil.

Cart. But I'm afraid your Wife won't know you again.

Sol. Why so?

Cart. Because your Scars have made you the Picture of quite another Man. What a Trench have you got here in your Forehead? It looks as if you had had a Horn cut out.

Sol. Nay, if you did but know the Matter, you would congratulate me upon this Scar.

Cart. Why so?

Sol. I was within a Hair's Breadth of losing my Life.

Cart. Why, what Mischief was there?

Sol. As one was drawing a Steel Cross-bow, it broke, and a Splinter of it hit me in the Forehead.

Cart. You have got a Scar upon your Cheek that is above a Span long.

Sol. I got this Wound in a Battel.

Cart. In what Battel, in the Field?

Sol. No, but in a Quarrel that arose at Dice.

Cart. And I see I can't tell what Sort of Rubies on your Chin.

Sol. O they are nothing.

Cart. I suspect that you have had the Pox.

Sol. You guess very right, Brother. It was the third Time I had that Distemper, and it had like to have cost me my Life.

Cart. But how came it, that you walk so stooping, as if you were ninety Years of Age; or like a Mower, or as if your Back was broke?

Sol. The Disease has contracted my Nerves to that Degree.

Cart. In Truth you have undergone a wonderful Metamorphosis: Formerly you were a Horseman, and now of a Centaur, you are become a Kind of semi-reptile Animal.

Sol. This is the Fortune of War.

Cart. Nay, 'tis the Madness of your own Mind. But what Spoils will you carry Home to your Wife and Children? The Leprosy? for that Scab is only a Species of the

Leprosy; and it is only not accounted so, because it is the Disease in Fashion, and especially among Noblemen: And for this very Reason, it should be the more carefully avoided. And now you will infect with it those that ought to be the dearest to you of any in the World, and you yourself will all your Days carry about a rotten Carcass.

Sol. Prithee, Brother, have done chiding me. I have enough upon me without Chiding.

Cart. As to those Calamities, I have hitherto taken Notice of, they only relate to the Body: But what a Sort of a Soul do you bring back with you? How putrid and ulcered? With how many Wounds is that sore?

Sol. Just as clean as a *Paris* common Shore in *Maburtus*'s Road, or a common House of Office.

Cart. I am afraid it stinks worse in the Nostrils of God and his Angels.

Sol. Well, but I have had Chiding enough, now speak to the Matter, of something to bear my Charges.

Cart. I have nothing to give you, but I'll go and try what the Prior will do.

Sol. If any Thing was to be given, your Hands would be ready to receive it; but now there are a great many Difficulties in the Way, when something is to be paid.

Cart. As to what others do, let them look to that, I have no Hands, either to give or take Money: But we'll talk more of these Matters after Dinner, for it is now Time to sit down at Table.

PHILETYMUS and PSEUDOCHEUS.

The Argument.

This Colloquy sets forth the Disposition and Nature of a Liar, who seems to be born to lie for crafty Gain. A Liar is a Thief. Gain got by Lying, is baser than that which is got by a Tax upon Urine. An egregious Method of deceiving is laid open. Cheating Tradesmen live better than honest ones.

PHILETYMUS *and* PSEUDOCHEUS.

PHIL. From what Fountain does this Flood of Lies flow?

Pseud. From whence do Spiders Webs proceed?

Phil. Then it is not the *Product* of Art, but of Nature.

Pseud. The Seeds indeed proceed from Nature; but Art and Use have enlarg'd the Faculty.

Phil. Why, are you not asham'd of it?

Pseud. No more than a Cuckow is of her Singing.

Phil. But you can alter your Note upon every Occasion. The Tongue of Man was given him to speak the Truth.

Pseud. Ay, to speak those Things that tend to his Profit: The Truth is not to be spoken at all Times.

Phil. It is sometimes for a Man's Advantage to have pilfering Hands; and the old Proverb is a Witness, that that is a Vice that is Cousin-German to yours of Lying.

Pseud. Both these Vices are supported by good Authorities: One has *Ulysses*, so much commended by *Homer*, and the other has *Mercury*, that was a God, for its Example, if we believe the Poets.

Phil. Why then do People in common curse Liars, and hang Thieves?

Pseud. Not because they lie or steal, but because they do it bunglingly or unnaturally, not rightly understanding the Art.

Phil. Is there any Author that teaches the Art of Lying?

Pseud. Your Rhetoricians have instructed in the best Part of the Art.

Phil. These indeed present us with the Art of well speaking.

Pseud. True: and the good Part of speaking well, is to lie cleverly.

Phil. What is clever Lying?

Pseud. Would you have me define it?

Phil. I would have you do it.

Pseud. It is to lie so, that you may get Profit by it, and not be caught in a Lie.

Phil. But a great many are caught in lying every Day.

Pseud. That's because they are not perfect Masters of the Art.

Phil. Are you a perfect Master in it?

Pseud. In a Manner.

Phil. See, if you can tell me a Lie, so as to deceive me.

Pseud. Yes, best of Men, I can deceive you yourself, if I have a Mind to it.

Phil. Well, tell me some Lie or other then.

Pseud. Why, I have told one already, and did you not catch me in it?

Phil. No.

Pseud. Come on, listen attentively; now I'll begin to lie then.

Phil. I do listen attentively; tell one.

Pseud. Why, I have told another Lie, and you have not caught me.

Phil. In Truth, I hear no Lie yet.

Pseud. You would have heard some, if you understood the Art.

Phil. Do you shew it me then.

Pseud. First of all, I call'd you the best of Men, is not

that a swinging Lie, when you are not so much as good? And if you were good, you could not be said to be the best, there are a thousand others better than you.

Phil. Here, indeed, you have deceiv'd me.

Pseud. Well, now try if you can catch me again in another Lie.

Phil. I cannot.

Pseud. I want to have you shew that Sharpness of Wit, that you do in other Things.

Phil. I confess, I am deficient. Shew me.

Pseud. When I said, now I will begin to lie, did I not tell you a swinging Lie then, when I had been accustomed to lie for so many Years, and I had also told a Lie, just the Moment before.

Phil. An admirable Piece of Witchcraft.

Pseud. Well, but now you have been forewarn'd, prick up your Ears, listen attentively, and see if you can catch me in a Lie.

Phil. I do prick them up; say on.

Pseud. I have said already, and you have imitated me in lying.

Phil. Why, you'll persuade me I have neither Ears nor Eyes by and by.

Pseud. When Mens Ears are immoveable, and can neither be prick'd up nor let down, I told a Lie in bidding you prick up your Ears.

Phil. The whole Life of Man is full of such Lies.

Pseud. Not only such as these, O good Man, for these are but Jokes: But there are those that bring Profit.

Phil. The Gain that is got by Lying, is more sordid, than that which is got by laying a Tax on Urine.

Pseud. That is true, I own; but then 'tis to those that han't the Art of lying.

Phil. What Art is this that you understand?

Pseud. It is not fit I should teach you for nothing; pay me, and you shall hear it.

Phil. I will not pay for bad Arts.

Pseud. Then will you give away your Estate?

Phil. I am not so mad neither.

Pseud. But my Gain by this Art is more certain than yours from your Estate.

Phil. Well, keep your Art to yourself, only give me a Specimen that I may understand that what you say is not all Pretence.

Pseud. Here's a Specimen for you: I concern myself in all Manner of Business, I buy, I sell, I receive, I borrow, I take Pawns.

Phil. Well, what then?

Pseud. And in these Affairs I entrap those by whom I cannot easily be caught.

Phil. Who are those?

Pseud. The soft-headed, the forgetful, the unthinking, those that live a great Way off, and those that are dead.

Phil. The Dead, to be sure, tell no Tales.

Pseud. If I sell any Thing upon Credit, I set it down carefully in my Book of Accounts.

Phil. And what then?

Pseud. When the Money is to be paid, I charge the Buyer with more than he had. If he is unthinking or forgetful, my Gain is certain.

Phil. But what if he catches you?

Pseud. I produce my Book of Accounts.

Phil. What if he informs you, and proves to your Face he has not had the Goods you charge him with?

Pseud. I stand to it stiffly; for Bashfulness is altogether an unprofitable Qualification in this Art. My last Shift is, I frame some Excuse or other.

Phil. But when you are caught openly?

Pseud. Nothing's more easy, I pretend my Servant has made a Mistake, or I myself have a treacherous Memory: It is a very pretty Way to jumble the Accounts together, and this is an easy Way to impose on a Person: As for Example, some are cross'd out, the Money being paid, and others have not been paid; these I mingle one with another

at the latter End of the Book, nothing being cross'd out. When the Sum is cast up, we contend about it, and I for the most Part get the better, tho' it be by forswearing myself. Then besides, I have this Trick, I make up my Account with a Person when he is just going a Journey, and not prepared for the Settling it. For as for me, I am always ready. If any Thing be left with me, I conceal it, and restore it not again. It is a long Time before he can come to the Knowledge of it, to whom it is sent; and, after all, if I can't deny the receiving of a Thing, I say it is lost, or else affirm I have sent that which I have not sent, and charge it upon the Carrier. And lastly, if I can no Way avoid restoring it, I restore but Part of it.

Phil. A very fine Art.

Pseud. Sometimes I receive Money twice over, if I can: First at Home, afterwards there where I have gone, and I am every where. Sometimes Length of Time puts Things out of Remembrance: The Accounts are perplexed, one dies, or goes a long Journey: And if nothing else will hit, in the mean Time I make Use of other People's Money. I bring some over to my Interest, by a Shew of Generosity, that they may help me out in lying; but it is always at other People's Cost; of my own, I would not give my own Mother a Doit. And tho' the Gain in each Particular may be but small; but being many put together, makes a good round Sum; for as I said, I concern myself in a great many Affairs; and besides all, that I may not be catch'd, as there are many Tricks, this is one of the chief. I intercept all the Letters I can, open them, and read them. If any Thing in them makes against me, I destroy them, or keep them a long Time before I deliver them: And besides all this, I sow Discord between those that live at a great Distance one from another.

Phil. What do you get by that?

Pseud. There is a double Advantage in it. First of all, if that is not performed that I have promised in another Person's Name, or in whose Name I have received any Present, I lay it to this or that Man's Door, that it was not performed,

and so these Forgeries I make turn to a considerable Account.

Phil. But what if he denies it?

Pseud. He's a great Way off, as suppose at *Basil*; and I promise to give it in *England.* And so it is brought about, that both being incensed, neither will believe the one the other, if I accuse them of any Thing. Now you have a Specimen of my Art.

Phil. But this Art is what we Dullards call Theft; who call a Fig a Fig, and a Spade a Spade.

Pseud. O Ignoramus in the Law! Can you bring an Action of Theft for Trover or Conversion, or for one that having borrow'd a Thing forswears it, that puts a Trick upon one, by some such Artifice?

Phil. He ought to be sued for Theft.

Pseud. Do but then see the Prudence of Artists. From these Methods there is more Gain, or at least as much, and less Danger.

Phil. A Mischief take you, with your cheating Tricks and Lies, for I han't a Mind to learn 'em. Good by to ye.

Pseud. You may go on, and be plagu'd with your ragged Truth. In the mean Time, I'll live merrily upon my thieving, lying Tricks, with Slight of Hand.

The SHIPWRECK.

The ARGUMENT.

Naufragium *exposes the Dangers of those that go to Sea; the various and foolish Superstition of Mariners. An elegant Description of a Storm. They indeed run a Risque that throw their valuable Commodities into the Sea. Mariners impiously invoke the Virgin* Mary, *St.* Christopher, *and the Sea itself. Saints are not to be pray'd to, but God alone.*

ANTONY *and* ADOLPH.

ANT. You tell dreadful Stories: Is this going to Sea? God forbid that ever any such Thing should come into my Mind.

Adol. That which I have related, is but a Diversion, in Comparison to what you'll hear presently.

Ant. I have heard Calamities enough already, my Flesh trembles to hear you relate them, as if I were in Danger myself.

Adol. But Dangers that are past, are pleasant to be thought on. One thing happen'd that Night, that almost put the Pilot out of all Hopes of Safety.

Ant. Pray what was that?

Adol. The Night was something lightish, and one of the Sailors was got into the Skuttle (so I think they call it) at the Main-Top-Mast, looking out if he could see any Land; a certain Ball of Fire began to stand by him, which is the worst Sign in the World to Sailors, if it be single; but a very good one, if double. The Antients believed these to be *Castor* and *Pollux.*

Ant. What have they to do with Sailors, one of which was a Horseman, and the other a Prize-Fighter?

Adol. It was the Pleasure of Poets, so to feign. The Steersman who sat at the Helm, calls to him, Mate, says he, (for so Sailors call one another) don't you see what a Companion you have by your Side? I do see, says he, and I pray that he may be a lucky one. By and by this fiery Ball glides down the Ropes, and rolls itself over and over close to the Pilot.

Ant. And was not he frighted out of his Wits?

Adol. Sailors are us'd to terrible Sights. It stopp'd a little there, then roll'd itself all round the Sides of the Ship; after that, slipping through the Hatches, it vanished away. About Noon the Storm began to increase. Did you ever see the *Alps*?

Ant. I have seen them.

Adol. Those Mountains are Mole Hills, if they be compar'd to the Waves of the Sea. As oft as we were toss'd up, one might have touch'd the Moon with his Finger; and as oft as we were let fall down into the Sea, we seem'd to be going directly down to Hell, the Earth gaping to receive us.

Ant. O mad Folks, that trust themselves to the Sea!

Adol. The Mariners striving in Vain with the Storm, at length the Pilot, all pale as Death comes to us.

Ant. That Paleness presages some great Evil.

Adol. My Friends, says he, I am no longer Master of my Ship, the Wind has got the better of me; all that we have now to do is to place our Hope in God, and every one to prepare himself for Death.

Ant. This was cold Comfort.

Adol. But in the first Place, says he, we must lighten the Ship; Necessity requires it, tho' 'tis a hard Portion. It is better to endeavour to save our Lives with the Loss of our Goods, than to perish with them. The Truth persuaded, and a great many Casks of rich Merchandize were thrown over-Board.

Ant. This was casting away, according to the Letter.

Adol. There was in the Company, a certain *Italian*, that had been upon an Embassy to the King of *Scotland.* He had a whole Cabinet full of Plate, Rings, Cloth, and rich wearing Apparel.

Ant. And he, I warrant ye, was unwilling to come to a Composition with the Sea.

Adol. No, he would not; he had a Mind either to sink or swim with his beloved Riches.

Ant. What said the Pilot to this?

Adol. If you and your Trinkets were to drown by yourselves, says he, here's no Body would hinder you; but it is not fit that we should run the Risque of our Lives, for the Sake of your Cabinet: If you won't consent, we'll throw you and your Cabinet into the Sea together.

Ant. Spoken like a Tarpawlin.

Adol. So the *Italian* submitted, and threw his Goods over-Board, with many a bitter Curse to the Gods both above and below, that he had committed his Life to so barbarous an Element.

Ant. I know the *Italian* Humour.

Adol. The Winds were nothing the less boisterous for our Presents, but by and by burst our Cordage, and threw down our Sails.

Ant. Lamentable!

Adol. Then the Pilot comes to us again.

Ant. What, with another Preachment?

Adol. He gives us a Salute; my Friends, says he, the Time exhorts us that every one of us should recommend himself to God, and prepare for Death. Being ask'd by some that were not ignorant in Sea Affairs, how long he thought the Ship might be kept above Water, he said, he could promise nothing, but that it could not be done above three Hours.

Ant. This was yet a harder Chapter than the former.

Adol. When he had said this, he orders to cut the Shrouds and the Mast down by the Board, and to throw them, Sails and all, into the Sea.

Ant. Why was this done?

Adol. Because, the Sail either being gone or torn, it would only be a Burden, but not of Use; all our Hope was in the Helm.

Ant. What did the Passengers do in the mean Time?

Adol. There you might have seen a wretched Face of Things; the Mariners, they were singing their *Salve Regina*, imploring the Virgin Mother, calling her the Star of the Sea, the Queen of Heaven, the Lady of the World, the Haven of Health, and many other flattering Titles, which the sacred Scriptures never attributed to her.

Ant. What has she to do with the Sea, who, as I believe, never went a Voyage in her Life?

Adol. In ancient Times, *Venus* took Care of Mariners, because she was believ'd to be born of the Sea and because she left off to take Care of them, the Virgin Mother was put in her Place, that was a Mother, but not a Virgin.

Ant. You joke.

Adol. Some were lying along upon the Boards, worshipping the Sea, pouring all they had into it, and flattering it, as if it had been some incensed Prince.

Ant. What did they say?

Adol. O most merciful Sea! O most generous Sea! O most rich Sea! O most beautiful Sea, be pacified, save us; and a Deal of such Stuff they sung to the deaf Ocean.

Ant. Ridiculous Superstition! What did the rest do?

Adol. Some did nothing but spew, and some made Vows. There was an *Englishman* there, that promis'd golden Mountains to our Lady of *Walsingham*, so he did but get ashore alive. Others promis'd a great many Things to the Wood of the Cross, which was in such a Place; others again, to that which was in such a Place; and the same was done by the Virgin *Mary*, which reigns in a great many Places, and they think the Vow is of no Effect, unless the Place be mentioned.

Ant. Ridiculous! As if the Saints did not dwell in Heaven.

Adol. Some made Promises to become *Carthusians.* There was one who promised he would go a *Pilgrimage* to St. *James* at *Compostella*, bare Foot and bare Head, cloth'd in a Coat of Mail, and begging his Bread all the Way.

Ant. Did no Body make any Mention of St. *Christopher*?

Adol. Yes, I heard one, and I could not forbear laughing, who bawling out aloud, lest St. *Christopher* should not hear him, promised him, who is at the Top of a Church at *Paris*, rather a Mountain than a Statue, a wax Taper as big as he was himself: When he had bawl'd out this over and over as loud as he could, an Acquaintance of his jogg'd him on the Elbow, and caution'd him: Have a Care what you promise, for if you should sell all you have in the World, you will not be able to pay for it. He answer'd him softly, lest St. *Christopher* should hear him, you Fool, says he, do you think I mean as I speak, if I once got safe to Shore, I would not give him so much as a tallow Candle.

Ant. O Blockhead! I fancy he was a *Hollander.*

Adol. No, he was a *Zealander.*

Ant. I wonder no Body thought of St. *Paul*, who has been at Sea, and having suffered Shipwreck, leapt on Shore. For he being not unacquainted with the Distress, knows how to pity those that are in it.

Adol. He was not so much as named.

Ant. Were they at their Prayers all the While?

Adol. Ay, as if it had been for a Wager. One sung his *Hail Queen*; another, *I believe in God.* There were some who had certain particular Prayers not unlike magical Charms against Dangers.

Ant. How Affliction makes Men religious! In Prosperity we neither think of God nor Saint. But what did you do all this While? Did you not make Vows to some Saints?

Adol. No, none at all.

Ant. Why so?

Adol. I make no Bargains with Saints. For what is this but a Bargain in Form? I'll give you, if you do so and so; or I will do so and so, if you do so and so: I'll give you a

wax Taper, if I swim out alive ; I'll go to *Rome*, if you save me.

Ant. But did you call upon none of the Saints for Help ?

Adol. No, not so much as that neither.

Ant. Why so ?

Adol. Because Heaven is a large Place, and if I should recommend my Safety to any Saint, as suppose, to St. *Peter*, who perhaps, would hear soonest, because he stands at the Door ; before he can come to God Almighty, or before he could tell him my Condition, I may be lost.

Ant. What did you do then ?

Adol. I e'en went the next Way to God the Father, saying, *Our Father which art in Heaven.* There's none of the Saints hears sooner than he does, or more readily gives what is ask'd for.

Ant. But in the mean Time did not your Conscience check you ? Was you not afraid to call him Father, whom you had offended with so many Wickednesses ?

Adol. To speak ingenuously, my Conscience did a little terrify me at first, but I presently took Heart again, thus reasoning with myself ; There is no Father so angry with his Son, but if he sees him in Danger of being drowned in a River or Pond, he will take him, tho' it be by the Hair of the Head, and throw him out upon a Bank. There was no Body among them all behaved herself more composed than a Woman, who had a Child sucking at her Breast.

Ant. What did she do ?

Adol. She only neither bawl'd, nor wept, nor made Vows, but hugging her little Boy, pray'd softly. In the mean Time the Ship dashing ever and anon against the Ground, the Pilot being afraid she would be beat all to Pieces, undergirded her with Cables from Head to Stern.

Ant. That was a sad Shift !

Adol. Upon this, up starts an old Priest about threescore Years of Age, his Name was *Adam.* He strips himself to his Shirt, throws away his Boots and Shoes, and bids us all in like Manner to prepare ourselves for swimming. Then

standing in the middle of the Ship, he preach'd a Sermon to us, upon the five Truths of the Benefit of Confession, and exhorted every Man to prepare himself, for either Life or Death. There was a *Dominican* there too, and they confess'd those that had a Mind to it.

Ant. What did you do?

Adol. I seeing that every thing was in a Hurry, confess'd privately to God, condemning before him my Iniquity, and imploring his Mercy.

Ant. And whither should you have gone, do you think, if you had perished?

Adol. I left that to God, who is my Judge; I would not be my own Judge. But I was not without comfortable Hopes neither. While these Things were transacting, the Steersman comes to us again all in Tears; Prepare your selves every one of you, says he, for the Ship will be of no Service to us for a quarter of an Hour. For now she leak'd in several Places. Presently after this he brings us Word that he saw a Steeple a good Way off, and exhorts us to implore the Aid of that Saint, whoever it was, who had the protection of that Temple. They all fall down and pray to the unknown Saint.

Ant. Perhaps he would have heard ye, if ye had call'd upon him by his Name.

Adol. But that we did not know. In the mean Time the Pilate steers the Ship, torn and leaking every where, and ready to fall in Pieces, if she had not been undergirt with Cables, as much as he could toward that Place.

Ant. A miserable Condition.

Adol. We were now come so near the Shoar, that the Inhabitants of the Place could see us in Distress, and ran down in Throngs to the utmost Edge of the Shoar, and holding up Gowns and Hats upon Spears, invited us to make towards them, and stretching out their Arms towards Heaven, signified to us that they pitied our Misfortune.

Ant. I long to know what happened.

Adol. The Ship was now every where full of Water, that we were no safer in the Ship than if we had been in the Sea.

Ant. Now was your Time to betake yourself to divine Help.

Adol. Ay, to a wretched one. The Sailors emptied the Ship's Boat of Water, and let it down into the Sea. Every Body was for getting into it, the Mariners cry'd out amain, they'll sink the Boat, it will not hold so many; that every one should take what he could get, and swim for it. There was no Time now for long Deliberation. One gets an Oar, another a Pole, another a Gutter, another a Bucket, another a Plank, and every one relying upon their Security, they commit themselves to the Billows.

Ant. But what became of the Woman that was the only Person that made no Bawling?

Adol. She got to Shoar the first of them all.

Ant. How could she do that?

Adol. We set her upon a broad Plank, and ty'd her on so fast that she could not easily fall off, and we gave her a Board in her Hand to make Use of instead of an Oar, and wishing her good Success, we set her afloat, thrusting her off from the Ship with Poles, that she might be clear of it, whence was the greatest Danger. And she held her Child in her left Hand, and row'd with her right Hand.

Ant. O *Virago*!

Adol. Now when there was nothing else left, one pull'd up a wooden Image of the Virgin *Mary*, rotten, and rat-eaten, and embracing it in his Arms, try'd to swim upon it.

Ant. Did the Boat get safe to Land?

Adol. None perish'd sooner than they that were in that, and there were above thirty that had got into it.

Ant. By what bad Accident was that brought about?

Adol. It was overset by the rolling of the Ship, before they could get clear of it.

Ant. A sad Accident: But how then?

Adol. While I was taking Care for others, I had like to have been lost myself.

Ant. How so?

Adol. Because there was nothing left that was fit for swimming.

Ant. There Corks would have been of good Use.

Adol. In that Condition I would rather have had a sorry Cork than a gold Candlestick. I look'd round about me, at Length I bethought myself of the Stump of the Mast, and because I could not get it out alone, I took a Partner; upon this we both plac'd ourselves, and committed ourselves to the Sea. I held the right End, and my Companion the left End. While we lay tumbling and tossing, the old preaching Sea-Priest threw himself upon our Shoulders. He was a huge Fellow. We cry out, who's that third Person? He'll drown us all. But he very calmly bids us be easy, for there was Room enough, God will be with us.

Ant. How came he to be so late?

Adol. He was to have been in the Boat with the *Dominican.* For they all paid him this Deference. But tho' they had confess'd themselves in the Ship, yet having forgotten I know not what Circumstances, they confess'd over again at the Ship-Side, and each lays his Hand upon the other, and while this was doing the Boat was over-turn'd. This I had from *Adam* himself.

Ant. What became of the *Dominican*?

Adol. As the same Man told me, having implor'd the Help of his Saints, and stript himself, he threw himself naked into the Sea.

Ant. What Saints did he call upon?

Adol. St. *Dominick,* St. *Thomas,* St. *Vincent,* and one of the *Peters,* but I can't tell which: But his chief Reliance was upon *Catherina Senensis.*

Ant. Did he not remember *Christ*?

Adol. Not, as the old Priest told me.

Ant. He would have swam better if he had thrown off his sanctified Coul: But if that had been laid aside, how should *Catherine* of *Siena* have known him? But go on and tell me about yourself.

Adol. While we were yet tumbling and tossing near the Ship, which roll'd hither and thither at the Mercy of the Waves, the Thigh of him that held the left End of the

Stump of the Mast was broken by a great Spike, and so that made him let go his Hold. The old Priest wishing him everlasting Rest, took his Place, encouraging me to maintain my Post on the right Hand resolutely, and to strike out my Feet stoutly. In the mean Time we drank in abundance of salt Water. For *Neptune* had provided us not only a salt Bath, but a salt Potion too, altho' the old Priest prescribed a Remedy for it.

Ant. What was that?

Adol. Why, as often as a Billow met us, he turn'd his Head and shut his Mouth.

Ant. You tell me of a brave old Fellow.

Adol. When we had been some Time swimming at this Rate, and had made some Way, the old Priest being a very tall Man, cries out, Be of good Heart, I feel Ground; but I durst not hope for such a Blessing. No, no, says I, we are too far from Shoar to hope to feel Ground. Nay, says he, I feel the Ground with my Feet. Said I, perhaps it is some of the Chests that have been roll'd thither by the Sea. Nay, says he, I am sure I feel Ground by the Scratching of my Toes. Having floated thus a little longer, and he had felt the Bottom again, Do you do what you please, says he, I'll leave you the whole Mast, and wade for it. And so he took his Opportunity, at the Ebbing of the Billows, he made what Haste he could on his Feet, and when the Billows came again, he took Hold of his Knees with his Hands, and bore up against the Billows, hiding himself under them as Sea Gulls and Ducks do, and at the Ebbing of the Wave, he would start up and run for it. I seeing that this succeeded so well to him, followed his Example. There stood upon the Shoar Men, who had long Pikes handed from one to another, which kept them firm against the Force of the Waves, strong bodied Men, and accustom'd to the Waves, and he that was last of them held out a Pike to the Person swimming towards him. All that came to Shoar, and laying hold of that, were drawn safely to dry Land. Some were sav'd this Way.

Ant. How many?

Adol. Seven. But two of these fainted away being brought to the Fire.

Ant. How many were in the Ship?

Adol. Fifty-eight.

Ant. O cruel Sea. At least it might have been content with the Tithes, which are enough for Priests. Did it restore so few out of so great a Number?

Adol. There we had Experience of the wonderful Humanity of the Nation, that supply'd us with all Necessaries with exceeding Chearfulness; as Lodging, Fire, Victuals, Cloaths, and Money to bear our Charges when we went away.

Ant. What Country was it?

Adol. Holland.

Ant. There's no Nation more human, altho' they are encompass'd with such fierce Nations. I fancy you won't be for going to Sea again.

Adol. No, unless God shall please to deprive me of my Reason.

Ant. I would rather hear such Stories than feel them.

DIVERSORIA.

The ARGUMENT.

This Colloquy shews the various Customs of Nations and their Civility in treating Strangers. An Inn at Leyden *where are nothing but Women. The Manners of the* French *Inns, who are us'd to tell Stories, and break Jests. The* Germans, *far more uncivil in treating Travellers, being rude, and wholly inhospitable: The Guests look after their own Horses: The Method of receiving them into the Stove: They provide no Supper, till they know how many Guests they shall have: All that come that Night, sit down to Supper together: All pay alike, tho' one drinks twice as much Wine as another does.*

BERTULPH *and* WILLIAM.

BERT. I wonder what is the Fancy of a great many, for staying two or three Days at *Lyons*? When I have once set out on a Journey, I an't at Rest till I come to my Journey's End.

Will. Nay, I wonder as much, that any Body can get away from thence.

Bert. But why so?

Will. Because that's a Place the Companions of *Ulysses* could not have got away from. There are *Sirens*. No Body is better entertain'd at his own House, than he is there at an Inn.

Bert. What is done there?

Will. There's a Woman always waiting at Table, which

makes the Entertainment pleasant with Railleries, and pleasant Jests. And the Women are very handsome there. First the Mistress of the House came and bad us Welcome, and to accept kindly what Fare we should have ; after her, comes her Daughter, a very fine Woman, of so handsome a Carriage, and so pleasant in Discourse, that she would make even *Cato* himself merry, were he there : And they don't talk to you as if you were perfect Strangers, but as those they have been a long Time acquainted with, and familiar Friends.

Bert. O, I know the *French* Way of Civility very well.

Will. And because they can't be always with you, by Reason of the other Affairs of the House, and the welcoming of other Guests, there comes a Lass, that supplies the Place of the Daughter, till she is at Leisure to return again. This Lass is so well instructed in the Knack of Repartees, that she has a Word ready for every Body, and no Conceit comes amiss to her. The Mother, you must know, was somewhat in Years.

Bert. But what was your Table furnish'd with ? For Stories fill no Bellies.

Will. Truly, so splendid, that I was amaz'd that they could afford to entertain their Guests so, for so small a Price. And then after Dinner, they entertain a Man with such facetious Discourse, that one cannot be tired ; that I seemed to be at my own House, and not in a strange Place.

Bert. And how went Matters in your Chambers ?

Will. Why, there was every where some pretty Lass or other, giggling and playing wanton Tricks ? They ask'd us if we had any foul Linnen to wash ; which they wash and bring to us again : In a word, we saw nothing there but young Lasses and Women, except in the Stable, and they would every now and then run in there too. When yóu go away, they embrace ye, and part with you with as much Affection, as if you were their own Brothers, or near Kinsfolks.

Bert. This Mode perhaps may become the *French*, but

methinks the Way of the *Germans* pleases me better, which is more manly.

Will. I never have seen *Germany*; therefore, pray don't think much to tell how they entertain a Traveller.

Bert. I can't tell whether the Method of entertaining be the same every where; but I'll tell you what I saw there. No Body bids a Guest welcome, lest he should seem to court his Guests to come to him, for that they look upon to be sordid and mean, and not becoming the *German* Gravity. When you have called a good While at the Gate, at Length one puts his Head out of the Stove Window (for they commonly live in Stoves till Midsummer) like a Tortoise from under his Shell: Him you must ask if you can have any Lodging there; if he does not say no, you may take it for granted, that there is Room for you. When you ask where the Stable is, he points to it; there you may curry your Horse as you please yourself, for there is no Servant will put a Hand to it. If it be a noted Inn, there is a Servant shews you the Stable, and a Place for your Horse, but incommodious enough; for they keep the best Places for those that shall come afterwards; especially for Noblemen. If you find Fault with any Thing, they tell you presently, if you don't like, look for another Inn. In their Cities, they allow Hay, but very unwillingly and sparingly, and that is almost as dear as Oats. When you have taken Care of your Horse, you come whole into the Stove, Boots, Baggage, Dirt and all, for that is a common Room for all Comers.

Will. In *France*, they appoint you a separate Chamber, where you may change your Cloaths, clean and warm your self, or take Rest if you have a Mind to it.

Bert. There's nothing of that here. In the Stove, you pull off your Boots, put on your Shoes, and if you will, change your Shirt, hang up your wet Cloths near the Stove Iron, and get near it to dry yourself. There's Water provided for you to wash your Hands, if you will; but as for the Cleanness of it, it is for the most Part such that you will want another Water to wash that off.

Will. I commend this Sort of People, that have nothing of Effeminacy in them.

Bert. If you come in at four a-Clock in the Afternoon, you must not go to Supper till nine, and sometimes not till ten.

Will. Why so ?

Bert. They never make any Thing ready till they see all their Company together, that one Trouble may serve for all.

Will. They are for taking the shortest Way.

Bert. You are right ; so that oftentimes, there come all together into the same Stove, eighty or ninety Foot-Men, Horse-Men, Merchants, Marriners, Waggoners, Husband-Men, Children, Women, sick and sound.

Will. This is having all Things in common.

Bert. There one combs his Head, another wipes off his Sweat, another cleans his Spatterdashes or Boots, another belches Garlick ; and in short, there is as great a Confusion of Tongues and Persons, as there was at the Building the Tower of *Babel.* And if they see any Body of another Country, who by his Habit looks like a Man of Quality, they all stare at him so wistfully, as if he was a Sort of strange Animal brought out of *Africa.* And when they are set at Table, and he behind them, they will be still looking back at him, and be staring him in the Face, till they have forgot their Suppers.

Will. At *Rome, Paris* or *Venice*, there's no Body thinks any Thing strange.

Bert. In the mean Time, 'tis a Crime for you to call for any Thing. When it is grown pretty late, and they don't expect any more Guests, out comes an old grey-bearded Servant, with his Hair cut short, and a crabbed Look, and a slovenly Dress.

Will. Such Fellows ought to be Cup-Bearers to the Cardinals at *Rome.*

Bert. He having cast his Eyes about, counts to himself, how many there are in the Stove ; the more he sees there, the more Fire he makes in the Stove although it be at a

Time when the very Heat of the Sun would be troublesome; and this with them, is accounted a principal Part of good Entertainment, to make them all sweat till they drop again. If any one who is not used to the Steam, shall presume to open the Window never so little, that he be not stifled, presently they cry out to shut it again: If you answer you are not able to bear it, you'll presently hear, get you another Inn then.

Will. But in my Opinion, nothing is more dangerous, than for so many to draw in the same Vapour; especially when their Bodies are opened with the Heat; and to eat in the same Place, and to stay there so many Hours, not to mention the belching of Garlick, the Farting, the stinking Breaths, for many have secret Distempers, and every Distemper has its Contagion; and without doubt, many have the *Spanish*, or as it is call'd, the *French* Pox, although it is common to all Nations. And it is my Opinion, there is as much Danger from such Persons, as there is from those that have the Leprosy. Tell me now, what is this short of a Pestilence?

Bert. They are Persons of a strong Constitution, and laugh at, and disregard those Niceties.

Will. But in the mean Time, they are bold at the Perils of other Men.

Bert. What would you do in this Case? 'Tis what they have been used to, and it is a Part of a constant Mind, not to depart from a Custom.

Will. And yet, within these five and twenty Years, nothing was more in Vogue in *Brabant*, than hot Baths, but now they are every where grown out of Use; but the new Scabbado has taught us to lay them down.

Bert. Well, but hear the rest: By and by, in comes our bearded *Ganymede* again, and lays on the Table as many Napkins as there are Guests: But, good God! not Damask ones, but such as you'd take to have been made out of old Sails. There are at least eight Guests allotted to every Table. Now those that know the Way of the Country, take

their Places, every one as he pleases, for there's no Difference between Poor or Rich, between the Master and Servant.

Will. This was that ancient Equality which now the Tyrant Custom has driven quite out of the World. I suppose Christ liv'd after this Manner with his Disciples.

Bert. After they are all plac'd, out comes the sour-look'd *Ganymede* again, and counts his Company over again; by and by he comes in again, and brings every Man a Wooden Dish, and a Spoon of the same Silver, and then a Glass; and then a little after he brings Bread, which the Guests may chip every one for themselves at Leisure, while the Porridge is boiling. For sometimes they sit thus for near an Hour.

Will. Do none of the Guests call for Meat in the mean Time?

Bert. None who knows the Way of the Country. At last the Wine is set upon the Table: Good God! how far from being tasteless? So thin and sharp, that Sophisters ought to drink no other. And if any of the Guests should privately offer a Piece of Money to get a little better Wine some where else; at first they'll say nothing to you, but give you a Look, as if they were going to murder you; and if you press it farther, they answer you, there have been so many Counts and Marquisses that have lodg'd here, and none of them ever found fault with this Wine: If you don't like it, get you another Inn. They account only the Noblemen of their own Nation to be Men, and where-ever you come, they are shewing you their Arms. By this time, comes a Morsel to pacify a barking Stomach: And by and by follow the Dishes in great Pomp; commonly the first has Sippits of Bread in Flesh Broth, or if it be a Fish Day, in a Soup of Pulse. After that comes in another Soup, and then a Service of Butcher's Meat, that has been twice boil'd, or salt Meats warm'd again, and then Pulse again, and by and by something of more solid Food, until their Stomachs being pretty well staid, they bring roast Meat or stewed Fish, which is not to be at all contemn'd; but this they are sparing of, and take it away

again quickly. This is the Manner they order the Entertainment, as Comedians do, who intermingle Dances among their Scenes, so do they their Chops and Soups by Turns: But they take Care that the last Act shall be the best.

Will. This is the Part of a good Poet.

Bert. And it would be a heinous Offence, if in the mean Time any Body should say, Take away this Dish, there's no Body eats. You must sit your Time appointed, which I think they measure by the Hour-Glass. At length, out comes that bearded Fellow, or the Landlord himself, in a Habit but little differing from his Servants, and asks how cheer you? And by and by some better Wine is brought. And they like those best that drink most, tho' he that drinks most pays no more than he that drinks least.

Will. A strange Temper of the Nation!

Bert. There are some of them that drink twice as much Wine as they pay for their Ordinary. But before I leave this Entertainment, it is wonderful what a Noise and Chattering there is, when once they come to be warm with Wine. In short, it deafens a Man. They oftentimes bring in a Mixture of Mimicks, which these People very much delight in, tho' they are a detestable Sort of Men. There's such a singing, prating, bawling, jumping, and knocking, that you would think the Stove were falling upon your Head, and one Man can't hear another speak. And this they think is a pleasant Way of living, and there you must sit in Spight of your Heart till near Midnight.

Will. Make an End of your Meal now, for I myself am tir'd with such a tedious one.

Bert. Well, I will. At length the Cheese is taken away, which scarcely pleases them, except it be rotten and full of Maggots. Then the old bearded Fellow comes again with a Trencher, and a many Circles and semi-Circles drawn upon it with Chalk, this he lays down upon the Table, with a grim Countenance, and without speaking. You would say he was some *Charon.* They that understand the Meaning of this lay down their Money one after another till the Trencher

is fill'd. Having taken Notice of those who lay down, he reckons it up himself, and if all is paid, he gives you a Nod.

Will. But what if there should be any Thing over and above?

Bert. Perhaps he'll give it you again, and they oftentimes do so.

Will. Does no Body find fault with the Reckoning?

Bert. No Body that is wise. For they will say, what Sort of a Fellow are you? You pay no more than the rest.

Will. This is a frank Sort of Men, you are speaking of.

Bert. If any one is weary with his Journey, and desires to go to Bed as soon as he has supp'd, he is bid to stay till the rest go too.

Will. This seems to me to be *Plato*'s City.

Bert. Then every one is shew'd to his Chamber, and truly 'tis nothing else but a Chamber, there is only a Bed there, and nothing else that you can either make Use of or steal.

Will. Are Things very clean there?

Bert. As clean as they were at the Table. Sheets wash'd perhaps six Months ago.

Will. What becomes of your Horses all this While?

Bert. They are treated after the Manner that the Men are.

Will. But is there the same Treatment every where.

Bert. It is a little more civil in some Places, and worse in others, than I have told you; but in general it is thus.

Will. What if I should now tell you how they treat their Guests in that Part of *Italy* call'd *Lombardy*, and in *Spain*, and in *England*, and in *Wales*, for the *English* have the Manners both of the *French* and the *Germans*, being a Mixture of those two Nations. The *Welsh* boast themselves to be the original *English*.

Bert. Pray relate it. I never had the Opportunity of travelling in them.

Will. I have not Leisure now, and the Master of the Ship bid me be on board by three a Clock, unless I would lose my Passage. Another Time we shall have an Opportunity of prating our Bellies full.

The YOUNG MAN and HARLOT.

The ARGUMENT.

This is certainly a divine Colloquy, that makes even a Bawdy-House a chaste Place! God can't be deceiv'd, his Eyes penetrate into the most secret Places. That young Persons ought in an especial Manner to take Care of their Chastity. A young Woman, who made herself common to get a Livelihood, is recovered from that Course of Life, as wretched as it is scandalous.

LUCRETIA, SOPHRONIUS.

LU. O brave! My pretty *Sophronius*, have I gotten you again? It is an Age methinks since I saw you. I did not know you at first Sight.

So. Why so, my *Lucretia*?

Lu. Because you had no Beard when you went away, but you're come back with something of a Beard. What's the Matter, my little Heart, you look duller than you use to do?

So. I want to have a little Talk with you in private.

Lu. Ah, ah, are we not by ourselves already, my Cocky?

So. Let us go out of the Way somewhere, into a more private Place.

Lu. Come on then, we'll go into my inner Bed-Chamber, if you have a Mind to do any Thing.

So. I don't think this Place is private enough yet.

Lu. How comes it about you're so bashful all on a sudden? Well, come, I have a Closet where I lay up my Cloaths, a Place so dark, that we can scarce see one another there.

So. See if there be no Chink.

Lu. There is not so much as a Chink.

So. Is there no Body near to hear us ?

Lu. Not so much as a Fly, my Dear ; Why do you lose Time ?

So. Can we escape the Eye of God here ?

Lu. No, he sees all Things clearly.

So. And of the Angels ?

Lu. No, we cannot escape their Sight.

So. How comes it about then, that Men are not asham'd to do that in the Sight of God, and before the Face of the holy Angels, that they would be ashamed to do before Men ?

Lu. What Sort of an Alteration is this ? Did you come hither to preach a Sermon ? Prithee put on a *Franciscan*'s Hood, and get up into a Pulpit, and then we'll hear you hold forth, my little bearded Rogue.

So. I should not think much to do that, if I could but reclaim you from this Kind of Life, that is the most shameful and miserable Life in the World.

Lu. Why so, good Man ? I am born, and I must be kept ; every one must live by his Calling. This is my Business ; this is all I have to live on.

So. I wish with all my Heart, my *Lucretia*, that setting aside for a While that Infatuation of Mind, you would seriously weigh the Matter.

Lu. Keep your Preachment till another Time ; now let us enjoy one another, my *Sophronius*.

So. You do what you do for the Sake of Gain.

Lu. You are much about the Matter.

So. Thou shalt lose nothing by it, do but hearken to me, and I'll pay you four Times over.

Lu. Well, say what you have a Mind to say.

So. Answer me this Question in the first Place : Are there any Persons that owe you any ill Will ?

Lu. Not one.

So. Is there any Body that you have a Spleen against ?

Lu. According as they deserve.

So. And if you could do any Thing that would gratify them, would you do it?

Lu. I would poison 'em sooner.

So. But then do but consider with yourself; is there any Thing that you can do that gratifies them more than to let them see you live this shameful and wretched Life? And what is there thou canst do that would be more afflicting to them that wish thee well?

Lu. It is my Destiny.

So. Now that which uses to be the greatest Hardship to such as are transported, or banish'd into the most remote Parts of the World, this you undergo voluntarily.

Lu. What is that?

So. Hast thou not of thy own Accord renounc'd all thy Affections to Father, Mother, Brother, Sisters, Aunts, (by Father's and Mother's Side) and all thy Relations? For thou makest them all asham'd to own thee, and thyself asham'd to come into their Sight.

Lu. Nay, I have made a very happy Exchange of Affections; for instead of a few, now I have a great many, of which you are one, and whom I have always esteem'd as a Brother.

So. Leave off Jesting, and consider the Matter seriously, as it really is. Believe me, my *Lucretia*, she who has so many Friends, has never a one, for they that follow thee do it not as a Friend, but as a House of Office rather. Do but consider, poor Thing, into what a Condition thou hast brought thyself. *Christ* lov'd thee so dearly as to redeem thee with his own Blood, and would have thee be a Partaker with him in an heavenly Inheritance, and thou makest thyself a common Sewer, into which all the base, nasty, pocky Fellows resort, and empty their Filthiness. And if that leprous Infection they call the *French* Pox han't yet seiz'd thee, thou wilt not escape it long. And if once thou gettest it, how miserable wilt thou be, though all things should go favourably on thy Side? I mean thy Substance and Reputation. Thou wouldest be nothing but a living Carcase.

Thou thoughtest much to obey thy Mother, and now thou art a mere Slave to a filthy Bawd. You could not endure to hear your Parents Instructions; and here you are often beaten by drunken Fellows and mad Whoremasters. It was irksome to thee to do any Work at Home, to get a Living; but here, how many Quarrels art thou forc'd to endure, and how late a Nights art thou oblig'd to sit up?

Lu. How came you to be a Preacher?

So. And do but seriously consider, this Flower of thy Beauty that now brings thee so many Gallants, will soon fade: And then, poor Creature, what wilt thou do? Thou wilt be piss'd upon by every Body. It may be, thou thinkest, instead of a Mistress, I'll then be a Bawd. All Whores can't attain to that, and if thou shouldst, what Employment is more impious, and more like the Devil himself?

Lu. Why, indeed, my *Sophronius*, almost all you say is very true. But how came you to be so religious all of a sudden? Thou usedst to be the greatest Rake in the World, one of 'em. No Body used to come hither more frequently, nor at more unseasonable Hours than you did. I hear you have been at *Rome*.

So. I have so.

Lu. Well, but other People use to come from thence worse than they went: How comes it about, it is otherwise with you?

So. I'll tell you, because I did not go to *Rome* with the same Intent, and after the same Manner that others do. Others commonly go to *Rome*, on purpose to come Home worse, and there they meet with a great many Opportunities of becoming so. I went along with an honest Man, by whose Advice, I took along with me a Book instead of a Bottle: The New Testament with *Erasmus*'s Paraphrase.

Lu. Erasmus's? They say that he's Half a Heretick.

So. Has his Name reached to this Place too?

Lu. There's no Name more noted among us.

So. Did you ever see him?

Lu. No, I never saw him; but I should be glad to see him; I have heard so many bad Reports of him.

So. It may be you have heard 'em, from them that are bad themselves.

Lu. Nay, from Men of the Gown.

So. Who are they?

Lu. It is not convenient to name Names.

So. Why so?

Lu. Because if you should blab it out, and it should come to their Ears, I should lose a great many good Cullies.

So. Don't be afraid, I won't speak a Word of it.

Lu. I will whisper then.

So. You foolish Girl, what Need is there to whisper, when there is no Body but ourselves? What, lest God should hear? Ah, good God! I perceive you're a religious Whore, that relievest Mendicants.

Lu. I get more by them Beggars than by you rich Men.

So. They rob honest Women, to lavish it away upon naughty Strumpets.

Lu. But go on, as to your Book.

So. So I will, and that's best. In that Book, *Paul*, that can't lie, told me, that *neither Whores nor Whore-mongers shall obtain the Kingdom of Heaven.* When I read this, I began thus to think with myself: It is but a small Matter that I look for from my Father's Inheritance, and yet I can renounce all the Whores in the World, rather than be disinherited by my Father; how much more then ought I to take Care, lest my heavenly Father should disinherit me? And human Laws do afford some Relief in the Case of a Father's disinheriting or discarding a Son: But here is no Provision at all made, in case of God's disinheriting; and upon that, I immediately ty'd myself up from all Conversation with lewd Women.

Lu. It will be well if you can hold it.

So. It is a good Step towards Continence, to desire to be so. And last of all, there is one Remedy left, and that is a Wife. When I was at *Rome*, I empty'd the whole Jakes of my Sins into the Bosom of a Confessor. And he exhorted me very earnestly to Purity, both of Mind and Body, and to

the reading of the holy Scripture, to frequent Prayer, and Sobriety of Life, and enjoin'd me no other Penance, but that I should upon my bended Knees before the high Altar say this Psalm, *Have Mercy upon me, O God*: And that if I had any Money, I should give one Penny to some poor Body. And I wondring that for so many whoring Tricks he enjoin'd me so small a Penance, he answer'd me very pleasantly, My Son, says he, if you truly repent and change your Life, I don't lay much Stress upon the Penance; but if thou shalt go on in it, the very Lust itself will at last punish thee very severely, although the Priest impose none upon thee. Look upon me, I am blear-ey'd, troubled with the Palsy, and go stooping: Time was I was such a one as you say you have been heretofore. And thus I repented.

Lu. Then as far as I perceive, I have lost my *Sophronius*.

So. Nay, you have rather gain'd him, for he was lost before, and was neither his own Friend nor thine: Now he loves thee in Reality, and longs for the Salvation of thy Soul.

Lu. What would you have me to do then, my *Sophronius*?

So. To leave off that Course of Life out of Hand: Thou art but a Girl yet, and that Stain that you have contracted may be wip'd off in Time. Either marry, and I'll give you something toward a Portion, or go into some Cloyster, that takes in crakt Maids, or go into some strange Place and get into some honest Family, I'll lend you my Assistance to any of these.

Lu. My *Sophronius*, I love thee dearly, look out for one for me, I'll follow thy Advice.

So. But in the mean Time get away from hence.

Lu. Whoo! what so suddenly!

So. Why not to Day rather than to Morrow, if Delays are dangerous?

Lu. Whither shall I go?

So. Get all your Things together, give 'em to me in the Evening, my Servant shall carry 'em privately to a faithful Matron: And I'll come a little after and take you out as if it were to take a little Walk; you shall live with her some

Time upon my Cost till I can provide for you, and that shall be very quickly.

Lu. Well, my *Sophronius*, I commit myself wholly to thy Management.

So. In Time to come you'll be glad you have done so.

The POETICAL FEAST.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poetical Feast teaches the Studious how to banquet. That Thriftiness with Jocoseness, Chearfulness without Obscenity, and learned Stories, ought to season their Feasts. Iambics are bloody. Poets are Men of no great Judgment. The three chief Properties of a good Maid Servant. Fidelity, Deformity, and a high Spirit. A Place out of the Prologue of Terence's Eunuchus *is illustrated. Also* Horace's *Epode to* Canidia. *A Place out of* Seneca. Aliud agere, nihil agere, male agere. *A Place out of the Elenchi of* Aristotle *is explain'd. A Theme poetically varied, and in a different Metre. Sentences are taken from Flowers and Trees in the Garden. Also some Verses are compos'd in* Greek.

HILARY, LEONARD, CRATO, GUESTS, MARGARET, CARINUS, EUBULUS, SBRULIUS, PARTHENIUS, MUS, *Hilary*'s Servant.

HI. *Levis apparatus, animus est lautissimus.*
Le. *Cœnam sinistro es auspicatus omine.*
Hi. *Imo absit omen triste. Sed cur hoc putas?*
Le. *Cruenti Iambi haud congruunt convivio.*

Hi. *I have but slender Fare, but a very liberal Mind.*
Le. *You have begun the Banquet with a bad Omen.*
Hi. *Away with bad Presages. But why do you think so?*
Le. *Bloody Iambics are not fit for a Feast.*

Cr. O brave! I am sure the Muses are amongst us, Verses flow so from us, when we don't think of 'em.

Si rotatiles trochaeos mavelis, en, accipe:
Vilis apparatus heic est, animus est lautissimus.

If you had rather have whirling Trochees, lo, here they are for you: Here is but mean Provision, but I have a liberal Mind.

Although Iambics in old Time were made for Contentions and Quarrels, they were afterwards made to serve any Subject whatsoever. O Melons! Here you have Melons that grew in my own Garden. These are creeping Lettuces of a very milky Juice, like their Name. What Man in his Wits would not prefer these Delicacies before Brawn, Lampreys, and Moor-Hens?

Cr. If a Man may be allow'd to speak Truth at a Poetic Banquet, those you call Lettuces are Beets.

Hi. God forbid.

Cr. It is as I tell you. See the Shape of 'em, and besides where is the milky Juice? Where are their soft Prickles?

Hi. Truly you make me doubt. Soho, call the Wench. *Margaret*, you Hag, what did you mean to give us Beets instead of Lettuces?

Ma. I did it on Purpose.

Hi. What do you say, you Witch?

Ma. I had a Mind to try among so many Poets if any could know a Lettuce from a Beet. For I know you don't tell me truly who 'twas that discover'd 'em to be Beets.

Guests. Crato.

Ma. I thought it was no Poet who did it.

Hi. If ever you serve me so again, I'll call you *Blitea* instead of *Margarita.*

Gu. Ha, ha, ha.

Ma. Your calling me will neither make me fatter nor leaner. He calls me by twenty Names in a Day's Time: When he has a Mind to wheedle me, then I'm call'd *Galatea, Euterpe, Calliope, Callirhoe, Melissa, Venus, Minerva,* and

what not? When he's out of Humour at any Thing, then presently I'm *Tisiphone*, *Megaera*, *Alecto*, *Medusa*, *Baucis*, and whatsoever comes into his Head in his mad Mood.

Hi. Get you gone with your Beets, *Blitea.*

Ma. I wonder what you call'd me for.

Hi. That you may go whence you came.

Ma. 'Tis an old Saying and a true, 'tis an easier Matter to raise the Devil, than 'tis to lay him.

Gu. Ha, ha, ha: Very well said. As the Matter is, *Hilary*, you stand in Need of some magic Verse to lay her with.

Hi. I have got one ready.

φεύγετε, καν θάριδες· λύκος ἄγριος ὔμμε διώκει.

Be gone ye Beetles, for the cruel Wolf pursues you.

Ma. What says *Æsop*?

Cr. Have a Care, *Hilary*, she'll hit you a Slap on the Face: This is your laying her with your *Greek* Verse. A notable Conjurer indeed!

Hi. Crato, What do you think of this Jade? I could have laid ten great Devils with such a Verse as this.

Ma. I don't care a Straw for your *Greek* Verses.

Hi. Well then, I must make use of a magical Spell, or, if that won't do, *Mercury's* Mace.

Cr. My *Margaret*, you know we Poets are a Sort of Enthusiasts, I won't say Mad-Men; prithee let me intreat you to let alone this Contention 'till another Time, and treat us with good Humour at this Supper for my Sake.

Ma. What does he trouble me with his Verses for? Often when I am to go to Market he has never a Penny of Money to give me, and yet he's a humming of Verses.

Cr. Poets are such Sort of Men. But however, prithee do as I say.

Ma. Indeed I will do it for your Sake, because I know you are an honest Gentleman, that never beat your Brain about such Fooleries. I wonder how you came to fall into such Company.

Cr. How come you to think so?

Ma. Because you have a full Nose, sparkling Eyes, and a plump Body. Now do but see how he leers and sneers at me.

Cr. But prithee, Sweet-Heart, keep your Temper for my Sake.

Ma. Well, I will go, and 'tis for your Sake and no Body's else.

Hi. Is she gone?

Ma. Not so far but she can hear you.

Mus. She is in the Kitchen, now, muttering something to herself I can't tell what.

Cr. I'll assure you your Maid is not dumb.

Hi. They say a good Maid Servant ought especially to have three Qualifications; to be honest, ugly, and high-spirited, which the Vulgar call evil. An honest Servant won't waste, an ugly one Sweet-Hearts won't woo, and one that is high-spirited will defend her Master's Right; for sometimes there is Occasion for Hands as well as a Tongue. This Maid of mine has two of these Qualifications, she's as ugly as she's surly; as to her Honesty I can't tell what to say to that.

Cr. We have heard her Tongue, we were afraid of her Hands upon your Account.

Hi. Take some of these Pompions: We have done with the Lettuces. For I know if I should bid her bring any Lettuces, she would bring Thistles. Here are Melons too, if any Body likes them better. Here are new Figs too just gather'd, as you may see by the Milk in the Stalks. It is customary to drink Water after Figs, lest they clog the Stomach. Here is very cool clear Spring Water that runs out of this Fountain, that is good to mix with Wine.

Cr. But I can't tell whether I had best to mix Water with my Wine, or Wine with Water; this Wine seems to me so likely to have been drawn out of the Muses Fountain.

Hi. Such Wine as this is good for Poets to sharpen their Wits. You dull Fellows love heavy Liquors.

Cr. I wish I was that happy *Crassus.*

Hi. I had rather be *Codrus* or *Ennius.* And seeing I

happen to have the Company of so many learned Guests at my Table, I won't let 'em go away without learning something of 'em. There is a Place in the Prologue of *Eunuchus* that puzzles many. For most Copies have it thus:

Sic existimet, sciat,
Responsum, non dictum esse, quia laesit prior,
Qui bene vertendo, et eas describendo male, &c.

Let him so esteem or know, that it is an Answer, not a common Saying; because he first did the Injury, who by well translating and ill describing them, &c.

In these Words I want a witty Sense, and such as is worthy of *Terence.* For he did not therefore do the Wrong first, because he translated the *Greek* Comedies badly, but because he had found Fault with *Terence*'s.

Eu. According to the old Proverb, *He that sings worst let him begin first.* When I was at *London* in *Thomas Linacre*'s House, who is a Man tho' well skill'd in all Manner of Philosophy, yet he is very ready in all Criticisms in Grammar, he shew'd me a Book of great Antiquity which had it thus:

Sic existimet, sciat,
Responsum, non dictum esse, quale sit prius
Qui bene vertendo, et eas describendo male,
Ex Graecis bonis Latinas fecit non bonas:
Idem Menandri Phasma nunc nuper dedit.

The Sentence is so to be ordered, that *quale sit* may shew that an Example of that which is spoken before is to be subjoin'd. He threatened that he would again find Fault with something in his Comedies who had found Fault with him, and he here denies that it ought to seem a Reproach but an Answer. He that provokes begins the Quarrel; he that being provok'd, replies, only makes his Defence or Answer. He promises to give an Example thereof, *quale sit*, being the same with οἷον in *Greek*, and *quod genus, veluti*, or *videlicet*, or *puta* in *Latin.* Then afterwards he brings a reproof, wherein the Adverb *prius* hath Relation to another Adverb, as it were a contrary one, which follows, *viz. nuper*

even as the Pronoun *qui* answers to the Word *idem.* For he altogether explodes the old Comedies of *Lavinius,* because they were now lost out of the Memory of Men. In those which he had lately published, he sets down the certain Places. I think that this is the proper Reading, and the true Sense of the Comedian : If the chief and ordinary Poets dissent not from it.

Gu. We are all entirely of your Opinion.

Eu. But I again desire to be inform'd by you of one small and very easy Thing, how this Verse is to be scann'd.

Ex Græcis bonis Latinas fecit non bonas.

Scan it upon your Fingers.

Hi. I think that according to the Custom of the Antients *s* is to be cut off, so that there be an *Anapaestus* in the second Place.

Eu. I should agree to it, but that the Ablative Case ends in *is,* and is long by Nature. Therefore though the Consonant should be taken away, yet nevertheless a long Vowel remains.

Hi. You say right.

Cr. If any unlearned Person or Stranger should come in, he would certainly think we were bringing up again among ourselves the Countrymens Play of holding up our Fingers (*dimicatione digitorum, i. e.* the Play of Love).

Le. As far as I see, we scan it upon our Fingers to no Purpose. Do you help us out if you can.

Eu. To see how small a Matter sometimes puzzles Men, though they be good Scholars ! The Preposition *ex* belongs to the End of the foregoing Verse.

Qui bene vertendo, et eas describendo male, ex
Graecis bonis Latinas fecit non bonas.

Thus there is no Scruple.

Le. It is so, by the Muses. Since we have begun to scan upon our Fingers, I desire that somebody would put this Verse out of *Andria* into its Feet.

Sine invidia laudem invenias, et amicos pares.

For I have often tri'd and could do no good on't.

Le. Sine in is an Iambic, *vidia* an Anapæstus, *Laudem in* is a Spondee, *venias* an Anapæstus, *et ami* another Anapæstus.

Ca. You have five Feet already, and there are three Syllables yet behind, the first of which is long; so that thou canst neither make it an *Iambic* nor a *Tribrach.*

Le. Indeed you say true. We are aground; who shall help us off?

Eu. No Body can do it better than he that brought us into it. Well, *Carinus,* if thou canst say any Thing to the Matter, don't conceal it from your poor sincere Friends.

Ca. If my Memory does not fail me, I think I have read something of this Nature in *Priscian,* who says, that among the Latin Comedians *v* Consonant is cut off as well as the Vowel, as oftentimes in this Word *enimvero*; so that the part *enime* makes an Anapæstus.

Le. Then scan it for us.

Ca. I'll do it. *Sine inidi* is a proseleusmatic Foot, unless you had rather have it cut off *i* by Syneresis, as when *Virgil* puts *aureo* at the End of an heroick Verse for *auro.* But if you please let there be a Tribrach in the first Place, *a lau* is a Spondee, *d' inveni* a Dactyl, *as et a* a Dactyl, *micos* a Spondee, *pares* an Iambic.

Sb. Carinus hath indeed got us out of these Briars. But in the same Scene there is a Place, which I can't tell whether any Body has taken Notice of or not.

Hi. Prithee, let us have it.

Sb. There *Simo* speaks after this Manner.

Sine ut eveniat, quod volo,
In Pamphilo ut nihil sit morae, restat Chremes.

Suppose it happen, as I desire, that there be no delay in Pamphilus; Chremes *remains.*

What is it that troubles you in these Words?

Sb. Sine being a Term of Threatning, there is nothing follows in this Place that makes for a Threatning. Therefore it is my Opinion that the Poet wrote it,

Sin eveniat, quod volo;

that *Sin* may answer to the *Si* that went before.

Si propter amorem uxorem nolit ducere.

For the old Man propounds two Parts differing from one another: *Si, &c. If* Pamphilus *for the Love of* Glycerie *refuseth to marry, I shall have some Cause to chide him; but if he shall not refuse, then it remains that I must intreat* Chremes. Moreover the Interruption of *Sosia*, and *Simo*'s Anger against *Davus* made too long a Transposition of the Words.

Hi. Mouse, reach me that Book.

Cr. Do you commit your Book to a Mouse?

Hi. More safely than my Wine. Let me never stir, if *Sbrulius* has not spoken the Truth.

Ca. Give me the Book, I'll shew you another doubtful Place. This Verse is not found in the Prologue of *Eunuchus*:

Habeo alia multa, quæ nunc condonabuntur.

I have many other Things, which shall now be delivered.

Although the *Latin* Comedians especially take great Liberty to themselves in this Kind of Verse, yet I don't remember that they any where conclude a Trimetre with a Spondee, unless it be read *Condonabitur* impersonally, or *Condonabimus*, changing the Number of the Person.

Ma. Oh, this is like Poets Manners indeed! As soon as ever they are set down to Dinner they are at Play, holding up their Fingers, and poring upon their Books. It were better to reserve your Plays and your Scholarship for the second Course.

Cr. Margaret gives us no bad Counsel, we'll humour her; when we have fill'd our Bellies, we'll go to our Play again; now we'll play with our Fingers in the Dish.

Hi. Take Notice of Poetick Luxury. You have three Sorts of Eggs, boil'd, roasted, and fry'd; they are all very new, laid within these two Days.

Par. I can't abide to eat Butter; if they are fry'd with Oil, I shall like 'em very well.

Hi. Boy, go ask *Margaret* what they are fry'd in.

Mo. She says they are fry'd in neither.

Hi. What! neither in Butter nor Oil. In what then?

Mo. She says they are fry'd in Lye.

Cr. She has given you an Answer like your Question. What a great Difficulty 'tis to distinguish Butter from Oil.

Ca. Especially for those that can so easily know a Lettuce from a Beet.

Hi. Well, you have had the Ovation, the Triumph will follow in Time. Soho, Boy, look about you, do you perceive nothing to be wanting?

Mo. Yes, a great many Things.

Hi. These Eggs lack Sauce to allay their Heat.

Mo. What Sauce would you have?

Hi. Bid her send us some Juice of the Tendrels of a Vine pounded.

Mo. I'll tell her, Sir.

Hi. What, do you come back empty-handed?

Mo. She says, Juice is not used to be squeez'd out of Vine Tendrels.

Le. A fine Maid Servant, indeed!

Sb. Well, we'll season our Eggs with pleasant Stories. I found a Place in the Epodes of *Horace*, not corrupted as to the Writing, but wrong interpreted, and not only by *Mancinellus*, and other later Writers; but by *Porphyry* himself. The Place is in the Poem, where he sings a Recantation to the Witch *Canidia.*

> *Tuusque venter Pactumeius, et tuo*
> *Cruore rubros obstetrix pannos lavit,*
> *Utcunque fortis exilis puerpera.*

For they all take *exilis* to be a Noun in this Place, when it is a Verb. I'll write down *Porphyry*'s Words, if we can believe 'em to be his: She is *exilis*, says he, under that Form, as though she were become deform'd by Travel; by Slenderness of Body, he means a natural Leanness. A shameful Mistake, if so great a Man did not perceive that the Law of

the Metre did contradict this Sense. Nor does the fourth Place admit of a Spondee : but the Poet makes a Jest of it ; that she did indeed bear a Child, though she was not long weak, nor kept her Bed long after her Delivery ; but presently jumpt out of Bed, as some lusty lying-in Women used to do.

Hi. We thank you *Sbrulius*, for giving us such fine Sauce to our Eggs.

Le. There is another Thing in the first Book of *Odes* that is not much unlike this. The *Ode* begins thus : *Tu ne quæ sieris.* Now the common Reading is thus, *Neu Babylonios Tentaris numeros, ut melius quicquid erit pati.* The antient Interpreters pass this Place over, as if there were no Difficulty in it. Only *Mancinellus* thinking the Sentence imperfect, bids us add *possis.*

Sb. Have you any Thing more that is certain about this Matter ?

Le. I don't know whether I have or no ; but in my Opinion, *Horace* seems here to have made Use of the *Greek* Idiom ; and this he does more than any other of the Poets. For it is a very common Thing with the *Greeks*, to join an infinitive Mood with the Word ὡς and ὥστε. And so *Horace* uses *ut pati*, for *ut patiaris :* Although what *Mancinellus* guesses, is not altogether absurd.

Hi. I like what you say very well. Run, *Mouse*, and bring what is to come, if there be any Thing.

Cr. What new dainty Dish is this ?

Hi. This is a Cucumber sliced ; this is the Broth of the Pulp of a Gourd boil'd, it is good to make the Belly loose.

Sb. Truly a medical feast.

Hi. Take it in good Part. There's a Fowl to come out of our Hen-Coop.

Sb. We will change thy Name, and call thee *Apicius*, instead of *Hilary.*

Hi. Well, laugh now as much as you will, it may be you'll highly commend this Supper to Morrow.

Sb. Why so ?

Hi. When you find that your Dinner has been well season'd.

Sb. What, with a good Stomach?

Hi. Yes, indeed.

Cr. Hilary, do you know what Task I would have you take upon you?

Hi. I shall know when you have told me.

Cr. The Choir sings some Hymns, that are indeed learned ones; but are corrupted in many Places by unlearned Persons. I desire that you would mend 'em; and to give you an Example, we sing thus:

Hostis Herodes impie,
Christum venire quid times?

Thou wicked Enemy Herod, *why dost thou dread the Coming of Christ?*

The mis-placing of one Word spoils the Verse two Ways. For the Word *hostis,* making a Trochee, has no Place in an *Iambick Verse,* and *Hero* being a *Spondee* won't stand in the second Place. Nor is there any doubt but the Verse at first was thus written,

Herodes hostis impie.

For the Epithete *impie* better agrees with *Hostis* than with *Herod.* Besides *Herodes* being a *Greek* Word η is turned into ε in the vocative; as Σωκράτης, ὦ Σώκρατες; and so Ἀγαμέμνων in the nominative Case is turned into ο. So again we sing the Hymn,

Jesu corona virginum,
Quem mater illa concepit,
Quæ sola virgo parturit.

O Jesus the Crown of Virgins,
Whom she the Mother conceiv'd,
Which was the only Person of a Virgin that brought forth.

There is no Doubt but the Word should be pronounc'd *concipit.* For the Change of the Tense sets off a Word. And

it is ridiculous for us to find Fault with *concipit* when *parturit* follows.

Hi. Truly I have been puzzled at a great many such Things; nor will it be amiss, if hereafter we bestow a little Time upon this Matter. For methinks *Ambrose* has not a little Grace in this Kind of Verse, for he does commonly end a Verse of four Feet with a Word of three Syllables, and commonly places a *cæsura* in the End of a Word. It is so common with him that it cannot seem to have been by Chance. If you would have an Example, *Deus Creator.* Here is a *Penthemimeris*, it follows, *omnium; Polique rector*, then follows, *vestiens; diem decoro*, and then *lumine; noctem soporis*, then follows *gratia.*

Hi. But here's a good fat Hen that has laid me Eggs, and hatch'd me Chickens for ten Years together.

Cr. It is Pity that she should have been kill'd.

Ca. If it were fit to intermingle any Thing of graver Studies, I have something to propose.

Hi. Yes, if it be not too crabbed.

Ca. That it is not. I lately began to read *Seneca*'s Epistles, and stumbled, as they say, at the very Threshold. The Place is in the first Epistle; *And if*, says he, *thou wilt but observe it, great Part of our Life passes away while we are doing what is ill; the greatest Part, while we are doing nothing, and the whole of it while we are doing that which is to no Purpose.* In this Sentence, he seems to affect I can't tell what Sort of Witticism, which I do not well understand.

Le. I'll guess, if you will.

Ca. Do so.

Le. No Man offends continually. But, nevertheless, a great Part of one's Life is lost in Excess, Lust, Ambition, and other Vices; but a much greater Part is lost in doing of nothing. Moreover they are said to do nothing, not who live in Idleness, but they who are busied about frivolous Things which conduce nothing at all to our Happiness: And thence comes the Proverb, *It is better to be idle, than to be doing, but to no Purpose.* But the whole Life is spent

in doing another Thing. He is said, *aliud agere*, who does not mind what he is about. So that the whole of Life is lost: Because when we are vitiously employ'd we are doing what we should not do; when we are employ'd about frivolous Matters we do that we should not do; and when we study Philosophy, in that we do it negligently and carelesly, we do something to no Purpose. If this Interpretation don't please you, let this Sentence of *Seneca* be set down among those Things of this Author that *Aulus Gellius* condemns in this Writer as frivolously witty.

Hi. Indeed I like it very well. But in the mean Time, let us fall manfully upon the Hen. I would not have you mistaken, I have no more Provision for you. It agrees with what went before. *That is the basest Loss that comes by Negligence*, and he shews it by this Sentence consisting of three Parts. But methinks I see a Fault a little after: *We foresee not Death, a great Part of it is past already.* It is my Opinion it ought to be read; *We foresee Death.* For we foresee those Things which are a great Way off from us, when Death for the most Part is gone by us.

Le. If Philosophers do sometimes give themselves Leave to go aside into the Meadows of the Muses, perhaps it will not be amiss for us, if we, to gratify our Fancy, take a Turn into their Territories.

Hi. Why not?

Le. As I was lately reading over again *Aristotle*'s Book that he entitles *Περὶ τῶν ἐλέγχων*, the Argument of which is for the most Part common both to Rhetoricians and Philosophers, I happen'd to fall upon some egregious Mistakes of the Interpreters. And there is no Doubt but that they that are unskill'd in the *Greek* have often miss'd it in many Places. For *Aristotle* proposes a Sort of such Kind of Ambiguity as arises from a Word of a contrary Signification. *ὅ τι μανθάνουσιν οἱ ἐπιστάμενοι· τὰ γὰρ ἀποστοματιζόμενα μανθάνουσιν οἱ γραμματικοί· τὸ γὰρ μανθάνειν ὁμώνυμον, τό τε ξυνιέναι χρώμενον τῇ ἐπιστήμῃ, καὶ τὸ λαμβάνειν τὴν ἐπιστήμην.* And they turn it thus. *Because intelligent*

Persons learn; for Grammarians are only tongue-learn'd; for to learn is an equivocal Word, proper both to him that exerciseth and to him that receiveth Knowledge.

Hi. Methinks you speak *Hebrew*, and not *English.*

Le. Have any of you heard any equivocal Word?

Hi. No.

Le. What then can be more foolish than to desire to turn that which cannot possibly be turn'd. For although the *Greek* Word μανθάνειν, signifies as much as μαθεῖν and μαθητεύειν, so among the *Latins*, *discere*, to learn, signifies as much as *doctrinam accipere*, or *doctrinam tradere.* But whether this be true or no I can't tell. I rather think μανθάνειν, is of doubtful Signification with the *Greeks*, as *cognoscere* is among the *Latins.* For he that informs, and the Judge that learns, both of them know the Cause. And so I think among the *Greeks* the Master is said μανθάνειν whilst he hears his Scholars, as also the Scholars who learn of him. But how gracefully hath he turn'd that τὰ γὰρ ἀποστοματιζόμενα μανθάνουσιν οἱ γραμματικοί, *nam secundum os grammatici discunt: For the Grammarians are tongue-learn'd;* since it ought to be translated, *Nam grammatici, quæ dictitant, docent: Grammarians teach what they dictate.* Here the Interpreters ought to have given another Expression, which might not express the same Words, but the same Kind of Thing. Tho' I am apt to suspect here is some Error in the *Greek* Copy, and that it ought to be written ὁμώνυμον τῷ τε ξυνιέναι καὶ τῷ λαμβάνειν. And a little after he subjoins another Example of Ambiguity, which arises not from the Diversity of the Signification of the same Word, but from a different Connection. τὸ βούλεσθαι λαβεῖν με τοὺς πολεμίους, *velle me accipere pugnantes. To be willing that I should receive the fighting Men*: For so he translates it, instead of *velle me capere hostes, to be willing that I take the Enemies*; and if one should read βούλεσθε, it is more perspicuous. *Vultis ut ego capiam hostes? Will ye that I take the Enemies?* For the Pronoun may both go before and follow the Verb *capere.* If it go before it, the Sense will be this, *Will*

ye, that I take the Enemies? If it follows, then this will be the Sense, *Are ye willing that the Enemies should take me?* He adds also another Example of the same Kind, ἆρα ὅ τις γινώσκει, τοῦτο γινώσκει. i. e. *An quod quis novit hoc novit.* The Ambiguity lies in τοῦτο. If it should be taken in the accusative Case, the Sense will be this; *Whatsoever it is that any Body knows, that Thing he knows to be.* But if in the nominative Case, the Sense will be this, *That Thing which any Body knows, it knows;* as though that could not be known that knows not again by Course. Again he adds another Example. ἆρα ὅ τις ὁρᾷ, τοῦτο ὁρᾷ; ὁρᾷ δὲ τὸν κίονα· ὥστε ὁρᾷ ὁ κίων. *That which any one sees, does that Thing see; but he sees a Post, does the Post therefore see?* The Ambiguity lies again in τοῦτο, as we shew'd before. But these Sentences may be render'd into *Latin* well enough; but that which follows cannot possibly by any Means be render'd, Ἆρα ὅ σὺ φῂς εἶναι, τοῦτο σὺ φὴς εἶναι; φῂς δὲ λίθον εἶναι· σὺ ἆρα φής λίθος εἶναι. Which they thus render, *putas quod tu dicis esse, hoc tu dicis esse: dicis autem lapidem esse, tu ergo lapis dicis esse.* Pray tell me what Sense can be made of these Words? For the Ambiguity lies partly in the Idiom of the *Greek* Phrase, which is in the major and minor. Although in the major there is another Ambiguity in the two Words ὅ and τοῦτο, which if they be taken in the nominative Case, the Sense will be, *That which thou sayest thou art, that thou art.* But if in the accusative Case the Sense will be, *Whatsoever thou sayst is, that thou sayst is;* and to this Sense he subjoins λίθον φῂς εἶναι, but to the former Sense he subjoins σὺ ἆρα φῂς λίθος εἶναι. *Catullus* once attempted to imitate the Propriety of the *Greek* Tongue:

Phaselus iste, quem videtis, hospites,
Ait fuisse navium celerrimus.

My Guests, that Gally which you see
The most swift of the Navy is, says he.

For so was this Verse in the old Edition. Those who write

Commentaries on these Places being ignorant of this, must of Necessity err many Ways. Neither indeed can that which immediately follows be perspicuous in the *Latin*. *Καὶ ἆρα ἔστι σιγῶντα λέγειν ; δίττον γὰρ ἐστι τὸ σιγῶντα λέγειν, τό τε τὸν λέγοντα σιγᾷν, καὶ τὸ τὰ λεγόμενα.* That they have render'd thus ; *Et putas, est tacentem dicere? Duplex enim est, tacentem dicere ; et hunc dicere tacentem, et quæ dicuntur.* Are not these Words more obscure than the Books of the *Sibyls?*

Hi. I am not satisfy'd with the *Greek.*

Le. I'll interpret it as well as I can. *Is it possible for a Man to speak while he is silent?* This Interrogation has a two-Fold Sense, the one of which is false and absurd, and the other may be true ; for it cannot possibly be that he who speaks, should not speak what he does speak ; that is, that he should be silent while he is speaking ; but it is possible, that he who speaks may be silent of him who speaks. Although this Example falls into another Form that he adds a little after. And again, I admire, that a little after, in that kind of Ambiguity that arises from more Words conjoin'd, the *Greeks* have chang'd the Word *Seculum* into the Letters, *ἐπίστασθαι τὰ γράμματα*, seeing that the *Latin* Copies have it, *scire seculum.* For here arises a double Sense, either *that the Age itself might know something*, or *that somebody might know the Age.* But this is an easier Translation of it into *αἰῶνα* or *κόσμον*, than into *γράμματα.* For it is absurd to say that Letters know any Thing ; but it is no absurdity to say, *something is known to our Age*, or *that any one knows his Age.* And a little after, where he propounds an Ambiguity in the Accent, the Translator does not stick to put *Virgil*'s Words instead of *Homer*'s, when there was the same Necessity in that Example, *quicquid dicis esse, hoc est, What thou sayst is, it is. Aristotle* out of *Homer* says, *οὐ καταπύθεται ὄμβρῳ*, if *οὖ* should be aspirated and circumflected, it sounds in *Latin* thus ; *Cujus computrescit pluviâ ; by whose Rain it putrifies ;* but if *οὔ* be acuted and exile, it sounds, *Non com-*

putrescit pluviâ ; it does not putrify with Rain; and this indeed is taken out of the *Iliad* ψ. Another is, διδόμεν δέ οἱ εὖχος ἀρέσθαι : the Accent being placed upon the last Syllable but one, signifies, *grant to him* ; but plac'd upon the first Syllable δίδομεν, signifies, *we grant.* But the Poet did not think *Jupiter* said, *we grant to him* ; but commands the Dream itself to grant him, to whom it is sent to obtain his Desire. For διδόμεν, is used for διδόναι. For these two of *Homer*, these two are added out of our Poets ; as that out of the Odes of *Horace.*

Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis.

For if the Accent be on *me* being short, and *tu* be pronounc'd short, it is one Word *metuo* ; that is, *timeo, I am afraid* : Although this Ambiguity lies not in the Accent only, but also arises from the Composition.

They have brought another Example out of *Virgil* :

Heu quia nam tanti cinxerunt aethera nymbi !

Although here also the Ambiguity lies in the Composition.

Hi. Leonard, These Things are indeed Niceties, worthy to be known ; but in the mean Time, I'm afraid our Entertainment should seem rather a Sophistical one, than a Poetical one : At another Time, if you please, we'll hunt Niceties and Criticisms for a whole Day together.

Le. That is as much as to say, we'll hunt for Wood in a Grove, or seek for Water in the Sea.

Hi. Where is my Mouse ?

Mou. Here he is.

Hi. Bid *Margaret* bring up the Sweet-Meats.

Mus. I go, Sir.

Hi. What ! do you come again empty-handed ?

Mus. She says, she never thought of any Sweet-Meats, and that you have sat long enough already.

Hi. I am afraid, if we should philosophize any longer, she'll come and overthrow the Table, as *Xantippe* did to *Socrates* ; therefore it is better for us to take our Sweet-

Meats in the Garden; and there we may walk and talk freely; and let every one gather what Fruit he likes best off of the Trees.

Guests. We like your Motion very well.

Hi. There is a little Spring sweeter than any Wine.

Ca. How comes it about, that your Garden is neater than your Hall?

Hi. Because I spend most of my Time here. If you like any Thing that is here, don't spare whatever you find. And now if you think you have walk'd enough, what if we should sit down together under this Teil Tree, and rouze up our Muses.

Pa. Come on then, let us do so.

Hi. The Garden itself will afford us a Theme.

Pa. If you lead the Way, we will follow you.

Hi. Well, I'll do so. He acts very preposterously, who has a Garden neatly trimm'd up, and furnish'd with various Delicacies, and at the same Time, has a Mind adorn'd with no Sciences nor Virtues.

Le. We shall believe the Muses themselves are amongst us, if thou shalt give us the same Sentence in Verse.

Hi. That's a great Deal more easy to me to turn Prose into Verse, than it is to turn Silver into Gold.

Le. Let us have it then:

Hi. Cui renidet hortus undiquaque flosculis,
Animumque nullis expolitum dotibus
Squalere patitur, is facit praepostere.

Whose Garden is all grac'd with Flowers sweet,
His Soul mean While being impolite,
Is far from doing what is meet.

Here's Verses for you, without the *Muses* or *Apollo*; but it will be very entertaining, if every one of you will render this Sentence into several different Kinds of Verse.

Le. What shall be his Prize that gets the Victory?

Hi. This Basket full, either of Apples, or Plumbs, or Cherries, or Medlars, or Pears, or of any Thing else he likes better.

Le. Who should be the Umpire of the Trial of Skill?

Hi. Who shall but *Crato*? And therefore he shall be excused from versifying, that he may attend the more diligently.

Cr. I'm afraid you'll have such a Kind of Judge, as the Cuckoo and Nightingal once had, when they vy'd one with the other, who should sing best.

Hi. I like him if the rest do.

Gu. We like our Umpire. Begin, *Leonard.*

Le. *Cui tot deliciis renidet hortus,*
Herbis, floribus, arborumque fœtu,
Et multo et vario, nec excolendum
Curat pectus et artibus probatis,
Et virtutibus, is mihi videtur
Lævo judicio, parumque recto.

Who that his Garden shine doth mind
With Herbs and Flowers, and Fruits of various kind;
And in mean While, his Mind neglected lies
Of Art and Virtue void, he is not wise.

I have said.

Hi. Carinus bites his Nails, we look for something elaborate from him.

Ca. I'm out of the poetical Vein.

Cura cui est, ut niteat hortus flosculis ac fœtibus,
Negligenti excolere pectus disciplinis optimis;
Hic labore, mihi ut videtur, ringitur praepostero.

Whose only Care is that his Gardens be
With Flow'rs and Fruits furnish'd most pleasantly,
But disregards his Mind with Art to grace,
Bestows his Pains and Care much like an Ass.

Hi. You han't bit your Nails for nothing.

Eu. Well, since my Turn is next, that I may do something,

Qui studet ut variis niteat cultissimus hortus
Deliciis, patiens animum squalere, nec ullis
Artibus expoliens, huic est praepostera cura.

Who cares to have his Garden neat and rare,
And doth of Ornaments his Mind leave bare,
Acts but with a preposterous Care.

We have no Need to spur *Sbrulius* on, for he is so fluent at Verses, that he oftentimes tumbles 'em out, before he is aware.

Sb. *Cui vernat hortus cultus et elegans,*
Nec pectus ullis artibus excolit;
Praepostera is cura laborat.
Sit ratio tibi prima mentis.

Who to make his Garden spring, much Care imparts,
And yet neglects his Mind to grace with Arts,
Acts wrong: Look chiefly to improve thy Parts.

Pa. *Quisquis accurat, variis ut hortus*
Floribus vernet, neque pectus idem
Artibus sanctis colit, hunc habet prae-
postera cura.

Who to his Soul prefers a Flower or worse,
May well be said to set the Cart before the Horse.

Hi. Now let us try to which of us the Garden will afford the most Sentences.

Le. How can so rich a Garden but do that? even this Rose-Bed will furnish me with what to say. *As the Beauty of a Rose is fading, so is Youth soon gone; you make haste to gather your Rose before it withers; you ought more earnestly to endeavour that your Youth pass not away without Fruit.*

Hi. It is a Theme very fit for a Verse.

Ca. As among Trees, every one hath its Fruits: So among Men, every one hath his natural Gift.

Eu. As the Earth, if it be till'd, brings forth various Things for human Use; and being neglected, is cover'd with Thorns and Briars: So the Genius of a Man, if it be accomplish'd with honest Studies, yields a great many Virtues; but if it be neglected, is over-run with various Vices.

Sb. A Garden ought to be drest every Year, that it may look handsome: The Mind being once furnish'd with good Learning, does always flourish and spring forth.

Pa. As the Pleasantness of Gardens does not draw the Mind off from honest Studies, but rather invites it to them: So we ought to seek for such Recreations and Divertisements, as are not contrary to Learning.

Hi. O brave! I see a whole Swarm of Sentences. Now for Verse: But before we go upon that, I am of the Mind, it will be no improper nor unprofitable Exercise to turn the first Sentence into *Greek* Verse, as often as we have turn'd it into *Latin.* And let *Leonard* begin, that has been an old Acquaintance of the *Greek* Poets.

Le. I'll begin if you bid me.

Hi. I both bid and command you.

Le. Ὦι κῆπός ἐστιν ἄνθεσιν γελῶν καλοῖς,
Ὁ δὲ νοῦς μάλ' αὐχμῶν τοῖς καλοῖς μαθήμασιν,
Οὔκ ἐστι κομψὸς οὗτος, οὐκ ὀρθῶς φρονεῖ,
Περὶ πλείονος ποιῶν τὰ φαῦλ', ἢ κρείττονα.

He never entered Wisdom's Doors
Who delights himself in simple Flowers,
And his foul Soul neglects to cleanse.
This Man knows not what Virtue means.

I have begun, let him follow me that will.

Hi. Carinus.

Ca. Nay, *Hilary.*

Le. But I see here's *Margaret* coming upon us of a sudden, she's bringing I know not what Dainties.

Hi. If she does so, my Fury 'll do more than I thought she'd do. What hast brought us?

Ma. Mustard-Seed, to season your Sweet-Meats. An't you ashamed to stand prating here till I can't tell what Time of Night? And yet you Poets are always reflecting against Womens Talkativeness.

Cr. Margaret says very right, it is high Time for every one to go Home to Bed: At another Time we'll spend a Day in this commendable Kind of Contest.

Hi. But who do you give the Prize to?

Cr. For this Time I allot it to myself. For no Body has overcome but I.

Hi. How did you overcome that did not contend at all.

Cr. Ye have contended, but not try'd it out. I have overcome *Marget*, and that is more than any of you could do.

Ca. Hilary. He demands what's his Right, let him have the Basket.

An ENQUIRY CONCERNING FAITH.

The ARGUMENT.

This Inquisition concerning Faith, comprehends the Sum and Substance of the Catholick Profession. He here introduces a Lutheran *that by the Means of the orthodox Faith, he may bring either Party to a Reconciliation. Concerning Excommunication, and the Pope's Thunderbolts. And also that we ought to associate ourselves with the Impious and Heretical, if we have any Hope of amending them.* Symbolum *is a military Word. A most divine and elegant Paraphrase upon the Apostles Creed.*

AULUS, BARBATUS.

AU. Salute freely, is a Lesson for Children. But I can't tell whether I should bid you be well or no.

Ba. In Truth I had rather any one would make me well, than bid me be so. *Aulus,* Why do you say that?

Au. Why? Because if you have a Mind to know, you smell of Brimstone, or *Jupiter*'s Thunderbolt.

Ba. There are mischievous Deities, and there are harmless Thunderbolts, that differ much in their Original from those that are ominous. For I fancy you mean something about Excommunication.

Au. You're right.

Ba. I have indeed heard dreadful Thunders, but I never yet felt the Blow of the Thunderbolt.

Au. How so?

Ba. Because I have never the worse Stomach, nor my Sleep the less sound.

Au. But a Distemper is commonly so much the more dangerous, the less it is felt. But these brute Thunderbolts, as you call 'em, strike the Mountains and the Seas.

Ba. They do strike 'em indeed, but with Strokes that have no effect upon 'em. There is a Sort of Lightning that proceeds from a Glass or a Vessel of Brass.

Au. Why, and that affrights too.

Ba. It may be so, but then none but Children are frighted at it. None but God has Thunderbolts that strike the Soul.

Au. But suppose God is in his Vicar.

Ba. I wish he were.

Au. A great many Folks admire, that you are not become blacker than a Coal before now.

Ba. Suppose I were so, then the Salvation of a lost Person were so much the more to be desired, if Men followed the Doctrine of the Gospel.

Au. It is to be wished indeed, but not to be spoken of.

Ba. Why so?

Au. That he that is smitten with the Thunderbolt may be ashamed and repent.

Ba. If God had done so by us, we had been all lost.

Au. Why so?

Ba. Because when we were Enemies to God, and Worshippers of Idols, fighting under Satan's Banner, that is to say, every Way most accursed; then in an especial Manner he spake to us by his Son, and by his treating with us restored us to Life when we were dead.

Au. That thou say'st is indeed very true.

Ba. In Truth it would go very hard with all sick Persons, if the Physician should avoid speaking to 'em, whensoever any poor Wretch was seized with a grievous Distemper, for then he has most Occasion for the Assistance of a Doctor.

Au. But I am afraid that you will sooner infect me with your Distemper than I shall cure you of it. It sometimes falls out that he that visits a sick Man is forced to be a Fighter instead of a Physician.

Ba. Indeed it sometimes happens so in bodily Distempers: But in the Diseases of the Mind you have an Antidote ready against every Contagion.

Au. What's that?

Ba. A strong Resolution not to be removed from the Opinion that has been fixed in you. But besides, what Need you fear to become a Fighter, where the Business is managed by Words?

Au. There is something in what you say, if there be any Hope of doing any good.

Ba. While there is Life there is Hope, and according to St. *Paul, Charity can't despair, because it hopes all Things.*

Au. You observe very well, and upon this Hope I may venture to discourse with you a little; and if you'll permit me, I'll be a Physician to you.

Ba. Do, with all my Heart.

Au. Inquisitive Persons are commonly hated, but yet Physicians are allowed to be inquisitive after every particular Thing.

Ba. Ask me any Thing that you have a Mind to ask me.

Au. I'll try. But you must promise me you'll answer me sincerely.

Ba. I'll promise you. But let me know what you'll ask me about.

Au. Concerning the Apostles Creed.

Ba. Symbolum is indeed a military Word. I will be content to be look'd upon an Enemy to Christ, if I shall deceive you in this Matter.

Au. Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, who made the Heaven and Earth.

Ba. Yes, and whatsoever is contained in the Heaven and Earth, and the Angels also which are Spirits.

Au. When thou say'st God, what dost thou understand by it?

Ba. I understand a certain eternal Mind, which neither had Beginning nor shall have any End, than which nothing can be either greater, wiser, or better.

Au. Thou believest indeed like a good Christian.

Ba. Who by his omnipotent Beck made all Things visible or invisible ; who by his wonderful Wisdom orders and governs all Things ; who by his Goodness feeds and maintains all Things, and freely restored Mankind when fallen.

Au. These are indeed three especial Attributes in God : But what Benefit dost thou receive by the Knowledge of them ?

Ba. When I conceive him to be Omnipotent, I submit myself wholly to him, in comparison of whose Majesty, the Excellency of Men and Angels is nothing. Moreover, I firmly believe whatsoever the holy Scriptures teach to have been done, and also that what he hath promised shall be done by him, seeing he can by his single Beck do whatsoever he pleases, how impossible soever it may seem to Man. And upon that Account distrusting my own Strength, I depend wholly upon him who can do all Things. When I consider his Wisdom, I attribute nothing at all to my own, but I believe all Things are done by him righteously and justly, although they may seem to human Sense absurd or unjust. When I animadvert on his Goodness, I see nothing in myself that I do not owe to free Grace, and I think there is no Sin so great, but he is willing to forgive to a true Penitent, nor nothing but what he will freely bestow on him that asks in Faith.

Au. Dost thou think that it is sufficient for thee to believe him to be so ?

Ba. By no Means. But with a sincere Affection I put my whole Trust and Confidence in him alone, detesting Satan, and all Idolatry, and magic Arts. I worship him alone, preferring nothing before him, nor equalling nothing with him, neither Angel, nor my Parents, nor Children, nor Wife, nor Prince, nor Riches, nor Honours, nor Pleasures ; being ready to lay down my Life if he call for it, being assur'd that he can't possibly perish who commits himself wholly to him.

Au. What then, dost thou worship nothing, fear nothing, love nothing but God alone ?

Ba. If I reverence any Thing, fear any Thing, or love any Thing, it is for his Sake I love it, fear it, and reverence it; referring all Things to his Glory, always giving Thanks to him for whatsoever happens, whether prosperous or adverse, Life or Death.

Au. In Truth your Confession is very sound so far. What do you think concerning the second Person?

Ba. Examine me.

Au. Dost thou believe *Jesus* was God and Man?

Ba. Yes.

Au. Could it be that the same should be both immortal God and mortal Man?

Ba. That was an easy Thing for him to do who can do what he will: And by Reason of his divine Nature, which is common to him with the Father, whatsoever Greatness, Wisdom, and Goodness I attribute to the Father, I attribute the same to the Son; and whatsoever I owe to the Father, I owe also to the Son, but only that it hath seemed good to the Father to bestow all Things on us through him.

Au. Why then do the holy Scriptures more frequently call the Son Lord than God?

Ba. Because God is a Name of Authority, that is to say, of Sovereignty, which in an especial Manner belongeth to the Father, who is absolutely the Original of all Things, and the Fountain even of the Godhead itself. Lord is the Name of a Redeemer and Deliverer, altho' the Father also redeemed us by his Son, and the Son is God, but of God the Father. But the Father only is from none, and obtains the first Place among the divine Persons.

Au. Then dost thou put thy Confidence in *Jesus*?

Ba. Why not?

Au. But the Prophet calls him accursed who puts his Trust in Man.

Ba. But to this Man alone hath all the Power in Heaven and Earth been given, that at his Name every Knee should bow, both of Things in Heaven, Things in Earth, and Things under the Earth. Although I would not put my chief Confidence and Hope in him, unless he were God.

Au. Why do you call him Son?

Ba. Lest any should imagine him to be a Creature.

Au. Why an only Son?

Ba. To distinguish the natural Son from the Sons by Adoption, the Honour of which Sirname he imputes to us also, that we may look for no other besides this Son.

Au. Why would he have him to be made Man, who was God?

Ba. That being Man, he might reconcile Men to God.

Au. Dost thou believe he was conceived without the Help of Man, by the Operation of the holy Ghost, and born of the undefiled Virgin *Mary*, taking a mortal Body of her Substance?

Ba. Yes.

Au. Why would he be so born?

Ba. Because it so became God to be born, because it became him to be born in this Manner, who was to cleanse away the Filthiness of our Conception and Birth. God would have him to be born the Son of Man, that we being regenerated into him, might be made the Sons of God.

Au. Dost thou believe that he lived here upon Earth, did Miracles, taught those Things that are recorded to us in the Gospel?

Ba. Ay, more certainly than I believe you to be a Man.

Au. I am not an *Apuleius* turned inside out, that you should suspect that an Ass lies hid under the Form of a Man. But do you believe this very Person to be the very Messiah whom the Types of the Law shadowed out, which the Oracle of the Prophets promised, which the *Jews* looked for so many Ages?

Ba. I believe nothing more firmly.

Au. Dost thou believe his Doctrine and Life are sufficient to lead us to perfect Piety?

Ba. Yes, perfectly sufficient.

Au. Dost thou believe that the same was really apprehended by the *Jews*, bound, buffeted, beaten, spit upon, mock'd, scourg'd under *Pontius Pilate*; and lastly, nailed to the Cross, and there died?

Ba. Yes, I do.

Au. Do you believe him to have been free from all the Law of Sin whatsoever?

Ba. Why should I not? A Lamb without Spot.

Au. Dost thou believe he suffered all these Things of his own accord?

Ba. Not only willingly, but even with great Desire; but according to the Will of his Father.

Au. Why would the Father have his only Son, being innocent and most dear to him, suffer all these Things?

Ba. That by this Sacrifice he might reconcile to himself us who were guilty, we putting our Confidence and Hope in his Name.

Au. Why did God suffer all Mankind thus to fall? And if he did suffer them, was there no other Way to be found out to repair our Fall?

Ba. Not human Reason, but Faith hath persuaded me of this, that it could be done no Way better nor more beneficially for our Salvation.

Au. Why did this Kind of Death please him best?

Ba. Because in the Esteem of the World it was the most disgraceful, and because the Torment of it was cruel and lingring, because it was meet for him who would invite all the Nations of the World unto Salvation, with his Members stretch'd out into every Coast of the World, and call off Men, who were glew'd unto earthly Cares, to heavenly Things; and, last of all, that he might represent to us the brazen Serpent that *Moses* set up upon a Pole, that whoever should fix his Eyes upon it, should be heal'd of the Wounds of the Serpent, and fulfil the Prophet's Promise, who prophesied, *say ye among the Nations, God hath reign'd from a Tree.*

Au. Why would he be buried also, and that so curiously, anointed with Myrrh and Ointments, inclosed in a new Tomb, cut out of a hard and natural Rock, the Door being seal'd, and also publick Watchmen set there?

Ba. That it might be the more manifest that he was really dead.

Au. Why did he not rise again presently?

Ba. For the very same Reason; for if his Death had been doubtful, his Resurrection had been doubtful too; but he would have that to be as certain as possible could be.

Au. Do you believe his Soul descended into Hell?

Ba. St. *Cyprian* affirms that this Clause was not formerly inserted either in the *Roman* Creed or in the Creed of the Eastern Churches, neither is it recorded in *Tertullian*, a very ancient Writer. And yet notwithstanding, I do firmly believe it, both because it agrees with the Prophecy of the Psalm, *Thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell*; and again, *O Lord, thou hast brought my Soul out of Hell.* And also because the Apostle *Peter*, in the third Chapter of his first Epistle (of the Author whereof no Man ever doubted,) writes after this Manner, *Being put to Death in the Flesh, but quickned by the Spirit, in which also he came and preach'd by his Spirit to those that were in Prison.* But though I believe he descended into Hell, yet I believe he did not suffer anything there. For he descended not to be tormented there, but that he might destroy the Kingdom of Satan.

Au. Well, I hear nothing yet that is impious; but he died that he might restore us to Life again, who were dead in Sin. But why did he rise to live again?

Ba. For three Reasons especially.

Au. Which are they?

Ba. First of all, to give us an assur'd Hope of our Resurrection. Secondly, that we might know that he in whom we have plac'd the Safety of our Resurrection is immortal, and shall never die. Lastly, that we being dead in Sins by Repentance, and buried together with him by Baptism, should by his Grace be raised up again to Newness of Life.

Au. Do you believe that the very same Body that died upon the Cross, which reviv'd in the Grave, which was seen and handled by the Disciples, ascended into Heaven?

Ba. Yes, I do.

Au. Why would he leave the Earth?

Ba. That we might all love him spiritually, and that no

Man should appropriate Christ to himself upon the Earth, but that we should equally lift up our Minds to Heaven, knowing that our Head is there. For if Men now so much please themselves in the Colour and Shape of the Garment, and do boast so much of the Blood or the Foreskin of Christ, and the Milk of the Virgin *Mary*, what do you think would have been, had he abode on the Earth, eating and discoursing? What Dissentions would those Peculiarities of his Body have occasioned?

Au. Dost thou believe that he, being made immortal, sitteth at the right Hand of the Father?

Ba. Why not? As being Lord of all Things, and Partaker of all his Father's Kingdom. He promised his Disciples that this should be, and he presented this Sight to his Martyr *Stephen.*

Au. Why did he shew it?

Ba. That we may not be discouraged in any Thing, well knowing what a powerful Defender and Lord we have in Heaven.

Au. Do you believe that he will come again in the same Body, to judge the Quick and the Dead?

Ba. As certain as I am, that those Things the Prophets have foretold concerning Christ hitherto have come to pass, so certain I am, that whatsoever he would have us look for for the future, shall come to pass. We have seen his first Coming, according to the Predictions of the Prophets, wherein he came in a low Condition, to instruct and save. We shall also see his second, when he will come on high, in the Glory of his Father, before whose Judgment-Seat all Men of every Nation, and of every Condition, whether Kings or Peasants, *Greeks*, or *Scythians*, shall be compell'd to appear; and not only those, whom at that Coming he shall find alive, but also all those who have died from the Beginning of the World, even until that Time, shall suddenly be raised, and behold his Judge every one in his own Body. The blessed Angels also shall be there as faithful Servants, and the Devils to be judg'd. Then he will, from on high, pronounce

that unvoidable Sentence, which will cast the Devil, together with those that have taken his Part, into eternal Punishments, that they may not after that, be able to do Mischief to any. He will translate the Godly, being freed from all Trouble, to a Fellowship with him in his heavenly Kingdom: Although he would have the Day of his coming unknown to all.

Au. I hear no Error yet. Let us now come to the third Person.

Ba. As you please.

Au. Dost thou believe in the holy Spirit?

Ba. I do believe that it is true God, together with the Father, and the Son. I believe they that wrote us the Books of the Old and New Testament were inspired by it, without whose Help no Man attains Salvation.

Au. Why is he called a Spirit?

Ba. Because as our Bodies do live by Breath, so our Minds are quicken'd by the secret Inspiration of the holy Spirit.

Au. Is it not lawful to call the Father a Spirit?

Ba. Why not?

Au. Are not then the Persons confounded?

Ba. No, not at all, for the Father is called a Spirit, because he is without a Body, which Thing is common to all the Persons, according to their divine Nature: But the third Person is called a Spirit, because he breathes out, and transfuses himself insensibly into our Minds, even as the Air breathes from the Land, or the Rivers.

Au. Why is the Name of Son given to the second Person?

Ba. Because of his perfect Likeness of Nature and Will.

Au. Is the Son more like the Father, than the holy Spirit?

Ba. Not according to the divine Nature, except that he resembles the Property of the Father the more in this, that the Spirit proceeds from him also.

Au. What hinders then, but that the holy Spirit may be called Son.

Ba. Because, as St. *Hilary* saith, I no where read that he

was begotten, neither do I read of his Father: I read of the *Spirit, and that proceeding from.*

Au. Why is the Father alone called God in the Creed?

Ba. Because he, as I have said before, is simply the Author of all Things that are, and the Fountain of the whole Deity.

Au. Speak in plainer Terms.

Ba. Because nothing can be nam'd which hath not its Original from the Father: For indeed, in this very Thing, that the Son and Holy Spirit is God, they acknowledge that they received it from the Father; therefore the chief Authority, that is to say, the Cause of Beginning, is in the Father alone, because he alone is of none: But yet, in the Creed it may be so taken, that the Name of God may not be proper to one Person, but used in general; because, it is distinguish'd afterwards by the Terms of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, into one God; which Word of Nature comprehends the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; that is to say, the three Persons.

Au. Dost thou believe in the holy Church?

Ba. No.

Au. What say you? Do you not believe in it?

Ba. I believe the holy Church, which is the Body of Christ; that is to say, a certain Congregation of all Men throughout the whole World, who agree in the Faith of the Gospel, who worship one God the Father, who put their whole Confidence in his Son, who are guided by the same Spirit of him; from whose Fellowship he is cut off that commits a deadly Sin.

Au. But why do you stick to say, I believe in the holy Church?

Ba. Because St. *Cyprian* hath taught me, that we must believe in God alone, in whom we absolutely put all our Confidence. Whereas the Church, properly so called, although it consists of none but good Men; yet it consists of Men, who of good may become bad, who may be deceived, and deceive others.

Au. What do you think of the Communion of Saints?

Ba. This Article is not all meddled with by *Cyprian*, when he particularly shews what in such and such Churches is more or less used; for he thus connects them: *For there followeth after this Saying, the holy Church, the Forgiveness of Sins, the Resurrection of this Flesh.* And some are of Opinion, that this Part does not differ from the former; but that it explains and enforces what before was called *the holy Church*; so that the Church is nothing else but the Profession of one God, one Gospel, one Faith, one Hope, the Participation of the same Spirit, and the same Sacraments: To be short, such a Kind of Communion of all good Things, among all godly Men, who have been from the Beginning of the World, even to the End of it, as the Fellowship of the Members of the Body is between one another. So that the good Deeds of one may help another, until they become lively Members of the Body. But out of this Society, even one's own good Works do not further his Salvation, unless he be reconcil'd to the holy Congregation; and therefore it follows, *the Forgiveness of Sins*; because out of the Church there is no Remission of Sins, although a Man should pine himself away with Repentance, and exercise Works of Charity. In the Church, I say, not of Hereticks, but the holy Church; that is to say, gathered by the Spirit of Christ, there is Forgiveness of Sins by Baptism, and after Baptism, by Repentence, and the Keys given to the Church.

Au. Thus far they are the Words of a Man that is sound in the Faith. Do you believe that there will be a Resurrection of the Flesh?

Ba. I should believe all the rest to no Purpose, if I did not believe this, which is the Head of all.

Au. What dost thou mean, when thou say'st the Flesh?

Ba. An human Body animated with a human Soul.

Au. Shall every Soul receive its own Body which is left dead?

Ba. The very same from whence it went out; and therefore, in *Cyprian*'s Creed, it is added, *of this Flesh.*

Au. How can it be, that the Body which hath been now so often chang'd out of one Thing into another, can rise again the same ?

Ba. He who could create whatsoever he would out of nothing, is it a hard Matter for him to restore to its former Nature that which hath been changed in its Form ? I don't dispute anxiously which Way it can be done ; it is sufficient to me, that he who hath promised that it shall be so, is so true, that he can't lye, and so powerful, as to be able to bring to pass with a Beck, whatsoever he pleases.

Au. What need will there be of a Body then ?

Ba. That the whole Man may be glorified with Christ, who, in this World, was wholly afflicted with Christ.

Au. What means that which he adds, *and Life everlasting.*

Ba. Lest any one should think that we shall so rise again, as the Frogs revive at the Beginning of the Spring, to die again. For here is a twofold Death of the Body, that is common to all Men, both good and bad ; and of the Soul, and the Death of the Soul is Sin. But after the Resurrection, the godly shall have everlasting Life, both of Body and Soul : Nor shall the Body be then any more obnoxious to Diseases, old Age, Hunger, Thirst, Pain, Weariness, Death, or any Inconveniences ; but being made spiritual, it shall be mov'd as the Spirit will have it : Nor shall the Soul be any more sollicited with any Vices or Sorrows ; but shall for ever enjoy the chiefest Good, which is God himself. On the contrary, eternal Death, both of Body and Soul, shall seize upon the wicked. For their Body shall be made immortal, in order to the enduring everlasting Torments, and their Soul to be continually vexed with the Gripes of their Sins, without any Hope of Pardon.

Au. Dost thou believe these things from thy very Heart, and unfeignedly ?

Ba. I believe them so certainly, I tell you, that I am not so sure that you talk with me.

Au. When I was at *Rome*, I did not find all so sound in the Faith.

Ba. Nay; but if you examine thoroughly, you'll find a great many others in other Places too, which do not so firmly believe these Things.

Au. Well then, since you agree with us in so many and weighty Points, what hinders that you are not wholly on our Side?

Ba. I have a mind to hear that of you: For I think that I am orthodox. Although I will not warrant for my Life, yet I endeavour all I can, that it may be suitable to my Profession.

Au. How comes it about then, that there is so great a War between you and the orthodox?

Ba. Do you enquire into that: But hark you, Doctor, if you are not displeased with this Introduction, take a small Dinner with me; and after Dinner, you may enquire of every Thing at Leisure: I'll give you both Arms to feel my Pulse, and you shall see both Stool and Urine; and after that, if you please, you shall anatomize this whole Breast of mine, that you may make a better Judgment of me.

Au. But I make it a matter of Scruple to eat with thee.

Ba. But Physicians use to eat with their Patients, that they might better observe what they love, and wherein they are irregular.

Au. But I am afraid, lest I should seem to favour Hereticks.

Ba. Nay, but there is nothing more religious than to favour Hereticks.

Au. How so?

Ba. Did not *Paul* wish to be made an *Anathema* for the *Jews*, which were worse than Hereticks? Does not he favour him that endeavours that a Man may be made a good Man of a bad Man?

Au. Yes, he does so.

Ba. Well then, do you favour me thus, and you need not fear any Thing.

Au. I never heard a sick Man answer more to the Purpose. Well, come on, let me dine with you then.

Ba. You shall be entertain'd in a physical Way, as it becomes a Doctor by his Patient, and we will so refresh our Bodies with Food, that the Mind shall be never the less fit for Disputation.

Au. Well, let it be so, with good Birds (*i. e.* with good Success).

Ba. Nay, it shall be with bad Fishes, unless you chance to have forgot that it is *Friday*.

Au. Indeed, that is beside our Creed.

The OLD MENS DIALOGUE.

The ARGUMENT.

Γεροντολογία, *or,* Ὄχημα, *shews, as tho' it were in a Looking-glass, what Things are to be avoided in Life, and what Things contribute to the Tranquillity of Life. Old Men that were formerly intimate Acquaintance when Boys, after forty Years Absence, one from the other, happen to meet together, going to* Antwerp. *There seems to be a very great Inequality in them that are equal in Age.* Polygamus, *he is very old:* Glycion *has no Signs of Age upon him, tho' he is sixty six; he proposes a Method of keeping off old Age.* 1. *He consults what Sort of Life to chuse, and follows the Advice of a prudent old Man, who persuades him to marry a Wife that was his equal, making his Choice with Judgment, before he falls in Love.* 2. *He has born a publick Office, but not obnoxious to troublesome Affairs.* 3. *He transacts Affairs that do not expose him to Envy.* 4. *He bridles his Tongue.* 5. *He is not violently fond of, nor averse to any Thing. He moderates his Affections, suffers no Sorrow to abide with him all Night.* 6. *He abstains from Vices, and renews his Patience every Day.* 7. *He is not anxiously thoughtful of Death.* 8. *He does not travel into foreign Countries.* 9. *He has nothing to do with Doctors.* 10. *He diverts himself*

with Study, but does not study himself lean. On the other hand, Polygamus *has brought old Age upon him, by the Intemperance of his Youth, by Drinking, Whoring, Gaming, running in Debt; he had had eight Wives.* Pampirus, *he becomes a Merchant; but consumes all he has by Gaming; then he becomes a Canon; then a Carthusian; after that a Benedictine; and last of all, turns Soldier.* Eusebius, *he gets a good Benefice and preaches.*

EUSEBIUS, PAMPIRUS, POLYGAMUS, GLYCION, HUGUITIO, *and* HARRY *the Coachman.*

EUSEB. What new Faces do I see here? If I am not mistaken, or do not see clear, I see three old Companions sitting by me; *Pampirus, Polygamus* and *Glycion*; they are certainly the very same.

Pa. What do you mean, with your Glass Eyes, you Wizard? Pray come nearer a little, *Eusebius.*

Po. Hail, heartily, my wish'd for *Eusebius.*

Gl. All Health to you, the best of Men.

Eu. One Blessing upon you all, my dear Friends. What God, or providential Chance has brought us together now, for I believe none of us have seen the one the other, for this forty Years. Why *Mercury* with his Mace could not have more luckily brought us together into a Circle; but what are you doing here?

Pa. We are sitting.

Eu. I see that, but what do you sit for?

Po. We wait for the *Antwerp* Waggon.

Eu. What, are you going to the Fair?

Po. We are so: but rather Spectators, than Traders, tho' one has one Business, and another has another.

Eu. Well, and I am going thither myself too. But what hinders you, that you are not going?

Po. We han't agreed with the Waggoner yet.

Eu. These Waggoners are a surly Sort of People; but are you willing that we put a Trick upon them?

Po. With all my Heart, if it can be done fairly.

Eu. We will pretend that we will go thither a-Foot together.

Po. They'll sooner believe that a Crab-Fish will fly, than that such heavy Fellows as we will take such a Journey on Foot.

Eu. Will you follow good wholsome Advice?

Po. Yes, by all Means.

Gl. They are a drinking, and the longer they are fuddling, the more Danger we shall be in of being overturned in the Dirt.

Po. You must come very early, if you find a Waggoner sober.

Gl. Let us hire the Waggon for us four by ourselves, that we may get to *Antwerp* the sooner: It is but a little more Charge, not worth minding, and this Expence will be made up by many Advantages; we shall have the more Room, and shall pass the Journey the more pleasantly in mutual Conversation.

Po. Glycion is much in the Right on't. For good Company in a Journey does the Office of a Coach; and according to the *Greek* Proverb, we shall have more Liberty of talking, not about a Waggon, but in a Waggon.

Gl. Well, I have made a Bargain, let us get up. Now I've a Mind to be merry, seeing I have had the good Luck to see my old dear Comrades after so long a Separation.

Eu. And methinks I seem to grow young again.

Po. How many Years do you reckon it, since we liv'd together at *Paris*?

Eu. I believe it is not less than two and forty Years.

Pa. Then we seem'd to be all pretty much of an Age.

Eu. We were so, pretty near the Matter, for if there was any Difference it was very little.

Pa. But what a great Difference does there seem to be now? For *Glycion* has nothing of an old Man about him, and *Polygamus* looks old enough to be his Grandfather.

Eu. Why truly he does so, but what should be the Reason of it?

Pa. What? Why either the one loiter'd and stopp'd in his Course, or the other run faster (out-run him).

Eu. Oh! Time does not stay, how much soever Men may loiter.

Po. Come, tell us, *Glycion* truly, how many Years do you number?

Gl. More than Ducats in my Pocket.

Po. Well, but how many?

Gl. Threescore and six.

Eu. Why thou'lt never be old.

Po. But by what Arts hast thou kept off old Age? for you have no grey Hairs, nor Wrinkles in your Skin, your Eyes are lively, your Teeth are white and even, you have a fresh Colour, and a plump Body.

Gl. I'll tell you my Art, upon Condition you'll tell us your Art of coming to be old so soon.

Po. I agree to the Condition. I'll do it. Then tell us whither you went when you left *Paris.*

Gl. I went directly into my own Country, and by that Time I had been there almost a Year, I began to bethink myself what Course of Life to chuse; which I thought to be a Matter of great Importance, as to my future Happiness; so I cast my Thoughts about what had been successful to some, and what had been unsuccessful to others.

Po. I admire you had so much Prudence, when you were as great a Maggot as any in the World, when you were at *Paris.*

Gl. Then my Age did permit a little Wildness. But, my good Friend, you must know, I did not do all this neither of my own mother-Wit.

Po. Indeed I stood in Admiration.

Gl. Before I engaged in any Thing, I applied to a certain Citizen, a Man of Gravity, of the greatest Prudence by long Experience, and of a general Reputation with his fellow Citizens, and in my Opinion, the most happy Man in the World.

Eu. You did wisely.

Gl. By this Man's Advice I married a Wife.

Po. Had she a very good Portion?

Gl. An indifferent good one, and according to the Proverb, in a competent Proportion to my own: For I had just enough to do my Business, and this Matter succeeded to my Mind.

Po. What was your Age then?

Gl. Almost two and twenty.

Po. O happy Man!

Gl. But don't mistake the Matter; all this was not owing to Fortune neither.

Po. Why so?

Gl. I'll tell you; some love before they chuse, I made my Choice with Judgment first, and then lov'd afterwards, and nevertheless I married this Woman more for the Sake of Posterity than for any carnal Satisfaction. With her I liv'd a very pleasant Life, but not above eight Years.

Po. Did she leave you no children?

Gl. Nay, I have four alive, two Sons and two Daughters.

Po. Do you live as a private Person, or in some publick Office?

Gl. I have a publick Employ. I might have happen'd to have got into a higher Post, but I chose this because it was creditable enough to secure me from Contempt, and is free from troublesome Attendance: And it is such, that no Body need object against me that I live only for myself, I have also something to spare now and then to assist a Friend. With this I live content, and it is the very Height of my Ambition. And then I have taken Care so to execute my Office, to give more Reputation to my Office than I receiv'd from it; this I account to be more honourable, than to borrow my Dignity from the Splendor of my Office.

Eu. Without all Controversy.

Gl. By this Means I am advanced in Years, and the Affections of my fellow Citizens.

Eu. But that's one of the difficultest Things in the World,

when with very good Reason there is this old Saying: *He that has no Enemies has no Friends*; and *Envy is always an Attendant on Felicity.*

Gl. Envy always is a Concomitant of a pompous Felicity, but a Mediocrity is safe; this was always my Study, not to make any Advantage to myself from the Disadvantages of other People. I embraced as much as I could, that which the *Greeks* call Freedom from the Encumbrance of Business. I intermeddled with no one's Affairs; but especially I kept myself clear from those that could not be meddled with without gaining the ill Will of a great many. If a Friend wants my Assistance, I so serve him, as thereby not to procure any Enemies to myself. In Case of any Misunderstanding between me and any Persons, I endeavour to soften it by clearing myself of Suspicion, or to set all right again by good Offices, or to let it die without taking Notice of it: I always avoid Contention, but if it shall happen, I had rather lose my Money than my Friend. Upon the Whole, I act the Part of *Mitio* in the Comedy, I affront no Man, I carry a chearful Countenance to all, I salute and resalute affably, I find no Fault with what any Man purposes to do or does, I don't prefer myself before other People; I let every one enjoy his Opinion; what I would have kept as a Secret, I tell to no Body: I never am curious to pry in the Privacies of other Men. If I happen to come to the Knowledge of any thing, I never blab it. As for absent Persons, I either say nothing at all of them, or speak of them with Kindness and Civility. Great Part of the Quarrels that arise between Men, come from the Intemperance of the Tongue. I never breed Quarrels or heighten them; but where-ever Opportunity happens, I either moderate them, or put an End to them. By these Methods I have hitherto kept clear of Envy, and have maintained the Affections of my fellow Citizens.

Pa. Did you not find a single Life irksome to you?

Gl. Nothing happened to me in the whole Course of my Life, more afflicting than the Death of my Wife, and I could

have passionately wish'd that we might have grown old together, and might have enjoy'd the Comfort of the common Blessing, our Children : But since Providence saw it meet it should be otherwise, I judged that it was best for us both, and therefore did not think there was Cause for me to afflict myself with Grief, that would do no good, neither to me nor the Deceased.

Pol. What, had you never an Inclination to marry again, especially the first having been so happy a Match to you?

Gl. I had an Inclination so to do, but as I married for the Sake of Children, so for the Sake of my Children I did not marry again.

Pol. But 'tis a miserable Case to lie alone whole Nights without a Bedfellow.

Gl. Nothing is hard to a willing Mind. And then do but consider the Benefits of a single Life : There are some People in the World, who will be for making the worst of every Thing ; such a one *Crates* seemed to be, or an Epigram under his Name, summing up the Evils of human Life. And the Resolution is this, that it is best not to be born at all. Now *Metrodorus* pleases me a great Deal better, who picks out what is good in it ; this makes Life the pleasanter. And I brought my Mind to that Temper of Indifference never to have a violent Aversion or Fondness for any thing. And by this it comes to pass, that if any good Fortune happens to me, I am not vainly transported, or grow insolent ; or if any thing falls out cross, I am not much perplex'd.

Pa. Truly if you can do this, you are a greater Philosopher than *Thales* himself.

Gl. If any Uneasiness in my Mind rises, (as mortal Life produces many of them) I cast it immediately out of my Thoughts, whether it be from the Sense of an Affront offered, or any Thing done unhandsomly.

Pol. Well, but there are some Provocations that would raise the Anger of the most patient Man alive: As the Saucinesses of Servants frequently are.

Gl. I suffer nothing to stay long enough in my Mind to make an Impression. If I can cure them I do it, if not, I reason thus with myself, What good will it do me to torment myself about that which will be never the better for it? In short, I let Reason do that for me at first, which after a little While, Time itself would do. And this I be sure take Care of, not to suffer any Vexation, be it never so great, to go to Bed with me.

Eu. No wonder that you don't grow old, who are of that Temper.

Gl. Well, and that I mayn't conceal any thing from Friends, in an especial Manner I have kept this Guard upon myself, never to commit any Thing that might be a Reflection either on my own Honour or that of my Children. For there is nothing more troublesome than a guilty Conscience. And if I have committed a Fault I don't go to Bed before I have reconcil'd myself to God. To be at Peace with God is the Fountain of true Tranquillity of Mind, or, as the *Greeks* call it, *εὐθυμία*. For they who live thus, Men can do them no great Injury.

Eu. Have you never any anxious Thoughts upon the Apprehension of Death?

Gl. No more than I have for the Day of my Birth. I know I must die, and to live in the Fear of it may possibly shorten my Life, but to be sure it would never make it longer. So that I care for nothing else but to live piously and comfortably, and leave the rest to Providence; and a Man can't live happily that does not live piously.

Pa. But I should grow old with the Tiresomeness of living so long in the same Place, tho' it were *Rome* itself.

Gl. The changing of Place has indeed something of Pleasure in it; but then, as for long Travels, tho' perhaps they may add to a Man's Experience, yet they are liable to a great many Dangers. I seem to myself to travel over the whole World in a Map, and can see more in Histories than if I had rambled through Sea and Land for twenty Years together, as *Ulysses* did. I have a little Country-House

about two Miles out of Town, and there sometimes, of a Citizen I become a Country-Man, and having recreated my self there, I return again to the City a new Comer, and salute and am welcom'd as if I had return'd from the new-found Islands.

Eu. Don't you assist Nature with a little Physick?

Gl. I never was let Blood, or took Pills nor Potions in my Life yet. If I feel any Disorder coming upon me, I drive it away with spare Diet or the Country Air.

Eu. Don't you study sometimes?

Gl. I do. In that is the greatest Pleasure of my Life: But I make a Diversion of it, but not a Toil. I study either for Pleasure or Profit of my Life, but not for Ostentation. After Meat I have a Collation of learned Stories, or else somebody to read to me, and I never sit to my Books above an Hour at a Time: Then I get up and take my Violin, and walk about in my Chamber, and sing to it, or else ruminate upon what I have read; or if I have a good Companion with me, I relate it, and after a While I return to my Book again.

Eu. But tell me now, upon the Word of an honest Man; Do you feel none of the Infirmities of old Age, which are said to be a great many?

Gl. My Sleep is not so sound, nor my Memory so good, unless I fix any thing deeply in it. Well, I have now acquitted myself of my Promise. I have laid open to you those magical Arts by which I have kept myself young, and now let *Polygamus* tell us fairly, how he brought old Age upon him to that Degree.

Po. Indeed, I will hide nothing from such trusty Companions.

Eu. You will tell it to those that will not make a Discourse of it.

Po. You very well know I indulg'd my Appetite when I was at *Paris.*

Eu. We remember it very well. But we thought that you had left your rakish Manners and your youthful Way of Living at *Paris.*

Po. Of the many Mistresses I had there I took one Home, who was big with Child.

Eu. What, into your Father's House?

Po. Directly thither; but I pretended she was a Friend's Wife, who was to come to her in a little Time.

Gl. Did your Father believe it?

Po. He smelt the Matter out in three or four Days time, and then there was a cruel Scolding. However, in this Interim I did not leave off Feasting, Gaming, and other extravagant Diversions. And in short, my Father continuing to rate me, saying he would have no such cackling Gossips under his Roof, and ever and anon threatning to discard me, I march'd off, remov'd to another Place with my Pullet, and she brought me some young Chickens.

Pa. Where had you Money all the While?

Po. My Mother gave me some by Stealth, and I ran over Head and Ears in Debt.

Eu. Had any Body so little Wit as to lend you?

Po. There are some Persons who will trust no Body more readily than they will a Spendthrift.

Pa. And what next?

Po. At last my Father was going about to disinherit me in good earnest. Some Friends interpos'd, and made up the Breach upon this Condition; that I should renounce the *French* Woman, and marry one of our own Country.

Eu. Was she your Wife?

Po. There had past some Words between us in the future Tense, but there had been carnal Copulation in the present Tense.

Eu. How could you leave her then?

Po. It came to be known afterwards, that my *French* Woman had a *French* Husband that she had elop'd from some Time before.

Eu. But it seems you have a Wife now.

Po. None besides this which is my Eighth.

Eu. The Eighth! Why then you were named *Polygamus* by Way of Prophecy. Perhaps they all died without Children.

Po. Nay, there was not one of them but left me a Litter, which I have at Home.

Eu. I had rather have so many Hens at Home, which would lay me Eggs. An't you weary of wifeing?

Po. I am so weary of it, that if this Eighth should die to Day, I would marry the Ninth to-Morrow. Nay, it vexes me that I must not have two or three, when one Cock has so many Hens.

Eu. Indeed I don't wonder, Mr. Cock, that you are no fatter, and that you have brought old Age upon you to that Degree; for nothing brings on old Age faster, than excessive and hard Drinking, keeping late Hours, and Whoring, extravagant Love of Women, and immoderate Venery. But who maintains your Family all this While?

Po. A small Estate came to me by the Death of my Father, and I work hard with my Hands.

Eu. Have you given over Study then?

Po. Altogether. I have brought a Noble to Nine Pence, and of a Master of seven Arts, I am become a Workman of but one Art.

Eu. Poor Man! So many Times you were obliged to be a Mourner, and so many Times a Widower.

Po. I never liv'd single above ten Days, and the new Wife always put an End to the Mourning for the old one. So, you have in Truth the Epitome of my Life; and I wish *Pampirus* would give us a Narration of his Life; he bears his Age well enough: For if I am not mistaken, he is two or three Years older than I.

Pa. Truly I'll tell it ye, if you are at Leisure to hear such a Romance.

Eu. Nay, it will be a Pleasure to hear it.

Pa. When I went Home my antient Father began to press me earnestly to enter into some Course of Life, that might make some Addition to what I had; and after long Consultation Merchandizing was what I took to.

Po. I admire this Way of Life pleas'd you more than any other.

Pa. I was naturally greedy to know new Things, to see various Countries and Cities, to learn Languages, and the Customs and Manners of Men, and Merchandize seem'd the most apposite to that Purpose. From which a general Knowledge of Things proceeds.

Po. But a wretched one, which is often purchas'd with Inconveniencies.

Pa. It is so, therefore my Father gave me a good large Stock, that I might begin to trade upon a good Foundation: And at the same Time I courted a Wife with a good Fortune, but handsome enough to have gone off without a Portion.

Eu. Did you succeed?

Pa. No. Before I came Home, I lost all, Stock and Block.

Eu. Perhaps by Shipwreck.

Pa. By Shipwreck indeed. For we run upon more dangerous Rocks than those of *Scilly*.

Eu. In what Sea did you happen to run upon that Rock? Or what is the Name of it?

Pa. I can't tell what Sea 'tis in, but it is a Rock that is infamous for the destruction of a great many, they call it *Alea* [Dice, the Devil's Bones] in *Latin*, how you call it in *Greek* I can't tell.

Eu. O Fool!

Pa. Nay, my Father was a greater Fool, to trust a young Fop with such a Sum of Money.

Gl. And what did you do next?

Pa. Why nothing at all, but I began to think of hanging myself.

Gl. Was your Father so implacable then? For such a Loss might be made up again; and an Allowance is always to be made to one that makes the first Essay, and much more it ought to be to one that tries all Things.

Pa. Tho' what you say may be true, I lost my Wife in the mean Time. For as soon as the Maid's Parents came to understand what they must expect, they would have no more to do with me, and I was over Head and Ears in Love.

Gl. I pity thee. But what did you propose to yourself after that?

Pa. To do as it is usual in desperate Cases. My Father had cast me off, my Fortune was consum'd, my Wife was lost, I was every where call'd a Sot, a Spendthrift, a Rake, and what not? Then I began to deliberate seriously with myself, whether I should hang myself or no, or whether I should throw myself into a Monastery.

Eu. You were cruelly put to it! I know which you would chuse, the easier Way of Dying.

Pa. Nay, sick was I of Life itself; I pitched upon that which seem'd to me the most painful.

Gl. And yet many People cast themselves into Monasteries, that they may live more comfortably there.

Pa. Having got together a little Money to bear my Charges, I stole out of my own Country.

Gl. Whither did you go at last?

Pa. Into *Ireland*, there I became a Canon Regular of that Order that wear Linnen outwards and Woollen next their Skin.

Gl. Did you spend your Winter in *Ireland*?

Pa. No. But by that Time I had been among them two Months I sail'd into *Scotland.*

Gl. What displeas'd you among them?

Pa. Nothing, but that I thought their Discipline was not severe enough for the Deserts of one, that once Hanging was too good for.

Gl. Well, what past in *Scotland*?

Pa. Then I chang'd my Linnen Habit for a Leathern one, among the Carthusians.

Eu. These are the Men, that in Strictness of Profession, are dead to the World.

Pa. It seem'd so to me, when I heard them Singing.

Gl. What? Do dead Men sing? But how many Months did you spend among the *Scots*?

Pa. Almost six.

Gl. A wonderful Constancy.

Eu. What offended you there?

Pa. Because it seem'd to me to be a lazy, delicate Sort of Life; and then I found there, many that were not of a very sound Brain, by Reason of their Solitude. I had but a little Brain myself, and I was afraid I should lose it all.

Po. Whither did you take your next Flight?

Pa. Into *France*: There I found some cloath'd all in Black, of the Order of St. *Benedict*, who intimate by the Colour of their Cloaths, that they are Mourners in this World; and among these, there were some, that for their upper Garment wore Hair-Cloth like a Net.

Gl. A grievous Mortification of the Flesh.

Pa. Here I stay'd eleven Months.

Eu. What was the Matter that you did not stay there for good and all?

Pa. Because I found there were more Ceremonies than true Piety: And besides, I heard that there were some who were much holier, which *Bernard* had enjoin'd a more severe Discipline, the black Habit being chang'd into a white one; with these I liv'd ten Months.

Eu. What disgusted you here?

Pa. I did not much dislike any Thing, for I found them very good Company; but the *Greek* Proverb ran in my Mind;

Δεῖ τὰς χελώνας ἢ φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν.

One must either eat Snails, or eat nothing at all.

Therefore I came to a Resolution, either not to be a Monk, or to be a Monk to Perfection. I had heard there were some of the Order of St. *Bridget*, that were really heavenly Men, I betook myself to these.

Eu. How many Months did you stay there?

Pa. Two Days; but not quite that.

Gl. Did that Kind of Life please you no better than so?

Pa. They take no Body in, but those that will profess themselves presently; but I was not yet come to that Pitch of Madness, so easily to put my Neck into such a Halter, that I could never get off again. And as often as I heard

the Nuns singing, the Thoughts of my Mistress that I had lost, tormented my Mind.

Gl. Well, and what after this?

Pa. My Mind was inflamed with the Love of Holiness; nor yet had I met with any Thing that could satisfy it. At last, as I was walking up and down, I fell in among some Cross-Bearers. This Badge pleas'd me at first Sight; but the Variety hindered me from chusing which to take to. Some carried a white Cross, some a red Cross, some a green Cross, some a party-colour'd Cross, some a single Cross, some a double one, some a quadruple, and others some of one Form, and some of another; and I, that I might leave nothing untry'd, I carried some of every Sort. But I found in reality, that there was a great Difference between carrying a Cross on a Gown or a Coat, and carrying it in the Heart. At last, being tired with Enquiry, it came into my Mind, that to arrive at universal Holiness all at once, I would take a Journey to the holy Land, and so would return Home with a Back-Load of Sanctimony.

Po. And did you go thither?

Pa. Yes.

Po. Where did you get Money to bear your Charges?

Pa. I wonder it never came into your Head, to ask that before now, and not to have enquir'd after that a great While ago: But you know the old Proverb; *a Man of Art will live any where.*

Gl. What Art do you carry with you?

Pa. Palmistry.

Gl. Where did you learn it?

Pa. What signifies that?

Gl. Who was your Master?

Pa. My Belly, the great Master of all Arts: I foretold Things past, present, and to come.

Gl. And did you know any Thing of the Matter?

Pa. Nothing at all; but I made bold Guesses, and run no Risque neither, having got my Money first.

Po. And was so ridiculous an Art sufficient to maintain you?

Pa. It was, and two Servants too: There is every where such a Number of foolish young Fellows and Wenches. However, when I came to *Jerusalem*, I put myself into the Train of a rich Nobleman, who being seventy Years of Age, said he could never have died in Peace, unless he had first visited *Jerusalem.*

Eu. What, did he leave a Wife at Home?

Pa. Yes, and six Children.

Eu. O impious, pious, old Man! Well, and did you come back holy from thence?

Pa. Shall I tell you the Truth? Somewhat worse than I went.

Eu. So, as I hear, your Religion was grown cool.

Pa. Nay, it grew more hot: So I went back into *Italy*, and enter'd into the Army.

Eu. What, then, did you look for Religion in the Camp. Than which, what is there that can be more impious?

Pa. It was a holy War.

Eu. Perhaps against the *Turks.*

Pa. Nay, more holy than that, as they indeed gave out at that Time.

Eu. What was that?

Pa. Pope *Julius* the Second made War upon the *French.* And the Experience of many Things that it gives a Man, made me fancy a Soldier's Life.

Eu. Of many Things indeed; but wicked ones.

Pa. So I found afterwards: But however, I liv'd harder here, than I did in the Monasteries.

Eu. And what did you do after this?

Pa. Now my Mind began to be wavering, whether I should return to my Business of a Merchant, that I had laid aside, or press forward in Pursuit of Religion that fled before me. In the mean Time it came into my Mind, that I might follow both together.

Eu. What, be a Merchant and a Monk both together?

Pa. Why not? There is nothing more religious than the Orders of Mendicants, and there is nothing more like to

Trading. They fly over Sea and Land, they see many Things, they hear many Things, they enter into the Houses of common People, Noblemen, and Kings.

Eu. Ay, but they don't Trade for Gain.

Pa. Very often, with better Success than we do.

Eu. Which of these Orders did you make Choice of?

Pa. I try'd them all.

Eu. Did none of them please you?

Pa. I lik'd them all well enough, if I might but presently have gone to Trading; but I consider'd in my Mind, I must labour a long Time in the Choir, before I could be qualified for the Trust: So now I began to think how I might get to be made an Abbot: But, I thought with myself, *Kissing goes by Favour*, and it will be a tedious Pursuit: So having spent eight Years after this Manner, hearing of my Father's Death, I return'd Home, and by my Mother's Advice, I marry'd, and betook myself to my old Business of Traffick.

Gl. Prithee tell me, when you chang'd your Habit so often, and were transform'd, as it were, into another Sort of Creature, how could you behave yourself with a proper Decorum?

Pa. Why not, as well as those who in the same Comedy act several Parts?

Eu. Tell us now in good earnest, you that have try'd every Sort of Life, which you most approve of.

Pa. So many Men, so many Minds: I like none better than this which I follow.

Eu. But there are a great many Inconveniences attend it.

Pa. There are so. But seeing there is no State of Life, that is entirely free from Incommodities, this being my Lot, I make the best on't: But now here is *Eusebius* still, I hope he will not think much to acquaint his Friends with some Scenes of his Course of Life.

Eu. Nay, with the whole Play of it, if you please to hear it, for it does not consist of many Acts.

Gl. It will be a very great Favour.

Eu. When I return'd to my own Country, I took a Year to deliberate what Way of Living to chuse, and examin'd myself, to what Employment my Inclination led me, and I was fit for. In the mean Time a Prebendary was offered me, as they call it; it was a good fat Benefice, and I accepted it.

Gl. That Sort of Life has no good Reputation among People.

Eu. As human Affairs go, I thought it was a Thing well worth the accepting. Do you look upon it a small Happiness to have so many Advantages to fall into a Man's Mouth, as tho' they dropt out of Heaven; handsome Houses well furnish'd, a large Revenue, an honourable Society, and a Church at Hand, to serve God in, when you have a Mind to it?

Pa. I was scandaliz'd at the Luxury of the Persons, and the Infamy of their Concubines; and because a great many of that Sort of Men have an Aversion to Learning.

Eu. I don't mind what others do, but what I ought to do myself, and associate myself with the better Sort, if I cannot make them that are bad better.

Po. And is that the State of Life you have always liv'd in?

Eu. Always, except four Years, that I liv'd at *Padua.*

Po. What did you do there?

Eu. These Years I divided in this Manner; I studied Physick a Year and a half, and the rest of the Time Divinity.

Po. Why so?

Eu. That I might the better manage both Soul and Body, and also sometimes be helpful by Way of Advice to my Friends. I preached sometimes according to my Talent. And under these Circumstances, I have led a very quiet Life, being content with a single Benefice, not being ambitiously desirous of any more, and should have refus'd it, if it had been offered me.

Pa. I wish we could learn how the rest of our old Companions have liv'd, that were our Familiars.

Eu. I can tell you somewhat of some of them: but I see we are not far from the City; therefore, if you are willing, we will all take up the same Inn, and there we will talk over the rest at Leisure.

Hugh. [*a Waggoner.*] You blinking Fellow, where did you take up this Rubbish?

Harry the Waggoner. Where are you carrying that Harlottry, you Pimp?

Hugh. You ought to throw these frigid old Fellows somewhere into a Bed of Nettles, to make them grow warm again.

Harry. Do you see that you shoot that Herd of yours somewhere into a Pond to cool them, to lay their Concupiscence, for they are too hot.

Hugh. I am not us'd to overturn my Passengers.

Harry. No? but I saw you a little While ago, overturn Half a Dozen Carthusians into the Mire, so that tho' they went in white, they came out black, and you stood grinning at it, as if you had done some noble Exploit.

Hugh. I was in the Right of it, they were all asleep, and added a dead Weight to my Waggon.

Harry. But these old Gentlemen, by talking merrily all the Way, have made my Waggon go light. I never had a better Fare.

Hugh. But you don't use to like such Passengers.

Harry. But these are good old Men.

Hugh. How do you know that?

Harry. Because they made me drink humming Ale, three Times by the Way.

Hugh. Ha, ha, ha, then they are good to you.

The FRANCISCANS, Πτωχοπλούσιοι, or RICH BEGGARS.

The ARGUMENT.

The Franciscans, *or rich poor Persons, are not admitted into the House of a Country Parson.* Pandocheus *jokes wittily upon them. The Habit is not to be accounted odious. The Life and Death of the* Franciscans. *Of the foolish Pomp of Habits. The Habits of Monks are not in themselves evil. What Sort of Persons Monks ought to be. The Use of Garments is for Necessity and Decency. What Decency is. Whence arose the Variety of Habits and Garments among the Monks. That there was in old Time no Superstition in the Habits.*

CONRADE, *a Bernardine* Monk, *a* Parson, *an* Inn-Keeper *and his* Wife.

CON. Hospitality becomes a Pastor.

Pars. But I am a Pastor of Sheep ; I don't love Wolves.

Con. But perhaps you don't hate a Wench so much. But what Harm have we done you, that you have such an Aversion to us, that you won't so much as admit us under your Roof? We won't put you to the Charge of a Supper.

Pars. I'll tell ye, because if you spy but a Hen or a Chicken in a Body's House, I should be sure to hear of it to-Morrow in the Pulpit. This is the Gratitude you shew for your being entertain'd.

Con. We are not all such Blabs.

Pars. Well, be what you will, I'd scarce put Confidence in St. *Peter* himself, if he came to me in such a Habit.

Con. If that be your Resolution, at least tell us where is an Inn.

Pars. There's a publick Inn here in the Town.

Con. What Sign has it?

Pars. Upon a Board that hangs up, you will see a Dog thrusting his Head into a Porridge-Pot: This is acted to the Life in the Kitchen; and a Wolf sits at the Bar.

Con. That's an unlucky Sign.

Pars. You may e'en make your best on't.

Ber. What Sort of a Pastor is this? we might be starv'd for him.

Con. If he feeds his Sheep no better than he feeds us, they must needs be very lean.

Ber. In a difficult Case, we had Need of good Counsel: What shall we do?

Con. We must set a good Face on't.

Ber. There's little to be gotten by Modesty, in a Case of Necessity.

Con. Very right, St. *Francis* will be with us.

Ber. Let's try our Fortune then.

Con. We won't stay for our Host's Answer at the Door, but we'll rush directly into the Stove, and we won't easily be gotten out again.

Ber. O impudent Trick!

Con. This is better than to lie abroad all Night, and be frozen to Death. In the mean Time, put Bashfulness in your Wallet to Day, and take it out again to-Morrow.

Ber. Indeed, the Matter requires it.

Innk. What Sort of Animals do I see here?

Con. We are the Servants of God, and the Sons of St. *Francis*, good Man.

Innk. I don't know what Delight God may take in such Servants; but I would not have many of them in my House.

Con. Why so?

Innk. Because at Eating and Drinking, you are more than Men ; but you have neither Hands nor Feet to work. Ha, ha ! You Sons of St. *Francis*, you use to tell us in the Pulpit, that he was a pure Batchelor, and has he got so many Sons ?

Con. We are the Children of the Spirit, not of the Flesh.

Innk. A very unhappy Father, for your Mind is the worst Part about you ; but your Bodies are too lusty, and as to that Part of you, it is better with you, than 'tis for our Interest, who have Wives and Daughters.

Con. Perhaps you suspect that we are some of those that degenerate from the Institutions of our Founder ; we are strict Observers of them.

Innk. And I'll observe you too, that you don't do me any Damage, for I have a mortal Aversion for this Sort of Cattle.

Con. Why so, I pray ?

Innk. Because you carry Teeth in your Head, but no Money in your Pocket ; and such Sort of Guests are very unwelcome to me.

Con. But we take Pains for you.

Innk. Shall I shew you after what Manner you labour for me ?

Con. Do, shew us.

Innk. Look upon that Picture there, just by you, on your left Hand, there you'll see a Wolf a Preaching, and behind him a Goose, thrusting her Head out of a Cowl : There again, you'll see a Wolf absolving one at Confession ; but a Piece of a Sheep, hid under his Gown, hangs out. There you see an Ape in a *Franciscan*'s Habit, he holds forth a Cross in one Hand, and has the other Hand in the sick Man's Purse.

Con. We don't deny, but sometimes Wolves, Foxes and Apes are cloathed with this Habit, nay we confess oftentimes that Swine, Dogs, Horses, Lions and Basilisks are conceal'd under it ; but then the same Garment covers many honest Men. As a Garment makes no Body better, so it

makes no Body worse. It is unjust to judge of a Man by his Cloaths; for if so, the Garment that you wear sometimes were to be accounted detestable, because it covers many Thieves, Murderers, Conjurers, and Whoremasters.

Innk. Well, I'll dispense with your Habit, if you'll but pay your Reckonings.

Con. We'll pray to God for you.

Innk. And I'll pray to God for you, and there's one for t'other.

Con. But there are some Persons that you must not take Money of.

Innk. How comes it that you make a Conscience of touching any?

Con. Because it does not consist with our Profession.

Innk. Nor does it stand with my Profession to entertain Guests for nothing.

Con. But we are tied up by a Rule not to touch Money.

Innk. And my Rule commands me quite the contrary.

Con. What Rule is yours?

Innk. Read those Verses:

Guests at this Table, when you've eat while you're able.
Rise not hence before you have first paid your Score.

Con. We'll be no Charge to you.

Innk. But they that are no Charge to me are no Profit to me neither.

Con. If you do us any good Office here, God will make it up to you sufficiently.

Innk. But these Words won't keep my Family.

Con. We'll hide ourselves in some Corner of the Stove, and won't be troublesome to any Body.

Innk. My Stove won't hold such Company.

Con. What, will you thrust us out of Doors then? It may be we shall be devour'd by Wolves to Night.

Innk. Neither Wolves nor Dogs will prey upon their own Kind.

Con. If you do so you will be more cruel than the *Turks*. Let us be what we will, we are Men.

Innk. I have lost my Hearing.

Con. You indulge your Corps, and lye naked in a warm Bed behind the Stove, and will you thrust us out of Doors to be perish'd with Cold, if the Wolves should not devour us?

Innk. Adam liv'd so in Paradise.

Con. He did so, but then he was innocent.

Innk. And so am I innocent.

Con. Perhaps so, leaving out the first Syllable. But take Care, if you thrust us out of your Paradise, lest God should not receive you into his.

Innk. Good Words, I beseech you.

Wife. Prithee, my Dear, make some Amends for all your ill Deeds by this small Kindness, let them stay in our House to Night: They are good Men, and thou'lt thrive the better for't.

Innk. Here's a Reconciler for you. I'm afraid you're agreed upon the Matter. I don't very well like to hear this good Character from a Woman; Good Men!

Wife. Phoo, there's nothing in it. But think with your self how often you have offended God with Dicing, Drinking, Brawling, Quarrelling. At least, make an Atonement for your Sins by this Act of Charity, and don't thrust these Men out of Doors, whom you would wish to be with you when you are upon your Death-Bed. You oftentimes harbour Rattles and Buffoons, and will you thrust these Men out of Doors?

Innk. What does this Petticoat-Preacher do here? Get you in, and mind your Kitchen.

Wife. Well, so I will.

Bert. The Man softens methinks, and he is taking his Shirt, I hope all will be well by and by.

Con. And the Servants are laying the Cloth. It is happy for us that no Guests come, for we should have been sent packing if they had.

Bert. It fell out very happily that we brought a Flaggon of Wine from the last Town we were at, and a roasted Leg

of Lamb, or else, for what I see here, he would not have given us so much as a Mouthful of Hay.

Con. Now the Servants are set down, let's take Part of the Table with them, but so that we don't incommode any Body.

Innk. I believe I may put it to your Score, that I have not a Guest to Day, nor any besides my own Family, and you good-for-nothing ones.

Con. Well, put it up to our Score, if it has not happened to you often.

Innk. Oftner than I would have it so.

Con. Well, don't be uneasy; Christ lives, and he'll never forsake his Servants.

Innk. I have heard you are call'd evangelical Men; but the Gospel forbids carrying about Satchels and Bread, but I see you have great Sleeves for Wallets, and you don't only carry Bread, but Wine too, and Flesh also, and that of the best Sort.

Con. Take Part with us, if you please.

Innk. My Wine is Hog-Wash to it.

Con. Eat some of the Flesh, there is more than enough for us.

Innk. O happy Beggars! My Wife has dress'd nothing to Day, but Coleworts and a little rusty Bacon.

Con. If you please, let us join our Stocks; it is all one to us what we eat.

Innk. Then why don't you carry with you Coleworts and dead Wine?

Con. Because the People where we din'd to Day would needs force this upon us.

Innk. Did your Dinner cost you nothing?

Con. No. Nay they thanked us, and when we came away gave us these Things to carry along with us.

Innk. From whence did you come?

Con. From *Basil.*

Innk. Whoo! what so far?

Con. Yes.

Innk. What Sort of Fellows are you that ramble about thus without Horses, Money, Servants, Arms, or Provisions?

Con. You see in us some Footsteps of the evangelical Life.

Innk. It seems to me to be the Life of Vagabonds, that stroll about with Budgets.

Con. Such Vagabonds the Apostles were, and such was the *Lord Jesus* himself.

Innk. Can you tell Fortunes?

Con. Nothing less.

Innk. How do you live then?

Con. By him, who hath promised.

Innk. Who is he?

Con. He that said, *Take no Care, but all Things shall be added unto you.*

Innk. He did so promise, but it was *to them that seek the Kingdom of God.*

Con. That we do with all our Might.

Innk. The Apostles were famous for Miracles; they heal'd the Sick, so that it is no Wonder how they liv'd every where, but you can do no such Thing.

Con. We could, if we were like the Apostles, and if the Matter requir'd a Miracle. But Miracles were only given for a Time for the Conviction of the Unbelieving; there is no Need of any Thing now, but a religious Life. And it is oftentimes a greater Happiness to be sick than to be well, and more happy to die than to live.

Innk. What do you do then?

Con. That we can; every Man according to the Talent that God has given him. We comfort, we exhort, we warn, we reprove, and when Opportunity offers, sometimes we preach, if we any where find Pastors that are dumb: And if we find no Opportunity of doing Good, we take Care to do no Body any Harm, either by our Manners or our Words.

Innk. I wish you would preach for us to Morrow, for it is a Holy-Day.

Con. For what Saint?

Innk. To St. *Antony.*

Con. He was indeed a good Man. But how came he to have a Holiday?

Innk. I'll tell you. This Town abounds with Swine-Herds, by Reason of a large Wood hard by that produces Plenty of Acorns; and the People have an Opinion that St *Antony* takes Charge of the Hogs, and therefore they worship him, for Fear he should grow angry, if they neglect him

Con. I wish they would worship him as they ought to do

Innk. How's that?

Con. Whosoever imitates the Saints in their Lives, worships as he ought to do.

Innk. To-morrow the Town will ring again with Drinking and Dancing, Playing, Scolding and Boxing.

Con. After this Manner the Heathens once worshipped their *Bacchus.* But I wonder, if this is their Way of worshipping, that St. *Antony* is not enraged at this Sort of Men that are more stupid than Hogs themselves. What Sort of a Pastor have you? A dumb one, or a wicked one

Innk. What he is to other People, I don't know: But he's a very good one to me, for he drinks all Day at my House and no Body brings more Customers or better, to my great Advantage. And I wonder he is not here now.

Con. We have found by Experience he is not a very good one for our Turn.

Innk. What! Did you go to him then?

Con. We intreated him to let us lodge with him, but he chas'd us away from the Door, as if we had been Wolves, and sent us hither.

Innk. Ha, ha. Now I understand the Matter, he would not come because he knew you were to be here.

Con. Is he a dumb one?

Innk. A dumb one! There's no Body is more noisy in the Stove, and he makes the Church ring again. But I never heard him preach. But no Need of more Words. As far as I understand, he has made you sensible that he is none of the dumb Ones.

Con. Is he a learned Divine?

Innk. He says he is a very great Scholar; but what he knows is what he has learned in private Confession, and therefore it is not lawful to let others know what he knows. What need many Words? I'll tell you in short; *like People, like Priest;* and *the Dish,* as we say, *wears its own Cover.*

Con. It may be he will not give a Man Liberty to preach in his Place.

Innk. Yes, I'll undertake he will, but upon this Condition, that you don't have any Flirts at him, as it is a common Practice for you to do.

Con. They have us'd themselves to an ill Custom that do so. If a Pastor offends in any Thing, I admonish him privately, the rest is the Bishop's Business.

Innk. Such Birds seldom fly hither. Indeed you seem to be good Men yourselves. But, pray, what's the Meaning of this Variety of Habits? For a great many People take you to be ill Men by your Dress.

Con. Why so?

Innk. I can't tell, except it be that they find a great many of you to be so.

Con. And many again take us to be holy Men, because we wear this Habit. They are both in an Error: But they err less that take us to be good Men by our Habit, than they that take us for base Men.

Innk. Well, so let it be. But what is the Advantage of so many different Dresses?

Con. What is your Opinion?

Innk. Why I see no Advantage at all, except in Processions, or War. For in Processions there are carried about various Representations of Saints, of *Jews,* and Heathens, and we know which is which, by the different Habits. And in War the Variety of Dress is good, that every one may know his own Company, and follow his own Colours, so that there may be no Confusion in the Army.

Con. You say very well: This is a military Garment, one of us follows one Leader, and another another; but we all fight under one General, Christ. But in a Garment there are three Things to be consider'd.

Innk. What are they?

Con. Necessity, Use, and Decency. Why do we eat?

Innk. That we mayn't be starv'd with Hunger.

Con. And for the very same Reason we take a Garment that we mayn't be starv'd with Cold.

Innk. I confess it.

Con. This Garment of mine is better for that than yours. It covers the Head, Neck, and Shoulders, from whence there is the most Danger. Use requires various Sorts of Garments. A short Coat for a Horseman, a long one for one that sits still, a thin one in Summer, a thick one in Winter. There are some at *Rome*, that change their Cloaths three Times a Day; in the Morning they take a Coat lin'd with Fur, about Noon they take a single one, and towards Night one that is a little thicker; but every one is not furnish'd with this Variety; therefore this Garment of ours is contriv'd so, that this one will serve for various Uses.

Innk. How is that?

Con. If the *North* Wind blow, or the Sun shines hot, we put on our Cowl; if the Heat is troublesome, we let it down behind. If we are to sit still, we let down our Garment about our Heels, if we are to walk, we hold or tuck it up.

Innk. He was no Fool, whosoever he was, that contriv'd it.

Con. And it is the chief Thing in living happily, for a Man to accustom himself to be content with a few Things: For if once we begin to indulge ourselves with Delicacies and Sensualities, there will be no End; and there is no one Garment could be invented, that could answer so many Purposes.

Innk. I allow that.

Con. Now let us consider the Decency of it: Pray tell me honestly, if you should put on your Wife's Cloaths, would not every one say that you acted indecently?

Innk. They would say I was mad.

Con. And what would you say, if she should put on your Cloaths?

Innk. I should not say much perhaps, but I should cudgel her handsomly.

Con. But then, how does it signify nothing what Garment any one wears ?

Innk. O yes, in this Case it is very material.

Con. Nor is that strange ; for the Laws of the very Pagans inflict a Punishment on either Man or Woman, that shall wear the Cloaths of a different Sex.

Innk. And they are in the Right for it.

Con. But, come on. What if an old Man of fourscore should dress himself like a Boy of fifteen ; or if a young Man dress himself like an old Man, would not every one say he ought to be bang'd for it ? Or if an old Woman should attire herself like a young Girl, and the contrary ?

Innk. No doubt.

Con. In like Manner, if a Lay-Man should wear a Priest's Habit, and a Priest a Lay-Man's.

Innk. They would both act unbecomingly.

Con. What if a private Man should put on the Habit of a Prince, or an inferior Clergy-Man that of a Bishop ? Would he act unhandsomely or no ?

Innk. Certainly he would.

Con. What if a Citizen should dress himself like a Soldier, with a Feather in his Cap, and other Accoutrements of a hectoring Soldier ?

Innk. He would be laugh'd at.

Con. What if any *English* Ensign should carry a white Cross in his Colours, a *Swiss* a red one, a *French* Man a black one ?

Innk. He would act impudently.

Con. Why then do you wonder so much at our Habit ?

Innk. I know the Difference between a private Man and a Prince, between a Man and a Woman ; but I don't understand the Difference between a Monk and no Monk.

Con. What Difference is there between a poor Man and a rich Man ?

Innk. Fortune.

Con. And yet it would be unbecoming a poor Man to imitate a rich Man in his Dress.

Innk. Very true, as rich Men go now a-Days.

Con. What Difference is there between a Fool and a wise Man?

Innk. Something more than there is between a rich Man and a poor Man.

Con. Are not Fools dress'd up in a different Manner from wise Men?

Innk. I can't tell how well it becomes you, but your Habit does not differ much from theirs, if it had but Ears and Bells.

Con. These indeed are wanting, and we are the Fools of this World, if we really are what we pretend to be.

Innk. What you are I don't know; but this I know that there are a great many Fools that wear Ears and Bells, that have more Wit than those that wear Caps lin'd with Furs, Hoods, and other Ensigns of wise Men; therefore it seems a ridiculous Thing to me to make a Shew of Wisdom by the Dress rather than in Fact. I saw a certain Man, more than a Fool, with a Gown hanging down to his Heels, a Cap like our Doctors, and had the Countenance of a grave Divine; he disputed publickly with a Shew of Gravity, and he was as much made on by great Men, as any of their Fools, and was more a Fool than any of them.

Con. Well, what would you infer from that? That a Prince who laughs at his Jester should change Coats with him?

Innk. Perhaps *Decorum* would require it to be so, if your Proposition be true, that the Mind of a Man is represented by his Habit.

Con. You press this upon me indeed, but I am still of the Opinion, that there is good Reason for giving Fools distinct Habits.

Innk. What Reason?

Con. That no Body might hurt them, if they say or do any Thing that's foolish.

Innk. But on the contrary, I won't say, that their Dress does rather provoke some People to do them Hurt; insomuch, that oftentimes of Fools they become Mad-Men. Nor

do I see any Reason, why a Bull that gores a Man, or a Dog, or a Hog that kills a Child, should be punish'd, and a Fool who commits greater Crimes should be suffered to live under the Protection of his Folly. But I ask you, what is the Reason that you are distinguished from others by your Dress? For if every trifling Cause is sufficient to require a different Habit, then a Baker should wear a different Dress from a Fisherman, and a Shoemaker from a Taylor, an Apothecary from a Vintner, a Coachman from a Mariner. And you, if you are Priests, why do you wear a Habit different from other Priests? If you are Laymen, why do you differ from us?

Con. In antient Times, Monks were only the purer Sort of the Laity, and there was then only the same Difference between a Monk and a Layman, as between a frugal, honest Man, that maintains his Family by his Industry, and a swaggering Highwayman that lives by robbing. Afterwards the Bishop of *Rome* bestow'd Honours upon us; and we ourselves gave some Reputation to the Habit, which now is neither simply laick, or sacerdotal; but such as it is, some Cardinals and Popes have not been ashamed to wear it.

Innk. But as to the *Decorum* of it, whence comes that?

Con. Sometimes from the Nature of Things themselves, and sometimes from Custom and the Opinions of Men. Would not all Men think it ridiculous for a Man to wear a Bull's Hide, with the Horns on his Head, and the Tail trailing after him on the Ground?

Innk. That would be ridiculous enough.

Con. Again, if any one should wear a Garment that should hide his Face, and his Hands, and shew his privy Members?

Innk. That would be more ridiculous than the other.

Con. The very Pagan Writers have taken Notice of them that have wore Cloaths so thin, that it were indecent even for Women themselves to wear such. It is more modest to be naked, as we found you in the Stove, than to wear a transparent Garment.

Innk. I fancy that the whole of this Matter of Apparel, depends upon Custom and the Opinion of People.

Con. Why so?

Innk. It is not many Days ago, since some Travellers lodg'd at my House, who said, that they had travelled through divers Countries lately discovered, which are wanting in the antient Maps. They said they came to an Island of a very temperate Air, where they look'd upon it as the greatest Indecency in the World, to cover their Bodies.

Con. It may be they liv'd like Beasts.

Innk. Nay, they said they liv'd a Life of great Humanity, they liv'd under a King, they attended him to Work every Morning daily, but not above an Hour in a Day.

Con. What Work did they do?

Innk. They pluck'd up a certain Sort of Roots that serves them instead of Bread, and is more pleasant and more wholsome than Bread; and when this was done, they every one went to his Business, what he had a Mind to do. They bring up their Children religiously, they avoid and punish Vices, but none more severely than Adultery.

Con. What's the Punishment?

Innk. They forgive the Women, for it is permitted to that Sex. But for Men that are taken in Adultery, this is the Punishment, that all his Life after, he should appear in publick with his privy Parts covered.

Con. A mighty Punishment indeed!

Innk. Custom has made it to them the very greatest Punishment that is.

Con. When I consider the Force of Persuasion, I am almost ready to allow it. For if a Man would expose a Thief or a Murderer to the greatest Ignominy, would it not be a sufficient Punishment to cut off a Piece of the hinder Part of his Cloaths, and sow a Piece of a Wolf's Skin upon his Buttocks, to make him wear a party-colour'd Pair of Stockings, and to cut the fore Part of his Doublet in the Fashion of a Net, leaving his Shoulders and his Breast bare; to shave off one Side of his Beard, and leave the other hanging down,

and curl one Part of it, and to put him a Cap on his Head, cut and slash'd, with a huge Plume of Feathers, and so expose him publickly; would not this make him more ridiculous than to put him on a Fool's Cap with long Ears and Bells? And yet Soldiers dress themselves every Day in this Trim, and are well enough pleased with themselves, and find Fools enough, that like the Dress too, though there is nothing more ridiculous.

Innk. Nay, there are topping Citizens too, who imitate them as much as they can possibly.

Con. But now if a Man should dress himself up with Birds Feathers like an *Indian*, would not the very Boys, all of them, think he was a mad Man?

Innk. Stark mad.

Con. And yet, that which we admire, savours of a greater Madness still: Now as it is true, that nothing is so ridiculous but Custom will bear it out; so it cannot be denied, but that there is a certain *Decorum* in Garments, which all wise Men always account a *Decorum*; and that there is also an Unbecomingness in Garments, which will to wise Men always seem unbecoming. Who does not laugh, when he sees a Woman dragging a long Train at her Heels, as if her Quality were to be measured by the Length of her Tail? And yet some Cardinals are not asham'd to follow this Fashion in their Gowns: And so prevalent a Thing is Custom, that there is no altering of a Fashion that has once obtain'd.

Innk. Well, we have had Talk enough about Custom: But tell me now, whether you think it better for Monks to differ from others in Habit, or not to differ?

Con. I think it to be more agreeable to Christian Simplicity, not to judge of any Man by his Habit, if it be but sober and decent.

Innk. Why don't you cast away your Cowls then?

Con. Why did not the Apostles presently eat of all Sorts of Meat?

Innk. I can't tell. Do you tell me that.

Con. Because an invincible Custom hinder'd it: For what-

soever is deeply rooted in the Minds of Men, and has been confirm'd by long Use, and is turn'd as it were into Nature, can never be remov'd on a sudden, without endangering the publick Peace; but must be remov'd by Degrees, as a Horse's Tail is pluck'd off by single Hairs.

Innk. I could bear well enough with it, if the Monks had all but one Habit: But who can bear so many different Habits?

Con. Custom has brought in this Evil, which brings in every Thing. *Benedict* did not invent a new Habit, but the same that he wore himself and his Disciples, which was the Habit of a plain, honest Layman: Neither did *Francis* invent a new Dress; but it was the Dress of poor Country-Fellows. Their Successors have by new Additions turned it into Superstition. Don't we see some old Women at this Day, that keep to the Dress of their Times, which is more different from the Dress now in Fashion, than my Dress is from yours?

Innk. We do see it.

Con. Therefore, when you see this Habit, you see only the Reliques of antient Times.

Innk. Why then, has your Garment no Holiness in it?

Con. None at all.

Innk. There are some of you that make their Boasts that these Dresses were divinely directed by the holy Virgin Mother.

Con. These Stories are but meer Dreams.

Innk. Some despair of being able to recover from a Fit of Sickness, unless they be wrapp'd up in a Dominican's Habit: Nay, nor won't be buried but in a Franciscan's Habit.

Con. They that persuade People of those Things, are either Cheats or Fools, and they that believe them are superstitious. God will know a wicked Man as well in a Franciscan's Habit, as in a Soldier's Coat.

Innk. There is not so much Variety in the Feathers of Birds of the Air, as there is in your Habits.

Con. What then, is it not a very good Thing to imitate Nature? But it is a better Thing to out-do it.

Innk. I wish you would out-do it in the Variety of your Beaks too.

Con. But, come on. I will be an Advocate for Variety, if you will give me Leave. Is not a *Spaniard* dressed after one Fashion, an *Italian* after another, a *Frenchman* after another, a *German* after another, a *Greek* after another, a *Turk* after another, and a *Sarazen* after another?

Innk. Yes.

Con. And then in the same Country, what Variety of Garments is there in Persons of the same Sex, Age and Degree. How different is the Dress of the *Venetian* from the *Florentine*, and of both from the *Roman*, and this only within *Italy* alone?

Innk. I believe it.

Con. And from hence also came our Variety. *Dominic* he took his Dress from the honest Ploughmen in that Part of *Spain* in which he liv'd; and *Benedict* from the Country-Fellows of that Part of *Italy* in which he liv'd; and *Francis* from the Husbandmen of a different Place, and so for the rest.

Innk. So that for aught I find, you are no holier than we, unless you live holier.

Con. Nay, we are worse than you, in that; if we live wickedly, we are a greater Stumbling to the Simple.

Innk. Is there any Hope of us then, who have neither Patron, nor Habit, nor Rule, nor Profession?

Con. Yes, good Man; see that you hold it fast. Ask your Godfathers what you promis'd in Baptism, what Profession you then made. Do you want a human Rule, who have made a Profession of the Gospel Rule? Or do you want a Man for a Patron, who have Jesus Christ for a Patron? Consider what you owe to your Wife, to your Children, to your Family, and you will find you have a greater Load upon you, than if you had professed the Rule of *Francis*.

Innk. Do you believe that any Inn-Keepers go to Heaven?

Con. Why not?

Innk. There are a great many Things said and done in this House, that are not according to the Gospel.

Con. What are they?

Innk. One fuddles, another talks bawdy, another brawls, and another slanders; and last of all, I can't tell whether they keep themselves honest or not.

Con. You must prevent these Things as much as you can; and if you cannot hinder them, however, do not for Profit's Sake encourage or draw on these Wickednesses.

Innk. Sometimes I don't deal very honestly as to my Wine.

Con. Wherein?

Innk. When I find my Guests grow a little too hot, I put more Water into the Wine.

Con. That's a smaller Fault than selling of Wine made up with unwholsome Ingredients.

Innk. But tell me truly, how many Days have you been in this Journey?

Con. Almost a Month.

Innk. Who takes Care of you all the While?

Con. Are not they taken Care enough of, that have a Wife, and Children, and Parents, and Kindred?

Innk. Oftentimes.

Con. You have but one Wife, we have an hundred; you have but one Father, we have an hundred; you have but one House, we have an hundred; you have but a few Children, we have an innumerable Company; you have but a few Kindred, we have an infinite Number.

Innk. How so?

Con. Because the Kindred of the Spirit extends more largely, than the Kindred of the Flesh: So Christ has promised, and we experience the Truth of what he has promised.

Innk. In Troth, you have been a good Companion for me; let me die if I don't like this Discourse better than to drink with our Parson. Do us the Honour to preach to the People to-morrow, and if ever you happen to come this Way again, know that here's a Lodging for you.

Con. But what if others should come?

Innk. They shall be welcome, if they be but such as you.

Con. I hope they will be better.

Innk. But among so many bad ones, how shall I know which are good?

Con. I'll tell you in a few Words, but in your Ear.

Innk. Tell me.

Con.———

Innk. I'll remember it, and do it.

The ABBOT and LEARNED WOMAN.

The ARGUMENT.

A certain Abbot paying a Visit to a Lady, finds her reading Greek *and* Latin *Authors. A Dispute arises, whence Pleasantness of Life proceeds:* viz. *Not from external Enjoyments, but from the Study of Wisdom. An ignorant Abbot will by no Means have his Monks to be learned; nor has he himself so much as a single Book in his Closet. Pious Women in old Times gave their Minds to the Study of the Scriptures; but Monks that hate Learning, and give themselves up to Luxury, Idleness, and Hunting, are provok'd to apply themselves to other Kinds of Studies, more becoming their Profession.*

ANTRONIUS, MAGDALIA.

ANT. What Sort of Houshold-Stuff do I see?

Mag. Is it not that which is neat?

Ant. How neat it is, I can't tell, but I'm sure, it is not very becoming, either a Maid or a Matron.

Mag. Why so?

Ant. Because here's Books lying about every where.

Mag. What have you liv'd to this Age, and are both an Abbot and a Courtier, and never saw any Books in a Lady's Apartment?

Ant. Yes, I have seen Books, but they were *French*; but here I see *Greek* and *Latin* ones.

Mag. Why, are there no other Books but *French* ones that teach Wisdom?

Ant. But it becomes Ladies to have something that is diverting, to pass away their leisure Hours.

Mag. Must none but Ladies be wise, and live pleasantly?

Ant. You very improperly connect being wise, and living pleasantly together: Women have nothing to do with Wisdom; Pleasure is Ladies Business.

Mag. Ought not every one to live well?

Ant. I am of Opinion, they ought so to do.

Mag. Well, can any Body live a pleasant Life, that does not live a good Life.

Ant. Nay, rather, how can any Body live a pleasant Life, that does live a good Life?

Mag. Why then, do you approve of living illy, if it be but pleasantly?

Ant. I am of the Opinion, that they live a good Life, that live a pleasant Life.

Mag. Well, but from whence does that Pleasure proceed? From outward Things, or from the Mind?

Ant. From outward Things.

Mag. O subtle Abbot, but thick-skull'd Philosopher! Pray tell me in what you suppose a pleasant Life to consist?

Ant. Why, in Sleeping, and Feasting, and Liberty of doing what you please, in Wealth, and in Honours.

Mag. But suppose to all these Things God should add Wisdom, should you live pleasantly then?

Ant. What is it that you call by the Name of Wisdom?

Mag. This is Wisdom, to know that a Man is only happy by the Goods of the Mind. That Wealth, Honour, and Descent, neither make a Man happier or better.

Ant. If that be Wisdom, fare it well for me.

Mag. Suppose now that I take more Pleasure in reading a good Author, than you do in Hunting, Drinking, or Gaming; won't you think I live pleasantly?

Ant. I would not live that Sort of Life.

Mag. I don't enquire what you take most Delight in; but what is it that ought to be most delighted in?

Ant. I would not have my Monks mind Books much.

Mag. But my Husband approves very well of it. But what Reason have you, why you would not have your Monks bookish?

Ant. Because I find they are not so obedient; they answer again out of the Decrees and Decretals of *Peter* and *Paul.*

Mag. Why then do you command them the contrary to what *Peter* and *Paul* did?

Ant. I can't tell what they teach; but I can't endure a Monk that answers again: Nor would I have any of my Monks wiser than I am myself.

Mag. You might prevent that well enough, if you did but lay yourself out, to get as much Wisdom as you can.

Ant. I han't Leisure.

Mag. Why so?

Ant. Because I han't Time.

Mag. What, not at Leisure to be wise?

Ant. No.

Mag. Pray what hinders you?

Ant. Long Prayers, the Affairs of my Houshold, Hunting, looking after my Horses, attending at Court.

Mag. Well, and do you think these Things are better than Wisdom?

Ant. Custom has made it so.

Mag. Well, but now answer me this one Thing: Suppose God should grant you this Power, to be able to turn yourself and your Monks into any Sort of Animal that you had a Mind: Would you turn them into Hogs, and yourself into a Horse?

Ant. No, by no Means.

Mag. By doing so you might prevent any of them from being wiser than yourself?

Ant. It is not much Matter to me what Sort of Animals my Monks are, if I am but a Man myself.

Mag. Well, and do you look upon him to be a Man that neither has Wisdom, nor desires to have it?

Ant. I am wise enough for myself.

Mag. And so are Hogs wise enough for themselves.

Ant. You seem to be a Sophistress, you argue so smartly.

Mag. I won't tell you what you seem to me to be. But why does this Houshold-Stuff displease you ?

Ant. Because a Spinning-Wheel is a Woman's Weapon.

Mag. Is it not a Woman's Business to mind the Affairs of her Family, and to instruct her Children ?

Ant. Yes, it is.

Mag. And do you think so weighty an Office can be executed without Wisdom ?

Ant. I believe not.

Mag. This Wisdom I learn from Books.

Ant. I have threescore and two Monks in my Cloister, and you will not see one Book in my Chamber.

Mag. The Monks are finely look'd after all this While.

Ant. I could dispense with Books ; but I can't bear *Latin* Books.

Mag. Why so ?

Ant. Because that Tongue is not fit for a Woman.

Mag. I want to know the Reason.

Ant. Because it contributes nothing towards the Defence of their Chastity.

Mag. Why then do *French* Books that are stuff'd with the most trifling Novels, contribute to Chastity ?

Ant. But there is another Reason.

Mag. Let it be what it will, tell me it plainly.

Ant. They are more secure from the Priests, if they don't understand *Latin.*

Mag. Nay, there's the least Danger from that Quarter according to your Way of Working ; because you take all the Pains you can not to know any Thing of *Latin.*

Ant. The common People are of my Mind, because it is such a rare unusual Thing for a Woman to understand *Latin.*

Mag. What do you tell me of the common People for, who are the worst Examples in the World that can be follow'd. What have I to do with Custom, that is the Mistress

of all evil Practices? We ought to accustom ourselves to the best Things: And by that Means, that which was uncustomary would become habitual, and that which was unpleasant would become pleasant; and that which seemed unbecoming would look graceful.

Ant. I hear you.

Mag. Is it becoming a *German* Woman to learn to speak *French.*

Ant. Yes it is.

Mag. Why is it?

Ant. Because then she will be able to converse with those that speak *French.*

Mag. And why then is it unbecoming in me to learn *Latin*, that I may be able daily to have Conversation with so many eloquent, learned and wise Authors, and faithful Counsellors?

Ant. Books destroy Women's Brains, who have little enough of themselves.

Mag. What Quantity of Brains you have left I cannot tell: And as for myself, let me have never so little, I had rather spend them in Study, than in Prayers mumbled over without the Heart going along with them, or sitting whole Nights in quaffing off Bumpers.

Ant. Bookishness makes Folks mad.

Mag. And does not the Rattle of your Pot-Companions, your Banterers, and Drolls, make you mad?

Ant. No, they pass the Time away.

Mag. How can it be then, that such pleasant Companions should make me mad?

Ant. That's the common Saying.

Mag. But I by Experience find quite the contrary. How many more do we see grow mad by hard drinking, unseasonable feasting, and sitting up all Night tippling, which destroys the Constitution and Senses, and has made People mad?

Ant. By my Faith, I would not have a learned Wife.

Mag. But I bless myself, that I have gotten a Husband

that is not like yourself. Learning both endears him to me, and me to him.

Ant. Learning costs a great Deal of Pains to get, and after all we must die.

Mag. Notable Sir, pray tell me, suppose you were to die to-Morrow, had you rather die a Fool or a wise Man?

Ant. Why, a wise Man, if I could come at it without taking Pains.

Mag. But there is nothing to be attained in this Life without Pains; and yet, let us get what we will, and what Pains soever we are at to attain it, we must leave it behind us: Why then should we think much to be at some Pains for the most precious Thing of all, the Fruit of which will bear us Company unto another Life.

Ant. I have often heard it said, that a wise Woman is twice a Fool.

Mag. That indeed has been often said; but it was by Fools. A Woman that is truly wise does not think herself so: But on the contrary, one that knows nothing, thinks her self to be wise, and that is being twice a Fool.

Ant. I can't well tell how it is, that as Panniers don't become an Ox, so neither does Learning become a Woman.

Mag. But, I suppose, you can't deny but Panniers will look better upon an Ox, than a Mitre upon an Ass or a Sow. What think you of the Virgin *Mary*?

Ant. Very highly.

Mag. Was not she bookish?

Ant. Yes; but not as to such Books as these.

Mag. What Books did she read?

Ant. The canonical Hours.

Mag. For the Use of whom?

Ant. Of the Order of *Benedictines.*

Mag. Indeed? What did *Paula* and *Eustochium* do? Did not they converse with the holy Scriptures?

Ant. Ay, but this is a rare Thing now.

Mag. So was a blockheaded Abbot in old Time; but now nothing is more common. In old Times Princes and

Emperors were as eminent for Learning as for their Governments: And after all, it is not so great a Rarity as you think it. There are both in *Spain* and *Italy* not a few Women, that are able to vye with the Men, and there are the *Morites* in *England*, and the *Bilibald-duks* and *Blaureticks* in *Germany*. So that unless you take Care of yourselves it will come to that Pass, that we shall be Divinity-Professors in the Schools, and preach in the Churches, and take Possession of your Mitres.

Ant. God forbid.

Mag. Nay it is your Business to forbid it. For if you hold on as you have begun, even Geese themselves will preach before they'll endure you a Parcel of dumb Teachers. You see the World is turn'd up-Side down, and you must either lay aside your Dress, or perform your Part.

Ant. How came I to fall into this Woman's Company? If you'll come to see me, I'll treat you more pleasantly.

Mag. After what Manner?

Ant. Why, we'll dance, and drink heartily, and hunt and play, and laugh.

Mag. I can hardly forbear laughing now.

The EPITHALAMIUM of PETRUS ÆGIDIUS.

The ARGUMENT.

The Muses and Graces are brought in, as singing the Epithalamium of Peter Ægidius. Alipius *spies the nine Muses, and the three Graces coming out of a Grove, which* Balbinus *can't see: They take their Way to* Antwerp, *to the Wedding of* Ægidius, *to whom they wish all joy, that nothing of Difference or Uneasiness may ever arise between 'em. How those Marriages prove that are made, the Graces not favouring 'em. Congratulatory Verses.*

ALIPIUS, BALBINUS, MUSÆ.

AL. Good God! What strange glorious Sight do I see here?

Ba. Either you see what is not to be seen, or I can't see that which is to be seen.

Al. Nay, I'll assure you, 'tis a wonderful charming Sight.

Ba. Why do you plague me at this Rate? Tell me, where 'tis you see it.

Al. Upon the left Hand there in the Grove, under the Side of the Hill.

Ba. I see the Hill, but I can see nothing else.

Al. No! don't you see a Company of pretty Maids there?

Ba. What do you mean, to make a Fool of me at this Rate? I can't see a bit of a Maid any where.

Al. Hush, they're just now coming out of the Grove.

Oh admirable! How neat they are! How charmingly they look! 'Tis a heavenly Sight.

Ba. What! Are you possess'd?

Al. Oh, I know who they are; they're the nine Muses, and the three Graces, I wonder what they're a-doing. I never in all my Life saw 'em more charmingly dress'd, nor in a gayer Humour; they have every one of 'em got Crowns of Laurel upon their Heads, and their Instruments of Musick in their Hands. And how lovingly the Graces go Side by Side! How becomingly they look in their loose Dress, with their Garments flowing and trailing after 'em.

Ba. I never heard any Body talk more like a mad Man in all my Days, than you do.

Al. You never saw a happier Man in all your Life-Time.

Ba. Pray what's the Matter, that you can see and I can't?

Al. Because you have never drank of the Muses Fountain; and no Body can see 'em but they that have.

Ba. I have drank plentifully out of *Scotus*'s Fountain.

Al. But that is not the Fountain of the Muses, but a Lake of Frogs.

Ba. But can't you do something to make me see this Sight, as well as you?

Al. I could if I had a Laurel-Branch here, for Water out of a clear Spring, sprinkled upon one with a Laurel Bough, makes the Eyes capable of such Sights as these.

Ba. Why, see here is a Laurel and a Fountain too.

Al. Is there? That's clever, I vow.

Ba. But prithee, sprinkle me with it.

Al. Now look, do you see now?

Ba. As much as I did before. Sprinkle me again.

Al. Well, now do you see?

Ba. Just as much; sprinkle me plentifully.

Al. I believe you can't but see now.

Ba. Now I can scarce see you.

Al. Ah poor Man, how total a Darkness has seized your Eyes! This Art would open even the Eyes of an old Coachman: But however, don't plague yourself about it,

perhaps 'tis better for you not to see it, lest you should come off as ill by seeing the Muses, as *Actæon* did by seeing *Diana*: For you'd perhaps be in Danger of being turn'd either into a Hedgehog, or a wild Boar, a Swine, a Camel, a Frog, or a Jackdaw. But however, if you can't see, I'll make you hear 'em, if you don't make a Noise; they are just a-coming this Way. Let's meet 'em. Hail, most welcome Goddesses.

Mu. And you heartily, Lover of the Muses.

Al. What makes you pull me so?

Ba. You an't as good as your Word.

Al. Why don't you hear 'em?

Ba. I hear somewhat, but I don't know what it is.

Al. Well, I'll speak *Latin* to 'em then. Whither are you going so fine and so brisk? Are you going to *Louvain* to see the University?

Mu. No, we assure you, we won't go thither.

Al. Why not?

Mu. What Place is for us, where so many Hogs are grunting, Camels and Asses braying, Jackdaws cawing, and Magpies chattering?

Al. But for all that, there are some there that are your Admirers.

Mu. We know that, and therefore we'll go thither a few Years hence. The successive Period of Ages has not yet brought on that Time; for there will be one, that will build us a pleasant House there, or a Temple rather, such a one, as there scarce is a finer or more sacred any where else.

Al. Mayn't a Body know who it will be, that shall do so much Honour to our Country?

Mu. You may know it, that are one of our Priests. There's no doubt, but you have heard the Name of the *Buslidians*, famous all the World over.

Al. You have mention'd a noble Family truly, born to grace the Palaces of the greatest Princes in the Universe. For who does not revere the great *Francis Buslidius*, the Bishop of the Church of *Bezancon*, who has approv'd him-

self more than a single *Nestor*, to *Philip* the Son of *Maximilian* the Great, the Father of *Charles*, who will also be a greater Man than his Father?

Mu. O how happy had we been, if the Fates had not envy'd the Earth the Happiness of so great a Man. What a Patron was he to all liberal Studies! How candid a Favourer of Ingenuity! But he has left two brothers, *Giles*, a Man of admirable Judgment and Wisdom, and *Jerome*.

Al. We know very well that *Jerome* is singularly well accomplish'd with all Manner of Literature, and adorn'd with every Kind of Virtue.

Mu. But the Destinies won't suffer him to be long-liv'd neither, though no Man in the World better deserves to be immortaliz'd.

Al. How do you know that?

Mu. We had it from *Apollo*.

Al. How envious are the Destinies, to take from us all desirable Things so hastily!

Mu. We must not talk of that at this Time; but this *Jerome*, dying with great Applause, will leave his whole Estate for the building of a College at *Louvain*, in which most learned Men shall profess and teach publickly, and gratis, the three Languages. These Things will bring a great Ornament to Learning, and Glory to *Charles* himself: Then we'll reside at *Louvain*, with all our Hearts.

Al. But whither are you going now?

Mu. To *Antwerp*.

Al. What, the Muses and Graces going to a Fair?

Mu. No, we assure you, we are not going to a Fair; but to a Wedding.

Al. What have Virgins to do at Weddings?

Mu. 'Tis no indecent Thing at all, for Virgins to be at such a Wedding as this is.

Al. Pray what Sort of a Marriage is it?

Mu. A holy, undefiled, and chaste Marriage, such a one as *Pallas* herself need not be asham'd to be at: Nay, more than that, we believe she will be at it.

Al. Mayn't a Body know the Bride and Bridegroom's Name?

Mu. We believe you must needs know that most courteous and accomplish'd Youth in all Kinds of polite Learning, *Peter Ægidius.*

Al. You have named an Angel, not a Man.

Mu. The pretty Maid *Cornelia*, a fit Match for *Apollo* himself, is going to be married to *Ægidius.*

Al. Indeed he has been a great Admirer of you, even from his Infancy.

Mu. We are going to sing him an Epithalamium.

Al. What, and will the Graces dance too?

Mu. They will not only dance, but they will also unite those two true Lovers, with the indissoluble Ties of mutual Affection, that no Difference or Jarring shall ever happen between 'em. She shall never hear any Thing from him, but my Life; nor he from her, but my Soul: Nay: and even old Age itself, shall be so far from diminishing that, that it shall increase the Pleasure.

Al. I should admire at it, if those that live so sweetly, could ever be able to grow old.

Mu. You say very right, for it is rather a Maturity, than an old Age.

Al. But I have known a great many, to whom these kind Words have been chang'd into the quite contrary, in less than three Months Time; and instead of pleasant Jests at Table, Dishes and Trenchers have flown about. The Husband, instead of my dear Soul, has been call'd Blockhead, Toss-Pot, Swill-Tub; and the Wife, Sow, Fool, dirty Drab.

Mu. You say very true; but these Marriages were made when the *Graces* were out of Humour: But in this Marriage, a Sweetness of Temper will always maintain a mutual Affection.

Al. Indeed you speak of such a happy Marriage as is very seldom seen.

Mu. An uncommon Felicity is due to such uncommon Virtues.

Al. But what! Will the Matrimony be without *Juno* and *Venus*?

Mu. Indeed *Juno* won't be there, she's a scolding Goddess, and is but seldom in a good Humour with her own *Jove*: Nor indeed, that earthly drunken *Venus*; but another heavenly one, which makes a Union of Minds.

Al. Then the Marriage you speak of, is like to be a barren one.

Mu. No, by no Means, but rather like to be the most happily fruitful.

Al. What, does that heavenly *Venus* produce any Thing but Souls then?

Mu. Yes, she gives Bodies to the Souls; but such Bodies, as shall be exactly conformable to 'em, just as though you should put a choice Ointment into a curious Box of Pearl.

Al. Where is she then?

Mu. Look, she is coming towards you, a pretty Way off.

Al. Oh! I see her now. O good God, how bright she is! How majestical and beautiful she appears! The t'other *Venus* compar'd with this, is a homely one.

Mu. Do you see what modest *Cupids* there are; they are no blind ones, such as that *Venus* has, that makes Mankind mad? But these are sharp little Rogues, and they don't carry furious Torches, but most gentle Fires; they have no leaden-pointed Darts, to make the belov'd hate the Lover, and torment poor Wretches with the Want of a reciprocal Affection.

Al. In Truth, they're as like their Mother as can be. Oh, that's a blessed House, and dearly belov'd by the Gods! But may not a Body hear the Marriage-Song that you design to present 'em with?

Mu. Nay, we were just a-going to ask you to hear it.

CLIO.

Peter *hath married fair* Cornelia,
Propitious Heaven! bless the Wedding-Day.

MELPOMENE.

Concord of Turtle-Doves *between them be,*
And of the Jack-daw *the Vivacity.*

THALIA.

From Gracchus *may he win the Prize,*
And for Cornelia's *Life, his own despise.*

EUTERPE.

May she in Love exceed Admetus' *Wife,*
Who laid her own down, for her Husband's Life.

TERPSICHORE.

May he love her with stronger Flame,
But much more happy Fate,
Than Plaucius, *who did disdain*
To out-live his deceas'd Mate.

ERATO.

May she love him with no less Flame,
But with much better Fate;
Than Porcia *chaste, her* Brutus *did,*
Whom brave Men celebrate.

CALLIOPE.

For Constancy, I wish the Bridegroom may
Be equal to the famous Nasica.

URANIA.

The Bride in Chastity may she
Superior to Paterculana *be.*

POLYHYMNIA.

May their Offspring like them be,
Their Honour equal their Estate;
Always from ranc'rous Envy free,
Deserved Glory on them wait.

Al. I should very much envy *Peter Ægidius* so much Happiness, but that he is a Man of such Candour, that he himself envies no Body.

Mu. It is now high Time for us to prosecute our Journey,

Al. Have you any Service to command me at *Louvain*?

Mu. That thou wouldst recommend us to all our sincere loving Friends; but especially to our antient Admirers. *John Paludus*, *Jodocus Gaverius*, *Martin Dorpius*, and *John Borsalus*.

Al. Well, I'll be sure to take Care to do your Message. What shall I say to the rest?

Mu. I'll tell you in your Ear.

Al. Well, 'tis a Matter that won't cost very much; it shall certainly be done out of Hand.

The EXORCISM or APPARITION.

The ARGUMENT.

This Colloquy detects the Artifices of Impostors, who impose upon the credulous and simple, framing Stories of Apparitions of Daemons and Ghosts, and divine Voices. Polus *is the Author of a Rumour, that an Apparition of a certain Soul was heard in his Grounds, howling after a lamentable Manner: At another Place he pretends to see a Dragon in the Air, in the middle of the Day, and persuades other Persons that they saw it too; and he prevails upon* Faunus, *a Parish-Priest of a neighbouring Town, to make Trial of the Truth of the Matters, who consents to do it, and prepares Exorcisms.* Polus *gets upon a black Horse, throws Fire about, and with divers Tricks deceives credulous* Faunus, *and other Men of none of the deepest Penetration.*

THOMAS *and* ANSELM.

THO. What good News have you had, that you laugh to yourself thus, as if you had found a Treasure?

Ans. Nay, you are not far from the Matter.

Tho. But won't you impart it to your Companion, what good Thing soever it is?

Ans. Yes, I will, for I have been wishing a good While, for somebody to communicate my Merriment to.

Tho. Come on then, let's have it.

Ans. I was just now told the pleasantest Story, which

you'd swear was a Sham, if I did not know the Place, the Persons, and whole Matter, as well as you know me.

Tho. I'm with Child to hear it.

Ans. Do you know *Polus, Faunus*'s Son-in-Law?

Tho. Perfectly well.

Ans. He's both the Contriver and Actor of this Play.

Tho. I am apt enough to believe that; for he can Act any Part to the Life.

Ans. He can so: I suppose too, you know that he has a Farm not far from *London.*

Tho. Phoo, very well; he and I have drank together many a Time there.

Ans. Then you know there is a Way between two straight Rows of Trees.

Tho. Upon the left Hand, about two Flight Shot from the House?

Ans. You have it. On one Side of the Way there is a dry Ditch, overgrown with Thorns and Brambles; and then there's a Way that leads into an open Field from a little Bridge.

Tho. I remember it.

Ans. There went a Report for a long Time among the Country-People, of a Spirit that walk'd near that Bridge, and of hideous Howlings that were every now and then heard there: They concluded it was the Soul of somebody that was miserably tormented.

Tho. Who was it that raised this Report?

Ans. Who but *Polus*, that made this the Prologue to his Comedy.

Tho. What did he mean by inventing such a Flam?

Ans. I know nothing; but that it is the Humour of the Man, he takes Delight to make himself Sport, by playing upon the Simplicity of People, by such Fictions as these. I'll tell you what he did lately of the same Kind. We were a good many of us riding to *Richmond*, and some of the Company were such that you would say were Men of Judgment. It was a wonderful clear Day, and not so much as a Cloud

to be seen there. *Polus* looking wistfully up into the Air, signed his Face and Breast with the Sign of the Cross, and having compos'd his Countenance to an Air of Amazement, says to himself, O immortal God, what do I see! They that rode next to him asking him what it was that he saw, he fell again to signing himself with a greater Cross. May the most merciful God, says he, deliver me from this Prodigy. They having urg'd him, desiring to know what was the Matter, he fixing his Eyes up to Heaven, and pointing with his Finger to a certain Quarter of it, don't you see, says he, that monstrous Dragon arm'd with fiery Horns, and its Tail turn'd up in a Circle? And they denying they saw it, he bid them look earnestly, every now and then pointing to the Place: At last one of them, that he might not seem to be bad-sighted, affirmed that he saw it. And in Imitation of him, first one, and then another, for they were asham'd that they could not see what was so plain to be seen: And in short, in three Days Time, the Rumour of this portentous Apparition had spread all over *England.* And it is wonderful to think how popular Fame had amplified the Story, and some pretended seriously to expound to what this Portent did predict, and he that was the Contriver of the Fiction, took a mighty Pleasure in the Folly of these People.

Tho. I know the Humour of the Man well enough. But to the Story of the Apparition.

Ans. In the mean Time, one *Faunus* a Priest (of those which in *Latin* they call *Regulars*, but that is not enough, unless they add the same in *Greek* too, who was Parson of a neighbouring Parish, this Man thought himself wiser than is common, especially in holy Matters) came very opportunely to pay a Visit to *Polus.*

Tho. I understand the Matter: There is one found out to be an Actor in this Play.

Ans. At Supper a Discourse was raised of the Report of this Apparition, and when *Polus* perceiv'd that *Faunus* had not only heard of the Report, but believ'd it, he began to intreat the Man, that as he was a holy and a learned Person,

he would afford some Relief to a poor Soul that was in such dreadful Torment: And, says he, if you are in any Doubt as to the Truth of it, examine into the Matter, and do but walk near that Bridge about ten a-Clock, and you shall hear miserable Cries; take who you will for a Companion along with you, and so you will hear both more safely and better.

Tho. Well, what then?

Ans. After Supper was over, *Polus*, as his Custom was, goes a Hunting or Fowling. And when it grew duskish, the Darkness having taken away all Opportunity of making any certain Judgment of any Thing, *Faunus* walks about, and at last hears miserable Howlings. *Polus* having hid himself in a Bramble Hedge hard by, had very artfully made these Howlings, by speaking through an earthen Pot; the Voice coming through the Hollow of it, gave it a most mournful Sound.

Tho. This Story, as far as I see, out-does *Menander*'s *Phasma.*

Ans. You'll say more, if you shall hear it out. *Faunus* goes Home, being impatient to tell what he had heard. *Polus* taking a shorter Way, had got Home before him. *Faunus* up and tells *Polus* all that past, and added something of his own to it, to make the Matter more wonderful.

Tho. Could *Polus* keep his Countenance in the mean Time?

Ans. He keep his Countenance! He has his Countenance in his Hand, you would have said that a serious Affair was transacted. In the End *Faunus*, upon the pressing Importunity of *Polus*, undertakes the Business of Exorcism, and slept not one Wink all that Night, in contriving by what Means he might go about the Matter with Safety, for he was wretchedly afraid. In the first Place he got together the most powerful Exorcisms that he could get, and added some new ones to them, as the Bowels of the Virgin *Mary*, and the Bones of St. *Winifred.* After that, he makes Choice of a Place in the plain Field, near the Bramble

Bushes, from whence the Voice came. He draws a very large Circle with a great many Crosses in it, and a Variety of Characters. And all this was perform'd in a set Form of Words; there was also there a great Vessel full of holy Water, and about his Neck he had a holy Stole (as they call'd it) upon which hung the Beginning of the Gospel of *John*. He had in his Pocket a little Piece of Wax, which the Bishop of *Rome* used to consecrate once a Year, which is commonly call'd *Agnus Dei*. With these Arms in Times past, they were wont to defend themselves against evil Spirits, before the Cowl of St. *Francis* was found to be so formidable. All these Things were provided, lest if it should be an evil Spirit it should fall foul upon the Exorcist: nor did he for all this, dare to trust himself in the Circle alone, but he determined to take some other Priest along with him. Upon this *Polus* being afraid, that if he took some sharper Fellow than himself along with him, the whole Plot might come to be discover'd, he got a Parish-Priest thereabout, whom he acquainted before-hand with the whole Design; and indeed it was necessary for the carrying on the Adventure, and he was a Man fit for such a Purpose. The Day following, all Things being prepared and in good Order, about ten a-Clock *Faunus* and the Parish-Priest enter the Circle. *Polus* had got thither before them, and made a miserable Howling out of the Hedge; *Faunus* begins his Exorcism, and *Polus* steals away in the Dark to the next Village, and brings from thence another Person, for the Play could not be acted without a great many of them.

Tho. Well, what do they do?

Ans. They mount themselves upon black Horses, and privately carry Fire along with them; when they come pretty near to the Circle, they shew the Fire to affright *Faunus* out of the Circle.

Tho. What a Deal of Pains did this *Polus* take to put a Cheat upon People?

Ans. His Fancy lies that Way. But this Matter had like to have been mischievous to them.

Tho. How so?

Ans. For the Horses were so startled at the sudden flashing of the Fire, that they had like to have thrown their Riders. Here's an End of the first Act of this Comedy. When they were returned and entered into Discourse, *Polus*, as though he had known nothing of the Matter, enquires what was done. *Faunus* tells him, that two hideous Cacodæmons appear'd to him on black Horses, their Eyes sparkling with Fire, and breathing Fire out of their Nostrils, making an Attempt to break into the Circle, but that they were driven away with a Vengeance, by the Power and Efficacy of his Words. This Encounter having put Courage into *Faunus*, the next Day he goes into his Circle again with great Solemnity, and after he had provok'd the Spirit a long Time with the Vehemence of his Words, *Polus* and his Companion appear again at a pretty Distance, with their black Horses, with a most outragious Noise, making a Feint, as if they would break into the Circle.

Tho. Had they no Fire then?

Ans. No, none at all; for that had lik'd to have fallen out very unluckily to them. But hear another Device: They drew a long Rope over the Ground, and then hurrying from one Place to another, as though they were beat off by the Exorcisms of *Faunus*, they threw down both the Priest and holy Water-Pot all together.

Tho. This Reward the Parish-Priest had for playing his Part?

Ans. Yes, he had; and for all that, he had rather suffer this than quit the Design. After this Encounter, when they came to talk over the Matter again, *Faunus* tells a mighty Story to *Polus*, what great Danger he had been in, and how couragiously he had driven both the evil Spirits away with his Charms, and now he had arriv'd at a firm Persuasion, that there was no Dæmon, let him be ever so mischievous or impudent, that could possibly break into this Circle.

Tho. This *Faunus* was not far from being a Fool.

Ans. You have heard nothing yet. The Comedy being thus far advanc'd, *Polus*'s Son-in-Law comes in very good

Time, for he had married *Polus*'s eldest Daughter; he's a wonderful merry Droll, you know.

Tho. Know him! Ay, I know him, that he has no Aversion for such Tricks as these.

Ans. No Aversion, do you say, nay he would leave the most urgent Affair in the World, if such a Comedy were either to be seen or acted. His Father-in-Law tells him the whole Story, and gives him his Part, that was, to act the Ghost. He puts on a Dress, and wraps himself up in a Shrowd, and carrying a live Coal in a Shell, it appear'd through his Shrowd as if something were burning. About Night he goes to the Place where this Play was acted, there were heard most doleful Moans. *Faunus* lets fly all his Exorcisms. At Length the Ghost appears a good Way off in the Bushes, every now and then shewing the Fire, and making a rueful Groaning. While *Faunus* was adjuring the Ghost to declare who he was, *Polus* of a sudden leaps out of the Thicket, dress'd like a Devil, and making a Roaring, answers him, you have nothing to do with this Soul, it is mine; and every now and then runs to the very Edge of the Circle, as if he would set upon the Exorcist, and then retired back again, as if he was beaten back by the Words of the Exorcism, and the Power of the holy Water, which he threw upon him in great Abundance. At last when this guardian Devil was chased away, *Faunus* enters into a Dialogue with the Soul. After he had been interrogated and abjured, he answers, that he was the Soul of a Christian Man, and being asked his Name, he answered *Faunus*. *Faunus*! replies the other, that's my Name. So then they being Name-Sakes, he laid the Matter more to Heart, that *Faunus* might deliver *Faunus*. *Faunus* asking a Multitude of Questions, lest a long Discourse should discover the Fraud, the Ghost retires, saying it was not permitted to stay to talk any longer, because its Time was come, that it must go whither its Devil pleased to carry it; but yet promised to come again the next Day, at what Hour it could be permitted. They meet together again at *Polus*'s House, who

was the Master of the Show. There the Exorcist relates what was done, and tho' he added some Lies to the Story, yet he believed them to be true himself, he was so heartily affected with the Matter in Hand. At last it appeared manifestly, that it was the Soul of a Christian who was vexed with the dreadful Torments of an unmerciful Devil: Now all the Endeavours are bent this Way. There happened a ridiculous Passage in the next Exorcism.

Tho. Prithee what was that?

Ans. When *Faunus* had called up the Ghost, *Polus*, that acted the Devil, leap'd directly at him, as if he would, without any more to do, break into the Circle; and *Faunus* he resisted stoutly with his Exorcisms, and had thrown a power of holy Water, the Devil at last cries out, that he did not value all this of a Rush; you have had to do with a Wench, and you are my own yourself. And tho' *Polus* said so in Jest, it seemed that he had spoken Truth: For the Exorcist being touched with this Word, presently retreated to the very Centre of the Circle, and whispered something in the Priest's Ear. *Polus* seeing that, retires, that he might not hear what it was not fit for him to hear.

Tho. In Truth, *Polus* was a very modest, religious Devil.

Ans. He was so, otherwise he might have been blamed for not observing a *Decorum*, but yet he heard the Priest's Voice appointing him Satisfaction.

Tho. What was that?

Ans. That he should say the glorious 78th Psalm, three Times over, by which he conjectured he had had to do with her three Times that Night.

Tho. He was an irregular *Regular*.

Ans. They are but Men, and this is but human Frailty.

Tho. Well, proceed: what was done after this?

Ans. Now *Faunus* more couragiously advances to the very Edge of the Circle, and challenges the Devil of his own Accord; but the Devil's Heart failed him, and he fled back. You have deceived me, says he, if I had been wise I had not given you that Caution: Many are of Opinion,

that what you have once confess'd is immediately struck out of the Devil's Memory, that he can never be able to twit you in the Teeth for it.

Tho. What a ridiculous Conceit do you tell me of?

Ans. But to draw towards a Conclusion of the Matter: This Dialogue with the Ghost held for some Days; at last it came to this Issue: The Exorcist asking the Soul, If there was any Way by which it might possibly be delivered from its Torments, it answered, it might, if the Money that it had left behind, being gotten by Cheating, should be restored. Then, says *Faunus*, What if it were put into the Hands of good People, to be disposed of to pious Uses? The Spirit reply'd, That might do. The Exorcist was rejoic'd at this; he enquires particularly, What Sum there was of it? The Spirit reply'd, That it was a vast Sum, and might prove very good and commodious: it told the Place too where the Treasure was hid, but it was a long Way off: And it order'd what Uses it should be put to.

Tho. What were they?

Ans. That three Persons were to undertake a Pilgrimage; one to the Threshold of St. *Peter*; another to salute St. *James* at *Compostella*; and the third should kiss *Jesus*'s Comb at *Tryers*; and after that, a vast Number of Services and Masses should be performed in several great Monasteries; and as to the Overplus, he should dispose of it as he pleas'd. Now *Faunus*'s Mind was fixed upon the Treasure; he had, in a Manner, swallowed it in his Mind.

Tho. That's a common Disease; but more peculiarly thrown in the Priests Dish, upon all Occasions.

Ans. After nothing had been omitted that related to the Affair of the Money, the Exorcist being put upon it by *Polus*, began to put Questions to the Spirit, about several Arts, as Alchymy and Magick. To these Things the Spirit gave Answers, putting off the Resolution of these Questions for the present, promising it would make larger Discoveries as soon as ever, by his Assistance, it should get out of the Clutches of its Keeper, the Devil; and, if you please, you

may let this be the third Act of this Play. As to the fourth Act, *Faunus* began, in good Earnest, everywhere to talk high, and to talk of nothing else in all Companies and at the Table, and to promise glorious Things to Monasteries ; and talk'd of nothing that was low and mean. He goes to the Place, and finds the Tokens, but did not dare to dig for the Treasure, because the Spirit had thrown this Caution in the Way, that it would be extremely dangerous to touch the Treasure, before the Masses had been performed. By this Time, a great many of the wiser Sort had smelt out the Plot, while *Faunus* at the same Time was every where proclaiming his Folly ; tho' he was privately cautioned by his Friends, and especially his Abbot, that he who had hitherto had the Reputation of a prudent Man, should not give the World a Specimen of his being quite contrary. But the Imagination of the Thing had so entirely possess'd his Mind, that all that could be said of him, had no Influence upon him, to make him doubt of the Matter ; and he dreamt of nothing but Spectres and Devils : The very Habit of his Mind was got into his Face, that he was so pale, and meagre and dejected, that you would say he was rather a Sprite than a Man : And in short, he was not far from being stark mad, and would have been so, had it not been timely prevented.

Tho. Well, let this be the last Act of the Play.

Ans. Well, you shall have it. *Polus* and his Son-in-Law, hammer'd out this Piece betwixt them : They counterfeited an Epistle written in a strange antique Character, and not upon common Paper, but such as Gold-Beaters put their Leaf-Gold in, a reddish Paper, you know. The Form of the Epistle was this :

Faunus, *long a Captive, but now free. To* Faunus, *his gracious Deliverer sends eternal Health. There is no Need, my dear* Faunus, *that thou shouldest macerate thyself any longer in this Affair. God has respected the pious Intention of thy Mind; and by the Merit of it, has delivered me from Torments, and I now live happily among the Angels. Thou hast a Place provided for thee with St.* Austin, *which is next to the Choir of the Apostles : When thou comest to us,*

I will give thee publick Thanks. In the mean Time, see that thou live merrily.

From the Imperial Heaven, *the*
Ides of September, *Anno* 1498.
Under the Seal of my own Ring.

This Epistle was laid privately under the Altar where *Faunus* was to perform divine Service: This being done, there was one appointed to advertise him of it, as if he had found it by Chance. And now he carries the Letter about him, and shews it as a very sacred Thing; and believes nothing more firmly, than that it was brought from Heaven by an Angel.

Tho. This is not delivering the Man from his Madness, but changing the Sort of it.

Ans. Why truly, so it is, only he is now more pleasantly mad than before.

Tho. I never was wont to give much Credit to Stories of Apparitions in common; but for the Time to come, I shall give much less: For I believe that many Things that have been printed and published, as true Relations, were only by Artifice and Imposture, Impositions upon credulous Persons, and such as *Faunus*.

Ans. And I also believe that a great many of them are of the same Kind.

The ALCHYMIST.

The Argument.

This Colloquy shews the Dotage of an old Man, otherwise a very prudent Person, upon this Art; being trick'd by a Priest, under Pretence of a two-Fold Method in this Art, the long Way *and the* short Way. *By the long Way he puts an egregious Cheat upon old* Balbinus: *The Alchymist lays the Fault upon his Coals and Glasses. Presents of Gold are sent to the Virgin* Mary, *that she would assist them in their Undertakings. Some Courtiers having come to the Knowledge that* Balbinus *practis'd this unlawful Art, are brib'd. At last the Alchymist is discharg'd, having Money given him to bear his Charges.*

PHILECOUS, LALUS.

PHI. What News is here, that *Lalus* laughs to himself so that he e'en giggles again, every now and then signing himself with the Sign of the Cross? I'll interrupt his Felicity. God bless you heartily, my very good Friend *Lalus*; you seem to me to be very happy.

La. But I shall be much happier, if I make you a Partaker of my merry Conceitedness.

Phi. Prithee, then, make me happy as soon as you can.

La. Do you know *Balbinus*?

Phi. What, that learned old Gentleman that has such a very good Character in the World?

La. It is as you say; but no Man is wise at all Times, or is without his blind Side. This Man, among his many good Qualifications, has some Foibles: He has been a long Time bewitch'd with the Art call'd *Alchymy.*

Phi. Believe me, that you call only Foible, is a dangerous Disease.

La. However that is, notwithstanding he had been so often bitten by this Sort of People, yet he has lately suffer'd himself to be impos'd upon again.

Phi. In what Manner?

La. A certain Priest went to him, saluted him with great Respect, and accosted him in this Manner: Most learned *Balbinus*, perhaps you will wonder that I, being a Stranger to you, should thus interrupt you, who, I know, are always earnestly engag'd in the most sacred Studies. *Balbinus* gave him a Nod, as was his Custom; for he is wonderfully sparing of his Words.

Phi. That's an Argument of Prudence.

La. But the other, as the wiser of the two, proceeds. You will forgive this my Importunity, when you shall know the Cause of my coming to you. Tell me then, says *Balbinus*, but in as few Words as you can. I will, says he, as briefly as I am able. You know, most learned of Men, that the Fates of Mortals are various; and I can't tell among which I should class myself, whether among the happy or the miserable; for when I contemplate my Fate on one Part, I account myself most happy, but if on the other Part, I am one of the most miserable. *Balbinus* pressing him to contract his Speech into a narrow Compass; I will have done immediately, most learned *Balbinus*, says he, and it will be the more easy for me to do it, to a Man who understands the whole Affair so well, that no Man understands it better.

Phi. You are rather drawing an Orator than an Alchymist.

La. You shall hear the Alchymist by and by. This Happiness, says he, I have had from a Child, to have learn'd that most desirable Art, I mean Alchymy, the very Marrow of universal Philosophy. At the very Mention of the

Name Alchymy, *Balbinus* rais'd himself a little, that is to say, in Gesture only, and fetching a deep Sigh, bid him go forward. Then he proceeds : But miserable Man that I am, said he, by not falling into the right Way ! *Balbinus* asking him what Ways those were he spoke of ; Good Sir, says he, you know (for what is there, most learned Sir, that you are ignorant of?) that there are two Ways in this Art, one which is *call'd the Longation, and the other which is call'd the Curtation.* But by my bad Fate, I have fallen upon *Longation. Balbinus* asking him, what was the Difference of the Ways ; it would be impudent in me, says he, to mention this to a Man, to whom all Things are so well known, that Nobody knows them better ; therefore I humbly address myself to you, that you would take Pity on me, and vouchsafe to communicate to me that most happy Way of *Curtation.* And by how much the better you understand this Art, by so much the less Labour you will be able to impart it to me : Do not conceal so great a Gift from your poor Brother that is ready to die with Grief. And as you assist me in this, so may *Jesus Christ* ever enrich you with more sublime Endowments. He thus making no End of his Solemnity of Obtestations, *Balbinus* was oblig'd to confess, that he was entirely ignorant of what he meant by *Longation* and *Curtation,* and bids him explain the Meaning of those Words. Then he began ; Altho' Sir, says he, I know I speak to a Person that is better skill'd than myself, yet since you command me I will do it : Those that have spent their whole Life in this divine Art, change the Species of Things two Ways, the one is shorter, but more hazardous, the other is longer, but safer. I account myself very unhappy, that I have laboured in that Way that does not suit my Genius, nor could I yet find out any Body who would shew me the other Way that I am so passionately desirous of ; but at last God has put it into my Mind to apply myself to you, a Man of as much Piety as Learning ; your Learning qualifies you to answer my Request with Ease, and your Piety will dispose you to help a Christian Brother, whose

Life is in your Hands. To make the Matter short, when this crafty Fellow, with such Expressions as these, had clear'd himself from all Suspicion of a Design, and had gain'd Credit, that he understood one Way perfectly well, *Balbinus*'s Mind began to have an Itch to be meddling. And at last, when he could hold no longer, Away with your Methods, says he, of *Curtation*, the Name of which I never heard before, I am so far from understanding it. Tell me sincerely, Do you throughly understand Longation? Phoo! says he, perfectly well; but I don't love the Tediousness of it. Then *Balbinus* asked him, how much Time it wou'd take up. Too much, says he; almost a whole Year; but in the mean Time it is the safest Way. Never trouble yourself about that, says *Balbinus*, although it should take up two Years, if you can but depend upon your Art. To shorten the Story: They came to an Agreement, that the Business should be set on foot privately in *Balbinus*'s House, upon this Condition, that he should find Art, and *Balbinus* Money; and the Profit should be divided between them, although the Imposter modestly offered that *Balbinus* should have the whole Gain. They both took an Oath of Secrecy, after the Manner of those that are initiated into mysterious Secrets; and presently Money is paid down for the Artist to buy Pots, Glasses, Coals, and other Necessaries for furnishing the Laboratory: This Money our Alchymist lavishes away on Whores, Gaming, and Drinking.

Phi. This is one Way, however, of changing the Species of Things.

La. Balbinus pressing him to fall upon the Business; he replies, Don't you very well know, that *what's well begun is half done?* It is a great Matter to have the Materials well prepar'd. At last he begins to set up the Furnace; and here there was Occasion for more Gold, as a Bait to cátch more: For as a Fish is not caught without a Bait, so Alchymists must cast Gold in, before they can fetch Gold out. In the mean Time, *Balbinus* was busy in his Accounts; for he reckoned thus, if one Ounce made fifteen, what would be

the Product of two thousand; for that was the Sum that he determined to spend. When the Alchymist had spent this Money and two Months Time, pretending to be wonderfully busy about the Bellows and the Coals, *Balbinus* enquired of him, whether the Business went forward? At first he made no Answer; but at last he urging the Question, he made him Answer, As all great Works do; the greatest Difficulty of which is, in entring upon them: He pretended he had made a Mistake in buying the Coals, for he had bought Oaken ones, when they should have been Beechen or Fir ones. There was a hundred Crowns gone; and he did not spare to go to Gaming again briskly. Upon giving him new Cash, he gets new Coals, and then the Business is begun again with more Resolution than before; just as Soldiers do, when they have happened to meet with a Disaster, they repair it by Bravery. When the Laboratory had been kept hot for some Months, and the golden Fruit was expected, and there was not a Grain of Gold in the Vessel (for the Chymist had spent all that too) another Pretence was found out, That the Glasses they used, were not rightly tempered: For, *as every Block will not make a Mercury*, so Gold will not be made in any Kind of Glass. And by how much more Money had been spent, by so much the lother he was to give it over.

Phi. Just as it is with Gamesters, as if it were not better to lose some than all.

La. Very true. The Chymist swore he was never so cheated since he was born before; but now having found out his Mistake, he could proceed with all the Security in the World, and fetch up that Loss with great Interest. The Glasses being changed, the Laboratory is furnished the third Time: Then the Operator told him, the Operation would go on more successfully, if he sent a Present of Crowns to the Virgin *Mary*, that you know is worshipped at *Paris*; for it was an holy Act: And in Order to have it carried on successfully, it needed the Favour of the Saints. *Balbinus* liked this Advice wonderfully well, being a very pious Man, that never

let a Day pass, but he performed some Act of Devotion or other. The Operator undertakes the religious Pilgrimage; but spends this devoted Money in a Bawdy-House in the next Town: Then he goes back, and tells *Balbinus* that he had great Hope that all would succeed according to their Mind, the Virgin *Mary* seem'd so to favour their Endeavours. When he had laboured a long Time, and not one Crumb of Gold appearing, *Balbinus* reasoning the Matter with him, he answered, that nothing like this had ever happened all his Days to him, tho' he had so many Times had Experience of his Method; nor could he so much as imagine what should be the Reason of this Failing. After they had beat their Brains a long Time about the Matter, *Balbinus* bethought himself, whether he had any Day miss'd going to Chapel, or saying the *Horary Prayers*, for nothing would succeed, if these were omitted. Says the Imposter you have hit it. Wretch that I am, I have been guilty of that once or twice by Forgetfulness, and lately rising from Table, after a long Dinner, I had forgot to say the Salutation of the Virgin. Why then, says *Balbinus*, it is no Wonder, that a Thing of this Moment succeeds no better. The Trickster undertakes to perform twelve Services for two that he had omitted, and to repay ten Salutations for that one. When Money every now and then fail'd this extravagant Operator, and he could not find out any Pretence to ask for more, he at last bethought himself of this Project. He comes Home like one frighted out of his Wits, and in a very mournful Tone cries out, O *Balbinus* I am utterly undone, undone; I am in Danger of my Life. *Balbinus* was astonished, and was impatient to know what was the Matter. The Court, says he, have gotten an Inkling of what we have been about, and I expect nothing else but to be carried to Gaol immediately. *Balbinus*, at the hearing of this, turn'd pale as Ashes; for you know it is capital with us, for any Man to practice *Alchymy* without a License from the Prince: He goes on: Not, says he, that I am afraid of Death myself, I wish that were the worst that would happen, I fear some-

thing more cruel. *Balbinus* asking him what that was, he reply'd, I shall be carried away into some Castle, and there be forc'd to work all my Days, for those I have no Mind to serve. Is there any Death so bad as such a Life? The Matter was then debated, *Balbinus* being a Man that very well understood the Art of Rhetorick, casts his Thoughts every Way, if this Mischief could be prevented any Way. Can't you deny the Crime, says he? By no Means, says the other; the Matter is known among the Courtiers, and they have such Proof of it that it can't be evaded, and there is no defending of the Fact; for the Law is point-blank against it. Many Things having been propos'd, but coming to no Conclusion, that seem'd feasible; says the Alchymist, who wanted present Money, O *Balbinus* we apply ourselves to slow Counsels, when the Matter requires a present Remedy. It will not be long before they will be here that will apprehend me, and carry me away into Tribulation. And last of all, seeing *Balbinus* at a Stand, says the Alchymist, I am as much at a Loss as you, nor do I see any Way left, but to die like a Man, unless you shall approve what I am going to propose, which is more profitable than honourable; but Necessity is a hard Chapter. You know these Sort of Men are hungry after Money, and so may be the more easily brib'd to Secrecy. Although it is a hard Case to give these Rascals Money to throw away; but yet, as the Case now stands, I see no better Way. *Balbinus* was of the same Opinion, and he lays down thirty Guineas to bribe them to hush up the Matter.

Phi. Balbinus was wonderful liberal, as you tell the Story.

La. Nay, in an honest Cause, you would sooner have gotten his Teeth out of his Head than Money. Well, then the Alchymist was provided for, who was in no Danger, but that of wanting Money for his Wench.

Phi. I admire *Balbinus* could not smoak the Roguery all this While.

La. This is the only Thing that he's soft in, he's as sharp as a Needle in any Thing else. Now the Furnace is set to

work again with new Money; but first, a short Prayer is made to the Virgin *Mary* to prosper their Undertakings. By this Time there had been a whole Year spent, first one Obstacle being pretended, and then another, so that all the Expence and Labour was lost. In the mean Time there fell out one most ridiculous Chance.

Phi. What was that?

La. The Alchymist had a criminal Correspondence with a certain Courtier's Lady: The Husband beginning to be jealous, watch'd him narrowly, and in the Conclusion, having Intelligence that the Priest was in the Bed-Chamber, he comes Home before he was look'd for, knocks at the Door.

Phi. What did he design to do to him?

La. What! Why nothing very good, either kill him or geld him. When the Husband being very pressing to come, threatned he would break open the Door, if his Wife did not open it, they were in bodily Fear within, and cast about for some present Resolution; and Circumstances admitting no better, he pull'd off his Coat, and threw himself out of a narrow Window, but not without both Danger and Mischief, and so got away. Such Stories as these you know are soon spread, and it came to *Balbinus*'s Ear, and the Chymist guess'd it would be so.

Phi. There was no getting off of this Business.

La. Yes, he got off better here, than he did out at the Window. Hear the Man's Invention: *Balbinus* said not a Word to him about the Matter, but it might be read in his Countenance, that he was no Stranger to the Talk of the Town. The Chymist knew *Balbinus* to be a Man of Piety, and in some Points, I was going to say, superstitious, and such Persons are very ready to forgive one that falls under his Crime, let it be never so great; therefore, he on Purpose begins a Talk about the Success of their Business, complaining, that it had not succeeded as it us'd to do, and as he would have it; and he wondered greatly, what should be the Reason of it: Upon this Discourse, *Balbinus*, who seemed otherwise to have been bent upon Silence, taking an Occa-

sion, was a little moved: It is no hard Matter, says he, to guess what the Obstacle is. Sins are the Obstacles that hinder our Success, for pure Works should be done by pure Persons. At this Word, the Projector fell down on his Knees, and beating his Breast with a very mournful Tone, and dejected Countenance, says, O *Balbinus*, what you have said is very true, it is Sin, it is Sin that has been the Hinderance; but my Sins, not yours; for I am not asham'd to confess my Uncleanness before you, as I would before my most holy Father Confessor: The Frailty of my Flesh overcame me, and Satan drew me into his Snares; and O miserable Wretch that I am! Of a Priest, I am become an Adulterer; and yet, the Offering that you sent to the Virgin Mother, is not wholly lost neither, for I had perish'd inevitably, if she had not helped me; for the Husband broke open the Door upon me, and the Window was too little for me to get out at; and in this Pinch of Danger, I bethought myself of the blessed Virgin, and I fell upon my Knees, and besought her, that if the Gift was acceptable to her, she would assist me, and in a Minute I went to the Window, (for Necessity forced me so to do) and found it large enough for me to get out at.

Phi. Well, and did *Balbinus* believe all this?

La. Believe it, yes, and pardon'd him too, and admonish'd him very religiously, not to be ungrateful to the blessed Virgin: Nay, there was more Money laid down, upon his giving his Promise, that he would for the future carry on the Process with Purity.

Phi. Well, what was the End of all this?

La. The Story is very long; but I'll cut it short. When he had play'd upon *Balbinus* long enough with these Inventions, and wheedled him out of a considerable Sum of Money, a certain Gentleman happen'd to come there, that had known the Knave from a Child: He easily imagining that he was acting the same Part with *Balbinus*, that he had been acting every where, admonishes *Balbinus* privately, and acquainted him what Sort of a Fellow he harbour'd, advising

him to get rid of him as soon as possible, unless he had a Mind to have him sometime or other, to rifle his Coffers, and then run away.

Phi. Well, what did *Balbinus* do then? Sure, he took Care to have him sent to Gaol?

La. To Gaol? Nay, he gave him Money to bear his Charges, and conjur'd him by all that was sacred, not to speak a Word of what had happened between them. And in my Opinion, it was his Wisdom so to do, rather than to be the common Laughing-stock, and Table-Talk, and run the Risk of the Confiscation of his Goods besides; for the Imposter was in no Danger; he knew no more of the Matter than an Ass, and cheating is a small Fault in these Sort of Cattle. If he had charg'd him with Theft, his Ordination would have sav'd him from the Gallows, and no Body would have been at the Charge of maintaining such a Fellow in Prison.

Phi. I should pity *Balbinus*; but that he took Pleasure in being gull'd.

La. I must now make haste to the Hall; at another Time I'll tell you Stories more ridiculous than this.

Phi. When you shall be at Leisure, I shall be glad to hear them, and I'll give you Story for Story.

The HORSE-CHEAT.

The ARGUMENT.

The Horse-Cheat *lays open the cheating Tricks of those that sell or let out Horses to hire; and shews how those Cheats themselves are sometimes cheated.*

AULUS, PHÆDRUS.

GOOD God! What a grave Countenance our *Phaedrus* has put on, gaping ever and anon into the Air. I'll attack him. *Phaedrus*, what News to Day?

Ph. Why do you ask me that Question, *Aulus*?

Aul. Because, of a *Phaedrus*, you seem to have become a *Cato*, there is so much Sourness in your Countenance.

Ph. That's no Wonder, my Friend, I am just come from Confession.

Aul. Nay, then my Wonder's over; but tell me upon your honest Word, did you confess all?

Ph. All that I could remember, but one.

Aul. And why did you reserve that one?

Ph. Because I can't be out of Love with it.

Aul. It must needs be some pleasant Sin.

Ph. I can't tell whether it is a Sin or no; but if you are at Leisure, you shall hear what it is.

Aul. I would be glad to hear it, with all my Heart.

Ph. You know what cheating Tricks are play'd by our *Jockeys*, who sell and let out Horses.

Aul. Yes, I know more of them than I wish I did, having been cheated by them more than once.

Ph. I had Occasion lately to go a pretty long Journey,

and I was in great Haste ; I went to one that you would have said was none of the worst of 'em, and there was some small Matter of Friendship between us. I told him I had an urgent Business to do, and had Occasion for a strong able Gelding ; desiring, that if he would ever be my Friend in any Thing, he would be so now. He promised me, that he would use me as kindly as if I were his own dear Brother.

Aul. It may be he would have cheated his Brother.

Ph. He leads me into the Stable, and bids me chuse which I would out of them all. At last I pitch'd upon one that I lik'd better than the rest. He commends my Judgment, protesting that a great many Persons had had a Mind to that Horse ; but he resolved to keep him rather for a singular Friend, than sell him to a Stranger. I agreed with him as to the Price, paid him down his Money, got upon the Horse's Back. Upon the first setting out, my Steed falls a prancing ; you would have said he was a Horse of Mettle ; he was plump, and in good Case : But, by that Time I had rid him an Hour and a half, I perceiv'd he was downright tir'd, nor could I by spurring him, get him any further. I had heard that such Jades had been kept for Cheats, that you would take by their Looks to be very good Horses ; but were worth nothing for Service. I says to myself presently, I am caught. But when I come Home again, I will shew him Trick for Trick.

Aul. But what did you do in this Case, being a Horseman without a Horse ?

Ph. I did what I was oblig'd to do. I turn'd into the next Village, and there I set my Horse up privately, with an Acquaintance, and hired another, and prosecuted my Journey ; and when I came back, I return'd my hired Horse, and finding my own in very good Case, and thoroughly rested, I mounted his Back, and rid back to the Horse-Courser, desiring him to set him up for a few Days, till I called for him again. He ask'd me how well he carry'd me ; I swore by all that was good, that I never bestrid a better Nag in my Life, that he flew rather than walk'd, nor ever

tir'd the least in the World in all so long a Journey, nor was a Hair the leaner for it. I having made him believe that these Things were true, he thought with himself, he had been mistaken in this Horse; and therefore, before I went away, he ask'd me if I would sell the Horse. I refus'd at first; because if I should have Occasion to go such another Journey, I should not easily get the Fellow of him; but however, I valued nothing so much, but I would sell it, if I could have a good Price for it, altho' any Body had a Mind to buy myself.

Aul. This was fighting a Man with his own Weapons.

Ph. In short, he would not let me go away, before I had set a Price upon him. I rated him at a great Deal more than he cost me. Being gone, I got an Acquaintance to act for me, and gave him Instructions how to behave himself: He goes to the House, and calls for the Horse-Courser, telling him, that he had Occasion for a very good, and a very hardy Nag. The Horse-Courser shews him a great many Horses, still commending the worst most of all; but says not a Word of that Horse he had sold me, verily believing he was such as I had represented him. My Friend presently ask'd whether that was not to be sold; for I had given him a Description of the Horse, and the Place where he stood. The Horse-Courser at first made no Answer, but commended the rest very highly. The Gentleman lik'd the other Horses pretty well; but always treated about that very Horse: At last thinks the Horse-Courser with himself, I have certainly been out in my Judgment as to this Horse, if this Stranger could presently pick this Horse out of so many. He insisting upon it, He may be sold, says he; but it may be, you'll be frighted at the Price. The Price, says he, is a Case of no great Importance, if the Goodness of the Thing be answerable: Tell me the Price. He told him something more than I had set him at to him, getting the Overplus to himself. At last the Price was agreed on, and a good large Earnest was given, a Ducat of Gold to bind the Bargain. The Purchaser gives the Hostler a Groat,

orders him to give his Horse some Corn, and he would come by and by, and fetch him. As soon as ever I heard the Bargain was made so firmly, that it could not be undone again, I go immediately, booted and spurr'd to the Horse-Courser, and being out of Breath, calls for my Horse. He comes and asks what I wanted: Says I, get my Horse ready presently, for I must be gone this Moment, upon an extraordinary Affair: But, says he, you bid me keep the Horse a few Days: That's true, said I, but this Business has happened unexpectedly, and it is the King's Business, and it will admit of no Delay. Says he, take your Choice, which you will of all my Horses; you cannot have your own. I ask'd him, why so? Because, says he, he is sold. Then I pretended to be in a great Passion; God forbid, says I; as this Journey has happen'd, I would not sell him, if any Man would offer me four Times his Price. I fell to wrangling, and cry out, I am ruin'd: At Length he grew a little warm too: What Occasion is there for all this Contention: You set a Price upon your Horse, and I have sold him; if I pay you your Money, you have nothing more to do to me; we have Laws in this City, and you can't compel me to produce the Horse. When I had clamoured a good While, that he would either produce the Horse, or the Man that bought him: He at last pays me down the Money in a Passion. I had bought him for fifteen Guineas, I set him to him at twenty six, and he had valued him at thirty two, and so computed with himself he had better make that Profit of him, than restore the Horse. I go away, as if I was vex'd in my Mind, and scarcely pacified, tho' the Money was paid me: He desires me not to take it amiss, he would make me Amends some other Way: So I bit the Biter: He has a Horse not worth a Groat; he expected that he that had given him the Earnest, should come and pay him the Money; but no Body came, nor ever will come.

Aul. But in the mean Time, did he never expostulate the Matter with you?

Ph. With what Face or Colour could he do that? I have

met him over and over since, and he complain'd of the Unfairness of the Buyer: But I often reason'd the Matter with him, and told him, he deserv'd to be so serv'd, who by his hasty Sale of him, had depriv'd me of my Horse. This was a Fraud so well plac'd, in my Opinion, that I could not find in my Heart to confess it as a Fault.

Aul. If I had done such a Thing, I should have been so far from confessing it as a Fault, that I should have requir'd a Statue for it.

Ph. I can't tell whether you speak as you think or no; but you set me agog however, to be paying more of these Fellows in their own Coin.

The BEGGARS DIALOGUE.

The ARGUMENT.

The Beggars Dialogue paints out the cheating, crafty Tricks of Beggars, who make a Shew of being full of Sores, and make a Profession of Palmistry, and other Arts by which they impose upon many Persons. Nothing is more like Kingship, than the Life of a Beggar.

IRIDES, MISOPONUS.

IR. What new Sort of Bird is this I see flying here? I know the Face, but the Cloaths don't suit it. If I'm not quite mistaken, this is *Misoponus*. I'll venture to speak to him, as ragged as I am. God save you, *Misoponus*.

Mis. Hold your Tongue, I say.

Ir. What's the Matter, mayn't a Body salute you?

Mis. Not by that Name.

Ir. Why, what has happen'd to you? Are you not the same Man that you was? What, have you changed your Name with your Cloaths?

Mis. No, but I have taken up my old Name again.

Ir. Who was you then?

Mis. Apitius.

Ir. Never be asham'd of your old Acquaintance, if any Thing of a better Fortune has happen'd to you. It is not long since you belong'd to our Order.

Mis. Prithee, come hither, and I'll tell you the whole Story. I am not asham'd of your Order; but I am asham'd of the Order that I was first of myself.

Ir. What Order do you mean? That of the *Franciscans*?

Mis. No, by no Means, my good Friend; but the Order of the Spendthrifts.

Ir. In Truth, you have a great many Companions of that Order.

Mis. I had a good Fortune, I spent lavishly, and when I began to be in Want, no Body knew *Apitius*. I ran away for Shame, and betook myself to your College: I lik'd that better than digging.

Ir. Very wisely done; but how comes your Body to be in so good Case of late? For as to your Change of Cloaths, I don't so much wonder at that.

Mis. Why so?

Ir. Because the Goddess *Laverna* makes many rich on a sudden.

Mis. What! do you think I got an Estate by Thieving then?

Ir. Nay, perhaps more idly, by Rapine.

Mis. No, I swear by your Goddess *Penia*, neither by Thieving, nor by Rapine. But first I'll satisfy you as to the State of my Body, which seems to you to be the most admirable.

Ir. For when you were with us, you were all over full of Sores.

Mis. But I have since made Use of a very friendly Physician.

Ir. Who?

Mis. No other Person but myself, unless you think any Body is more friendly to me, than I am to myself.

Ir. But I never knew you understood Physick before.

Mis. Why all that Dress was nothing but a Cheat I had daub'd on with Paints, Frankincense, Brimstone, Rosin, Bird-lime, and Clouts dipp'd in Blood; and what I put on, when I pleas'd I took off again.

Ir. O Impostor! Nothing appear'd more miserable than you were. You might have acted the Part of *Job* in a Tragedy.

Mis. My Necessity made me do it, though Fortune sometimes is apt to change the Skin too.

Ir. Well then, tell me of your Fortune. Have you found a Treasure?

Mis. No; but I have found out a Way of getting Money that's a little better than yours.

Ir. What could you get Money out of, that had no Stock?

Mis. An Artist will live any where.

Ir. I understand you now, you mean the Art of picking Pockets.

Mis. Not so hard upon me, I pray; I mean the Art of Chymistry.

Ir. Why 'tis scarce above a Fortnight, since you went away from us, and have you in that Time learn'd an Art, that others can hardly learn in many Years?

Mis. But I have got a shorter Way.

Ir. Prithee, what Way?

Mis. When I had gotten almost four Guineas by your Art, I happened, as good Luck would have it, to fall into the Company of an old Companion of mine, who had manag'd his Matters in the World no better than I had done. We went to drink together; he began, as the common Custom is, to tell of his Adventures. I made a Bargain with him to pay his Reckoning, upon Condition that he should faithfully teach me his Art. He taught it me very honestly, and now 'tis my Livelihood.

Ir. Mayn't a Body learn it?

Mis. I'll teach it you for nothing, for old Acquaintance Sake. You know, that there are every where a great many that are very fond of this Art.

Ir. I have heard so, and I believe it is true.

Mis. I take all Opportunities of insinuating myself into their Acquaintance, and talk big of my Art, and where-ever I find an hungry Sea-Cob, I throw him out a Bait.

Ir. How do you do that?

Mis. I caution him by all Means, not rashly to trust Men of that Profession, for that they are most of them Cheats,

that by their *hocus pocus* Tricks, pick the Pockets of those that are not cautious.

Ir. That Prologue is not fit for your Business.

Mis. Nay, I add this further, that I would not have them believe me myself, unless they saw the Matter plainly with their own Eyes, and felt it with their Hands.

Ir. You speak of a wonderful Confidence you have in your Art.

Mis. I bid them be present all the While the Metamorphosis is under the Operation, and to look on very attentively, and that they may have the less Reason to doubt, to perform the whole Operation with their own Hands, while I stand at a Distance, and don't so much as put my Finger to it. I put them to refine the melted Matter themselves, or carry it to the Refiners to be done; I tell them beforehand, how much Silver or Gold it will afford: And in the last Place, I bid them carry the melted Mass to several Goldsmiths, to have it try'd by the Touchstone. They find the exact Weight that I told them; they find it to be the finest Gold or Silver, it is all one to me which it is, except that the Experiment in Silver is the less chargeable to me.

Ir. But has your Art no Cheat in it?

Mis. It is a mere Cheat all over.

Ir. I can't see where the Cheat lies.

Mis. I'll make you see it presently. I first make a Bargain for my Reward, but I won't be paid before I have given a Proof of the Thing itself: I give them a little Powder, as though the whole Business was effected by the Virtue of that; but I never tell them how to make it, except they purchase it at a very great Price. And I make them take an Oath, that for six Months they shall not discover the Secret to any Body living.

Ir. But I han't heard the Cheat yet.

Mis. The whole Mystery lies in one Coal, that I have prepared for this Purpose. I make a Coal hollow, and into it I pour melted Silver, to the Quantity I tell them before-Hand will be produc'd. And after the Powder is put in, I

set the Pot in such a Manner, that it is cover'd all over, above, beneath, and Sides, with Coals, and I persuade them, that the Art consists in that; among those Coals that are laid at Top, I put in one that has the Silver or Gold in it, that being melted by the Heat of the Fire, falls down among the other Metal, which melts, as suppose Tin or Brass, and upon the Separation, it is found and taken out.

Ir. A ready Way; but, how do you manage the Fallacy, when another does it all with his own Hands?

Mis. When he has done every Thing, according to my Direction, before the Crucible is stirr'd, I come and look about, to see if nothing has been omitted, and then I say, that there seems to want a Coal or two at the Top, and pretending to take one out of the Coal-Heap, I privately lay on one of my own, or have laid it there ready before-Hand, which I can take, and no Body know any Thing of the Matter.

Ir. But when they try to do this without you, and it does not succeed, what Excuse have you to make?

Mis. I'm safe enough when I have got my Money. I pretend one Thing or other, either that the Crucible was crack'd, or the Coals naught, or the Fire not well tempered. And in the last Place, one Part of the Mystery of my Profession is, never to stay long in the same Place.

Ir. And is there so much Profit in this Art as to maintain you?

Mis. Yes, and nobly too: And I would have you, for the future, if you are wise, leave off that wretched Trade of Begging, and follow ours.

Ir. Nay, I should rather chuse to bring you back to our Trade.

Mis. What, that I should voluntarily return again to that I have escap'd from, and forsake that which I have found profitable?

Ir. This Profession of ours has this Property in it, that it grows pleasant by Custom. And thence it is, that tho' many have fallen off from the Order of St. *Francis* or St. *Benedict*,

did you ever know any that had been long in our Order, quit it? For you could scarce taste the Sweetness of Beggary in so few Months as you follow'd it.

Mis. That little Taste I had of it taught me, that it was the most wretched Life in Nature.

Ir. Why does no Body quit it then?

Mis. Perhaps, because they are naturally wretched.

Ir. I would not change this Wretchedness, for the Fortune of a King. For there is nothing more like a King, than the Life of a Beggar.

Mis. What strange Story do I hear? Is nothing more like Snow than a Coal?

Ir. Wherein consists the greatest Happiness of Kings?

Mis. Because in that they can do what they please.

Ir. As for that Liberty, than which nothing is sweeter, we have more of it than any King upon Earth; and I don't doubt, but there are many Kings that envy us Beggars. Let there be War or Peace we live secure, we are not press'd for Soldiers, nor put upon Parish-Offices, nor taxed. When the People are loaded with Taxes, there's no Scrutiny into our Way of Living. If we commit any Thing that is illegal, who will sue a Beggar? If we beat a Man, he will be asham'd to fight with a Beggar? Kings can't live at Ease neither in War or in Peace, and the greater they are, the greater are their Fears. The common People are afraid to offend us, out of a certain Sort of Reverence, as being consecrated to God.

Mis. But then, how nasty are ye in your Rags and Kennels?

Ir. What do they signify to real Happiness. Those Things you speak of are out of a Man. We owe our Happiness to these Rags.

Mis. But I am afraid a good Part of your Happiness will fail you in a short Time.

Ir. How so?

Mis. Because I have heard a Talk in the Cities, that there will be a Law, that Mendicants shan't be allow'd to stroll

about at their Pleasure, but every City shall maintain its own Poor; and that they that are able shall be made to work.

Ir. What Reason have they for this?

Mis. Because they find great Rogueries committed under Pretence of Begging, and that there are great Inconveniencies arise to the Publick from your Order.

Ir. Ay, I have heard these Stories Time after Time, and they'll bring it about when the Devil's blind.

Mis. Perhaps sooner than you'd have it.

The FABULOUS FEAST.

The ARGUMENT.

The fabulous Feast contains various Stories and pleasant Tales. Maccus *puts a Trick upon a Shoemaker. A Fruiterer is put upon about her Figs. A very clever Cheat of a Priest, in relation to Money.* Lewis *the Eleventh, King of* France, *eats some of a Country-Man's Turnips, and gives him* 1000 *Crowns for an extraordinary large one that he made a Present of to him. A certain Man takes a Louse off of the King's Garment, and the King gives him* 40 *Crowns for it. The Courtiers are trick'd. One asks for an Office, or some publick Employment. To deny a Kindness presently, is to bestow a Benefit.* Maximilian *was very merciful to his Debtors. An old Priest Cheats an Usurer.* Anthony *salutes one upon letting a Fart, saying the Backside was the cleanest Part of the Body.*

POLYMYTHUS, GELASINUS, EUTRAPELUS, ASTÆUS, PHILYTHLUS, PHILOGELOS, EUGLOTTUS, LEROCHARES, ADOLESCHES, LEVINUS.

POL. As it is unfitting for a well order'd City to be without Laws and without a Governor; so neither ought a Feast to be without Orders and a President.

Ge. If I may speak for the rest, I like it very well.

Po. Soho, Sirrah ! bring hither the Dice, the Matter shall be determin'd by their Votes ; he shall be our President that *Jupiter* shall favour. O brave ! *Eutrapelus* has it, the fittest Man that could be chosen, if we had every individual Man of us thrown. There is an usual Proverb, that has more Truth in't than good Latin, *Novus Rex nova Lex*, *New Lords new Laws.* Therefore, King, make thou Laws.

Eut. That this may be a merry and happy Banquet, in the first Place I command, that no Man tell a Story but what is a ridiculous one. He that shall have no Story to tell, shall pay a Groat, to be spent in Wine ; and Stories invented extempore shall be allow'd as legitimate, provided Regard be had to Probability and Decency. If no Body shall want a Story, let those two that tell, the one the pleasantest, and the other the dullest, pay for Wine. Let the Master of the Feast be at no Charge for Wine, but only for the Provisions of the Feast. If any Difference about this Matter shall happen, let *Gelasinus* be Judge. If you agree to these Conditions, let 'em be ratified. He that won't observe the Orders, let him be gone, but with Liberty to come again to a Collation the next Day.

Ge. We give our Votes for the Passing the Bill our King has brought in. But who must tell the first Story ?

Eut. Who should, but the Master of the Feast ?

As. But, Mr. King, may I have the liberty to speak three Words ?

Eut. What, do you take the Feast to be an unlucky one ?

As. The Lawyers deny that to be Law that is not just.

Eut. I grant it.

As. Your Law makes the best and worst Stories equal.

Eut. Where Diversion is the Thing aim'd at, there he deserves as much Commendation who tells the worst, as he that tells the best Story, because it affords as much Merriment ; as amongst Songsters none are admir'd but they that sing very well, or they that sing very ill. Do not more laugh to hear the Cuckoo than to hear the Nightingal ? In this Case Mediocrity is not Praise-worthy.

As. But pray, why must they be punish'd, that carry off the Prize?

Eut. Lest their too great Felicity should expose them to Envy, if they should carry away the Prize, and go Shot-free too.

As. By *Bacchus*, *Minos* himself never made a juster Law.

Phily. Do you make no Order as to the Method of Drinking?

Eut. Having consider'd the Matter, I will follow the Example of *Agesilaus* King of the *Lacedæmonians.*

Phily. What did he do?

Eut. Upon a certain Time, he being by Lot chosen Master of the Feast, when the Marshal of the Hall ask'd him, how much Wine he should set before every Man; If, says he, you have a great Deal of Wine, let every Man have as much as he calls for, but if you're scarce of Wine, give every Man equally alike.

Phily. What did the *Lacedæmonian* mean by that?

Eut. He did this, that it might neither be a drunken Feast, nor a querulous one.

Phily. Why so?

Eut. Because some like to drink plentifully, and some sparingly, and some drink no Wine at all; such an one *Romulus* is said to have been. For if no Body has any Wine but what he asks for, in the first Place no Body is compell'd to drink, and there is no Want to them that love to drink more plentifully. And so it comes to pass that no Body is melancholy at the Table. And again, if of a less quantity of Wine every one has an equal Portion, they that drink moderately have enough; nor can any Body complain in an Equality, and they that would have drank more largely, are contentedly temperate.

Eut. If you like it, this is the Example I would imitate, for I would have this Feast to be a fabulous, but not a drunken one.

Phily. But what did *Romulus* drink then?

Eut. The same that Dogs drink.

Phily. Was not that unbeseeming a King?

Eut. No more than it is unseemly for a King to draw the same Air that Dogs do, unless there is this Difference, that a King does not drink the very same Water that a Dog drank, but a Dog draws in the very same Air that the King breath'd out; and on the contrary, the King draws in the very same Air that the Dog breath'd out. It would have been much more to *Alexander*'s Glory, if he had drank with the Dogs. For there is nothing worse for a King, who has the Care of so many thousand Persons, than Drunkenness. But the Apothegm that *Romulus* very wittily made Use of, shews plainly that he was no Wine-Drinker. For when a certain Person, taking Notice of his abstaining from Wine, said to him, that Wine would be very cheap, if all Men drank as he did; nay, says he, in my Opinion it would be very dear, if all Men drank it as I drink; for I drink as much as I please.

Ge. I wish our *John Botzemus*, the Canon of *Constance*, was here; he'd look like another *Romulus* to us: For he is as abstemious, as he is reported to have been; but nevertheless, he is a good-humoured, facetious Companion.

Po. But come on, if you can, I won't say *drink and blow*, which *Plautus* says is a hard Matter to do, but if you can eat and hear at one and the same Time, which is a very easy Matter, I'll begin the Exercise of telling Stories, and auspiciously. If the Story be not a pleasant one, remember 'tis a *Dutch* one. I suppose some of you have heard of the Name of *Maccus*?

Ge. Yes, he has not been dead long.

Po. He coming once to the City of *Leiden*, and being a Stranger there, had a Mind to make himself taken Notice of for an arch Trick (for that was his Humour); he goes into a Shoemaker's Shop, and salutes him. The Shoemaker, desirous to sell his Ware, asks him what he would buy: *Maccus* setting his Eyes upon a Pair of Boots that hung up there, the Shoemaker ask'd him if he'd buy any Boots; *Maccus* assenting to it, he looks out a Pair that would fit him, and

when he had found 'em brings 'em out very readily, and, as the usual Way is, draws 'em on. *Maccus* being very well fitted with a Pair of Boots, How well, says he, would a Pair of double soal'd Shoes agree with these Boots? The Shoemaker asks him, if he would have a Pair of Shoes too. He assents, a Pair is look'd out presently and put on. *Maccus* commends the Boots, commends the Shoes. The Shoemaker glad in his Mind to hear him talk so, seconds him as he commended 'em, hoping to get a better Price, since the Customer lik'd his Goods so well. And by this Time they were grown a little familiar; then says *Maccus*, Tell me upon your Word, whether it never was your Hap, when you had fitted a Man with Boots and Shoes, as you have me, to have him go away without paying for 'em? No, never in all my Life, says he. But, says *Maccus*, if such a Thing should happen to you, what would you do in the Case? Why, quoth the Shoemaker, I'd run after him. Then says *Maccus*, but are you in Jest or in Earnest? In Earnest, says the other, and I'd do it in Earnest too. Says *Maccus*, I'll try whether you will or no. See I run for the Shoes, and you're to follow me, and out he runs in a Minute; the Shoemaker follows him immediately as fast as ever he could run, crying out, Stop Thief, stop Thief; this Noise brings the People out of their Houses: *Maccus* laughing, hinders them from laying Hold of him by this Device, Don't stop me, says he, we are running a Race for a Wager of a Pot of Ale; and so they all stood still and look'd on, thinking the Shoemaker had craftily made that Out-cry that he might have the Opportunity to get before him. At last the Shoemaker, being tir'd with running, gives out, and goes sweating, puffing and blowing Home again: So *Maccus* got the Prize.

Ge. *Maccus* indeed escap'd the Shoemaker, but did not escape the Thief.

Po. Why so?

Ge. Because he carried the Thief along with him.

Po. Perhaps he might not have Money at that Time, but paid for 'em afterwards.

Ge. He might have indicted him for a Robbery.

Po. That was attempted afterwards, but now the Magistrates knew *Maccus*.

Ge. What did *Maccus* say for himself?

Po. Do you ask what he said for himself, in so good a Cause as this? The Plaintiff was in more Danger than the Defendant.

Ge. How so?

Po. Because he arrested him in an Action of Defamation, and prosecuted him upon the Statute of *Rheims*, which says, that he that charges a Man with what he can't prove, shall suffer the Penalty, which the Defendant was to suffer if he had been convicted. He deny'd that he had meddled with another Man's Goods without his Leave, but that he put 'em upon him, and that there was no Mention made of any Thing of a Price; but that he challeng'd the Shoemaker to run for a Wager, and that he accepted the Challenge, and that he had no Reason to complain because he had out-run him.

Ge. This Action was pretty much like that of the Shadow of the Ass. Well, but what then?

Po. When they had had laughing enough at the Matter, one of the Judges invites *Maccus* to Supper, and paid the Shoemaker his Money. Just such another Thing happen'd at *Daventer*, when I was a Boy. It was at a Time when 'tis the Fishmonger's Fair, and the Butchers Time to be starv'd. A certain Man stood at a Fruiterer's Stall, or Oporopolist's, if you'd have it in *Greek*. The Woman was a very fat Woman, and he star'd very hard upon the Ware she had to sell. She, according as the Custom is, invites him to have what he had a Mind to; and perceiving he set his Eyes upon some Figs, Would you please to have Figs, says she? they are very fine ones. He gives her a Nod. She asks him how many Pound, Would you have five Pound says she? He nods again; she turns him five Pound into his Apron. While she is laying by her Scales, he walks off, not in any great haste, but very gravely. When she comes out to take her Money, her Chap was gone; she follows him, making more

Noise than Haste after him. He, taking no Notice, goes on; at last a great many getting together at the Woman's Outcry, he stands still, pleads his Cause in the midst of the Multitude: there was very good Sport, he denies that he bought any Figs of her, but that she gave 'em him freely; if she had a Mind to have a Trial for it, he would put in an Appearance.

Ge. Well, I'll tell you a Story not much unlike yours, nor perhaps not much inferior to it, saving it has not so celebrated an Author as *Maccus*. *Pythagoras* divided the Market into three Sorts of Persons, those that went thither to sell, those that went thither to buy; both these Sorts were a careful Sort of People, and therefore unhappy: others came to see what was there to be sold, and what was done; these only were the happy People, because being free from Care, they took their Pleasure freely. And this he said was the Manner that a Philosopher convers'd in this World, as they do in a Market. But there is a fourth Kind of Persons that walk about in our Markets, who neither buy nor sell, nor are idle Spectators of what others do, but lie upon the Catch to steal what they can. And of this last Sort there are some that are wonderful dextrous. You would swear they were born under a lucky Planet. Our Entertainer gave us a Tale with an Epilogue, I'll give you one with a Prologue to it. Now you shall hear what happen'd lately at *Antwerp*. An old Priest had receiv'd there a pretty handsome Sum of Money, but it was in Silver. A Sharper has his Eye upon him; he goes to the Priest, who had put his Money in a large Bag in his Cassock, where it boug'd out; he salutes him very civilly, and tells him that he had Orders to buy a Surplice, which is the chief Vestment us'd in performing Divine Service, for the Priest of his Parish; he intreats him to lend him a little Assistance in this Matter, and to go with him to those that sell such Attire, that he might fit one according to his Size, because he was much about the same Stature with the Parson of his Parish. This being but a small Kindness, the old Priest promises to do it very readily.

They go to a certain Shop, a Surplice is shew'd 'em, the old Priest puts it on, the Seller says, it fits him as exactly as if made for him ; the Sharper viewing the old Priest before and behind, likes the Surplice very well, but only found Fault that it was too short before. The Seller, lest he should lose his Customer, says, that was not the Fault of the Surplice, but that the Bag of Money that stuck out, made it look shorter there. To be short, the old Priest lays his Bag down ; then they view it over again, and while the old Priest stands with his Back towards it, the Sharper catches it up, and runs away as fast as he could : The Priest runs after him in the Surplice as he was, and the Shop-Keeper after the Priest ; the old Priest cries out, Stop Thief ; the Salesman cries out, Stop the Priest ; the Sharper cries out, Stop the mad Priest ; and they took him to be mad, when they saw him run in the open Street in such a Dress : so one hindring the other, the Sharper gets clear off.

Eut. Hanging is too good for such a Rogue.

Ge. It is so, if he be not hang'd already.

Eut. I would not have him hang'd only, but all those that encourage such monstrous Rogues to the Damage of the State.

Ge. They don't encourage 'em for nothing ; there's a fellow Feeling between 'em from the lowest to the highest.

Eut. Well, but let us return to our Stories again.

Ast. It comes to your Turn now, if it be meet to oblige a King to keep his Turn.

Eut. I won't need to be forc'd to keep my Turn, I'll keep it voluntarily ; I should be a Tyrant and not a King, if I refus'd to comply with those Laws I prescribe to others.

Ast. But some Folks say, that a Prince is above the Law.

Eut. That saying is not altogether false, if by Prince you mean that great Prince who was call'd *Cæsar* ; and then, if by being above the Law, you mean, that whereas others do in some Measure keep the Laws by Constraint, he of his own Inclination more exactly observes them. For a good Prince is that to the Body Politick, which the Mind is to

the Body Natural. What Need was there to have said a good Prince, when a bad Prince is no Prince? As an unclean Spirit that possesses the human Body, is not the Soul of that Body. But to return to my Story; and I think that as I am King, it becomes me to tell a kingly Story. *Lewis* King of *France*, the Eleventh of that Name, when his Affairs were disturb'd at Home, took a Journey to *Burgundy*; and there upon the Occasion of a Hunting, contracted a Familiarity with one *Conon*, a Country Farmer, but a plain downright honest Man; and Kings delight in the Conversation of such Men. The King, when he went a hunting, us'd often to go to his House; and as great Princes do sometimes delight themselves with mean Matters, he us'd to be mightily pleas'd in eating of his Turnips. Not long after, *Lewis* having settled his Affairs, obtain'd the Government of the *French* Nation; *Conon*'s Wife puts him upon remembring the King of his old Entertainment at their House, bids him go to him, and make him a Present of some rare Turnips. *Conon* at first would not hear of it, saying he should lose his Labour, for that Princes took no Notice of such small Matters; but his Wife over-persuaded him. *Conon* picks out a Parcel of choice Turnips, and gets ready for his Journey; but growing hungry by the Way, eats 'em all up but one very large one. When *Conon* had got Admission into the Hall that the King was to pass thro', the King knew him presently, and sent for him; and he with a great Deal of Chearfulness offers his Present, and the King with as much Readiness of Mind receives it, commanding one that stood near him to lay it up very carefully among his greatest Rarities. He commands *Conon* to dine with him, and after Dinner thanks him; and *Conon* being desirous to go back into his own Country, the King orders him 1000 Crowns for his Turnip. When the Report of this Thing, as it is common, was spread abroad thro' the King's Houshold-Servants, one of the Courtiers presents the King with a very fine Horse; the King knowing that it was his Liberality to *Conon* that had put him upon this, he hoping to make a great Advantage by it, he accepted it with a great

Deal of Pleasure, and calling a Council of his Nobles, began to debate, with what Present he should make a Recompence for so fine and valuable a Horse. In the mean Time the Giver of the Horse began to be flushed with Expectation, thinking thus with himself; If he made such a Recompence for a poor Turnip offer'd him by a Country Farmer, how much more magnificently will he requite the Present of so fine a Horse by a Courtier? When one answer'd one Thing, and another another to the King that was consulting about it, as a Matter of great Moment, and the designing Courtier had been for a long Time kept in Fools Paradise; At Length, says the King, it's just now come into my Mind what Return to make him, and calling one of his Noblemen to him, whispers him in the Ear, bids him go fetch him what he found in his Bedchamber (telling him the Place where it lay) choicely wrap'd up in Silk; the Turnip is brought, and the King with his own Hand gives it the Courtier, wrap'd up as it was, saying that he thought he had richly requited the Present of the Horse by so choice a Rarity, as had cost him 1000 Crowns. The Courtier going away, and taking off the Covering, did not find a *Coal instead of a Treasure,* according to the old Proverb, but a dry Turnip: and so the Biter was bitten, and soundly laugh'd at by every Body into the Bargain.

As. But, Mr. King, if you'll please to permit me, who am but a Peasant, to speak of regal Matters, I'll tell you something that comes into my Mind, by hearing your Story, concerning the same *Lewis.* For as one Link of a Chain draws on another, so one Story draws on another. A certain Servant seeing a Louse crawling upon the King's Coat, falling upon his Knees and lifting up his Hand, gives Notice, that he had a Mind to do some Sort of Service; *Lewis* offering himself to him, he takes off the Louse, and threw it away privately; the King asks him what it was; he seem'd ashamed to tell him, but the King urging him, he confess'd it was a Louse: That's a very good Sign, says he, for it shews me to be a Man, because this Sort of Vermin particularly haunts Mankind, especially while they are young; and order'd him

a Present of 40 Crowns for his good Service. Some Time after, another Person (who had seen how well he came off that had perform'd so small a Service) not considering that there is a great Difference between doing a Thing sincerely, and doing it craftily, approached the King with the like Gesture; and he offering himself to him, he made a Shew of taking something off his Garment, which he presently threw away. But when the King was urgent upon him, seeming unwilling to tell what it was, mimicking Abundance of Modesty, he at last told him it was a Flea; the King perceiving the Fraud, says to him, What do you make a Dog of me? and orders him to be taken away, and instead of 40 Crowns orders him 40 Stripes.

Phily. I hear it's no good jesting with Kings; for as Lions will sometimes stand still to be stroaked, are Lions again when they please, and kill their Play-Fellow; just so Princes play with Men. But I'll tell you a Story not much unlike yours: not to go off from *Lewis*, who us'd to take a Pleasure in tricking Tricksters. He had receiv'd a Present of ten thousand Crowns from some Place, and as often as the Courtiers know the King has gotten any fresh Money, all the Officers are presently upon the Hunt to catch some Part of it; this *Lewis* knew very well, this Money being pour'd out upon a Table, he, to raise all their Expectations, thus bespeaks them; What say you, am not I a very rich King? Where shall I bestow all this Money? It was presented to me, and I think it is meet I should make Presents of it again. Where are all my Friends, to whom I am indebted for their good Services? Now let 'em come before this Money's gone. At that Word a great many came running; every Body hop'd to get some of it. The King taking Notice of one that look'd very wishfully upon it, and as if he would devour it with his Eyes, turning to him, says, Well, Friend, what have you to say? He inform'd the King, that he had for a long Time very faithfully kept the King's Hawks, and been at a great Expence thereby. One told him one Thing, another another, every one setting out his Service to the

best Advantage, and ever and anon lying into the Bargain. The King heard 'em all very patiently, and approv'd of what they said. This Consultation held a long Time, that he might teaze them the more, by keeping them betwixt Hope and Despair. Among the rest stood the Great Chancellor, for the King had order'd him to be sent for too ; he, being wiser than the rest, says never a Word of his own good Services, but was only a Spectator of the Comedy. At Length the King turning toward him, says, Well, what says my Chancellor to the Matter ? He is the only Man that asks nothing, and says never a Word of his good Services. I, says the Chancellor, have receiv'd more already from your royal Bounty, than I have deserved. I am so far from craving more, that I am not desirous of any Thing so much, as to behave myself worthy of the royal Bounty I have receiv'd. Then, says the King, you are the only Man of 'em all that does not want Money. Says the Chancellor, I must thank your Bounty that I don't. Then he turns to the others, and says, I am the most magnificent Prince in the World, that have such a wealthy Chancellor. This more inflam'd all their Expectations, that the Money would be distributed among them, since he desired none of it. When the King had play'd upon 'em after this Manner a pretty While, he made the Chancellor take it all up, and carry it Home ; then turning to the rest, who now look'd a little dull upon it, says he, You must stay till the next Opportunity.

Philog. Perhaps that I'm going to tell you, will not seem so entertaining. However, I entreat you that you would not be suspicious, that I use any Deceit or Collusion, or think that I have a Design to desire to be excus'd. One came to the same *Lewis*, with a Petition that he would bestow upon him an Office that happen'd to be vacant in the Town where he liv'd. The King hearing the Petition read, answers immediately, you shall not have it ; by that Means putting him out of any future Expectation ; the Petitioner immediately returns the King Thanks, and goes his Way. The King observing the Man's Countenance, perceiv'd he

was no Blockhead, and thinking perhaps he might have misunderstood what he said, bids him be call'd back again. He came back; then says the King; Did you understand what I said to you? I did understand you, quoth he: Why, what did I say? That I should not have it, said he. What did you thank me for then? Why, says he, I have some Business to do at Home, and therefore it would have been a Trouble to me to have here danc'd Attendance after a doubtful Hope; now, I look upon it a Benefit that you have denied me the Office quickly, and so I count myself to have gain'd whatsoever I should have lost by Attendance upon it, and gone without it at last. By this Answer, the King seeing the Man to be no Blockhead, having ask'd him a few Questions, says he, You shall have what you ask'd for, that you may thank me twice, and turning to his Officers; Let, says he, Letters patent be made out for this Man without Delay, that he may not be detain'd here to his Detriment.

Eugl. I could tell you a Story of *Lewis*, but I had rather tell one of our *Maximilian*, who as he was far from hiding his Money in the Ground, so he was very generous to those that had spent their Estates, if they were nobly descended. He being minded to assist a young Gentleman, that had fallen under these Circumstances, sent him on an Embassy to demand an hundred thousand Florins of a certain City, but I know not upon what Account. But this was the Condition of it, that if he by his Dexterity could make any more of it, it should be his own. The Embassador extorted fifty thousand from 'em, and gave *Caesar* thirty of 'em. *Caesar* being glad to receive more than he expected, dismisses the Man without asking any Questions. In the mean Time the Treasurer and Receivers smelt the Matter, that he had receiv'd more than he had paid in; they importune *Caesar* to send for him; he being sent for, comes immediately: Says *Maximilian*, I hear you have receiv'd fifty thousand. He confess'd it. But you have paid in but thirty thousand. He confess'd that too. Says he, You must give an Account of it. He promis'd he would do it, and went away. But

again he doing nothing in it, the Officers pressing the Matter, he was call'd again; then says *Caesar* to him, A little While ago, you were order'd to make up the Account. Says he, I remember it, and am ready to do it. *Caesar*, imagining that he had not settled it, let him go again; but he thus eluding the Matter, the Officers insisted more pressingly upon it, crying out, it was a great Affront to play upon *Caesar* at this Rate. They persuaded the King to send for him, and make him balance the Account before them. *Caesar* agrees to it, he is sent for, comes immediately, and does not refuse to do any Thing. Then says *Caesar*, Did not you promise to balance the Account? Yes, said he. Well, says he, you must do it here; here are some to take your Account; it must be put off no longer. The Officers sat by, with Books ready for the Purpose. The young Man being come to this Pinch, replies very smartly; Most invincible *Caesar*, I don't refuse to give an Account, but am not very well skilled in these Sort of Accounts, never having given any; but these that sit here are very ready at such Accounts. If I do but once see how they make up such Accounts, I can very easily imitate them. I entreat you to command them but to shew me an Example, and they shall see I am very docible. *Caesar* perceived what he meant, but they, upon whom it was spoken did not, and smiling, answered him, you say true, and what you demand is nothing but what is reasonable: And so dismissed the young Man. For he intimated that they used to bring in such Accounts to *Caesar* as he had, that is, to keep a good Part of the Money to themselves.

Le. Now 'tis Time that our Story-telling should pass, as they say, from better to worse, from Kings to *Anthony*, a Priest of *Louvain*, who was much in Favour with *Philip*, surnamed *the Good*: there are a great many Things told of this Man, both merrily said, and wittily done, but most of them are something slovenly. For he used to season many of his Jokes with a Sort of Perfume that has not a handsome Sound, but a worse Scent. I'll pick out one of the

cleanest of 'em. He had given an Invitation to one or two merry Fellows that he had met with by Chance as he went along; and when he comes Home, he finds a cold Kitchen; nor had he any Money in his Pocket, which was no new Thing with him; here was but little Time for Consultation. Away he goes, and says nothing, but going into the Kitchen of a certain Usurer (that was an intimate Acquaintance, by Reason of frequent Dealings with him) when the Maid was gone out of the Way, he makes off with one of the Brass Pots, with the Meat ready boiled, under his Coat, carries it Home, gives it his Cook-Maid, and bids her pour out the Meat and Broth into another Earthen Pot, and rub the Usurer's Brass one till it was bright. Having done this, he sends his Boy to the Pawn-Broker to borrow two Groats upon it, but charges him to take a Note, that should be a Testimonial, that such a Pot had been sent him. The Pawn-Broker not knowing the Pot being scour'd so bright, takes the Pawn, gives him a Note, and lays him down the Money, and with that Money the Boy buys Wine, and so he provided an Entertainment for him. By and by, when the Pawn-Broker's Dinner was going to be taken up, the Pot was missing. He scolds at the Cook-Maid; she being put hardly to it, affirmed no Body had been in the Kitchen all that Day but *Anthony*. It seem'd an ill Thing to suspect a Priest. But however at last they went to him, search'd the House for the Pot, but no Pot was found. But in short, they charg'd him Home with the Pot, because he was the only Person who had been in the Kitchen till the Pot was missing. He confess'd that he had borrow'd a Pot, but that he had sent it Home again to him from whom he had it. But they denying it stiffly, and high Words arising, *Anthony* calling some Witnesses, Look you, quoth he, how dangerous a Thing it is to have to do with Men now-a-Days, without a Note under their Hands: I should have been in Danger of being indicted for Felony, if I had not had the Pawn-Broker's own Hand to shew. And with that he produces the Note of his Hand. They perceiv'd the Trick, and it

made good Sport all the Country over, that the Pawn-Broker had lent Money upon his own Porridge-Pot. Men are commonly very well pleas'd with such Tricks, when they are put upon such as they have no good Opinion of, especially such as use to impose upon other Persons.

Adol. In Truth, by mentioning the Name of *Anthony*, you have laid open an Ocean of merry Stories ; but I'll tell but one, and a short one too, that was told me very lately. A certain Company of jolly Fellows, who are for a short Life, and a merry one, as they call it, were making merry together ; among the rest there was one *Anthony*, and another Person, a noted Fellow for an arch Trick, a second *Anthony*. And as 'tis the Custom of Philosophers, when they meet together to propound some Questions or other about the Things of Nature, so in this Company a Question was propos'd ; Which was the most honourable Part of a Man? One said the Eyes, another said the Heart, another said the Brain, and others said other Parts ; and every one alleg'd some Reason for his Assertion. *Anthony* was bid to speak his Mind, and he gave his Opinion that the Mouth was the most honourable, and gave some Reason for't, I can't tell what. Upon that the other Person, that he might thwart *Anthony*, made Answer that that was the most honourable Part that we sit upon ; and when every one cry'd out, that was absurd, he back'd it with this Reason, that he was commonly accounted the most honourable that was first seated, and that this Honour was commonly done to the Part that he spoke of. They applauded his Opinion, and laughed heartily at it. The Man was mightily pleas'd with his Wit, and *Anthony* seem'd to have the worst on't. *Anthony* turn'd the Matter off very well, saying that he had given the prime Honour to the Mouth for no other Reason, but because he knew that the other Man would name some other Part, if it were but out of Envy to thwart him : A few Days after, when they were both invited again to an Entertainment, *Anthony* going in, finds his Antagonist, talking with some other Persons, while Supper was getting ready, and turning

his Arse towards him, lets a great Fart full in his Face. He being in a violent Passion, says to him, Out, you saucy Fellow, where was you drag'd up? *At Hogs Norton?* Then says *Anthony*, What, are you angry? If I had saluted you with my Mouth, you would have answer'd me again; but now I salute you with the most honourable Part of the Body, in your own Opinion, you call me saucy Fellow. And so *Anthony* regain'd the Reputation he had lost. We have every one told our Tale. Now, Mr. Judge, it is your Business to pass Sentence.

Ge. Well, I'll do that, but not before every Man has taken off his Glass, and I'll lead the Way. But *talk of the Devil and he'll appear.*

Po. Levinus Panagathus brings no bad Luck along with him.

Lev. Well, pray what Diversion has there been among this merry Company?

Po. What should we do but tell merry Stories till you come?

Lev. Well then, I'm come to conclude the Meeting. I desire you all to come to Morrow to eat a Theological Dinner with me.

Ge. You tell us of a melancholy Entertainment indeed.

Lev. That will appear. If you don't confess that it has been more entertaining than your fabulous one, I'll be content to be amerc'd a Supper; there is nothing more diverting than to treat of Trifles in a serious Manner.

The LYING-IN WOMAN.

The ARGUMENT.

A Lying-in Woman had rather have a Boy than a Girl. Custom is a grievous Tyrant. A Woman argues that she is as good as her Husband. The Dignity of 'em both are compared. The Tongue is a Woman's best Weapon. The Mother herself ought to be the Nurse. She is not the Mother that bears the Child, but she that nurses it. The very Beasts themselves suckle their own Young. The Nurse's Milk corrupts oftentimes both the Genius and natural Constitution of the Infant. The Souls of some Persons inhabit Bodies ill organized. Cato *judges it the principal Part of Felicity, to dwell happily. She is scarce half a Mother that refuses to bring up what she has brought forth. A Mother is so called from* μὴ τηρεῖν. *And in short, besides the Knowledge of a great many Things in Nature, here are many that occur in Morality.*

EUTRAPELUS, FABULLA.

EU. Honest *Fabulla,* I am glad to see you; I wish you well.

Fa. I wish you well heartily, *Eutrapelus.* But what's the Matter more than ordinary, that you that come so seldom to see me, are come now? None of our Family has seen you this three Years.

Eu. I'll tell you, as I chanced to go by the Door, I saw the Knocker (called a Crow) tied up in a white Cloth, I wondered what was the Matter.

Fa. What! are you such a Stranger in this Country, as not to know that that's a Token of a lying-in Woman in that House?

Eu. Why, pray is it not a strange Sight to see a white Crow? But without jesting, I did know very well what was the Matter; but I could not dream, that you that are scarce sixteen, should learn so early the difficult Art of getting Children, which some can scarce attain before they are thirty.

Fa. As you are *Eutrapelus* by Name, so you are by Nature.

Eu. And so are you too. For *Fabulla* never wants a Fable. And while I was in a Quandary, *Polygamus* came by just in the Nick of Time.

Fa. What he that lately buried his tenth Wife?

Eu. The very same, but I believe you don't know that he goes a courting as hotly as if he had lived all his Days a Batchelor. I ask'd him what was the Matter; he told me that in this House the Body of a Woman had been dissever'd. For what great Crime, says I? says he, If what is commonly reported be true, the Mistress of this House attempted to circumcise her Husband, and with that he went away laughing.

Fa. He's a mere Wag.

Eu. I presently ran in a-Doors to congratulate your safe Delivery.

Fa. Congratulate my safe Delivery if you will, *Eutrapelus*, you may congratulate my happy Delivery, when you shall see him that I have brought forth give a Proof of himself to be an honest Man.

Eu. Indeed, my *Fabulla*, you talk very piously and rationally.

Fa. Nay, I am no Body's *Fabulla* but *Petronius*'s.

Eu. Indeed you bear Children for *Petronius* alone, but you don't live for him alone, I believe. But however, I congratulate you upon this, that you have got a Boy.

Fa. But why do you think it better to have a Boy than a Girl?

Eu. Nay, but rather you *Petronius*'s *Fabulla* (for now I am afraid to call you mine) ought to tell me what Reason you Women have to wish for Boys rather than Girls?

Fa. I don't know what other People's Minds are; at this Time I am glad I have a Boy, because so it pleased God. If it had pleased him best I should have had a Girl, it would have pleased me best too.

Eu. Do you think God has nothing else to do but be a Midwife to Women in Labour?

Fa. Pray, *Eutrapelus*, what should he do else, but preserve by Propagation, what he has founded by Creation?

Eu. What should he do else good Dame? If he were not God, he'd never be able to do what he has to do. *Christiernus* King of *Denmark*, a religious Favourer of the Gospel, is in Exile. *Francis*, King of *France*, is a Sojourner in *Spain*. I can't tell how well he may bear it, but I am sure he is a Man that deserves better Fortune. *Charles* labours with might and main to inlarge the Territories of his Monarchy. And *Ferdinand* is mightily taken up about his Affairs in *Germany*. And the Courtiers every where are almost Famished with Hunger after Money. The very Farmers raise dangerous Commotions, nor are deterred from their Attempts by so many Slaughters of Men, that have been made already. The People are for setting up an Anarchy, and the Church goes to Ruin with dangerous Factions. Christ's seamless Coat is rent asunder on all Sides. God's Vineyard is spoiled by more Boars than one. The Authority of the Clergy with their Tythes, the Dignity of Divines, the Majesty of Monks is in Danger: Confession nods, Vows stagger, the Pope's Constitutions go to decay, the Eucharist is call'd in Question, and Antichrist is expected every Day, and the whole World seems to be in Travail to bring forth I know not what Mischief. In the mean Time the *Turks* overrun all where-e'er they come, and are ready to invade us and lay all waste, if they succeed in what they are about;

and do you ask what God has else to do? I think he should rather see to secure his own Kingdom in Time.

Fa. Perhaps that which Men make the greatest Account of, seems to God of no Moment. But however, if you will, let us let God alone in this Discourse of ours. What is your Reason to think it is happier to bear a Boy than a Girl? It is the Part of a pious Person to think that best which God, who without Controversy is the best Judge, has given.

Eu. And if God should give you but a Cup made of Crystal, would you not give him Thanks for it?

Fa. Yes, I would.

Eu. But what if he should give you one of common Glass, would you give him the like Thanks? But I'm afraid instead of comforting you, by this Discourse, I should make you uneasy.

Fa. Nay, a *Fabulla* can be in no Danger of being hurt by a Fable. I have lain in now almost a Month, and I am strong enough for a Match at Wrestling.

Eu. Why don't you get out of your Bed then?

Fa. The King has forbid me.

Eu. What King?

Fa. Nay a Tyrant rather.

Eu. What Tyrant prithee?

Fa. I'll tell you in one Syllable. Custom *(Mos).*

Eu. Alas! How many Things does that Tyrant exact beyond the Bounds of Equity? But let us go on to talk of our Crystal and our common Glass.

Fa. I believe you judge, that a Male is naturally more excellent and strong than a Female.

Eu. I believe they are.

Fa. That is Mens Opinion. But are Men any Thing longer-liv'd than Women? Are they free from Distempers?

Eu. No, but in the general they are stronger.

Fa. But then they themselves are excell'd by Camels in Strength.

Eu. But besides, the Male was created first.

Fa. So was *Adam* before *Christ.* Artists use to be most exquisite in their later Performances.

Eu. But God put the Woman under Subjection to the Man.

Fa. It does not follow of Consequence, that he is the better because he commands, he subjects her as a Wife, and not purely as a Woman ; and besides that he so puts the Wife under Subjection, that tho' they have each of them Power over the other, he will have the Woman to be obedient to the Man, not as to the more excellent, but to the more fierce Person. Tell me, *Eutrapelus,* which is the weaker Person, he that yields to another, or he that is yielded to ?

Eu. I'll grant you that, if you will explain to me, what *Paul* meant when he wrote to the *Corinthians,* that *Christ was the Head of the Man, and Man the Head of the Woman* ; and again, when he said, that *a Man was the Image and Glory of God, and a Woman the Glory of the Man.*

Fa. Well ! I'll resolve you that, if you answer me this Question, Whether or no, it is given to Men alone, to be the Members of Christ ?

Eu. God forbid, that is given to all Men and Women too by Faith.

Fa. How comes it about then, that when there is but one Head, it should not be common to all the Members ? And besides that, since God made Man in his own Image, whether did he express this Image in the Shape of his Body, or the Endowments of his Mind ?

Eu. In the Endowments of his Mind.

Fa. Well, and I pray what have Men in these more excellent than we have ? In both Sexes, there are many Drunkennesses, Brawls, Fightings, Murders, Wars, Rapines, and Adulteries.

Eu. But we Men alone fight for our Country.

Fa. And you Men often desert from your Colours, and run away like Cowards ; and it is not always for the Sake of your Country, that you leave your Wives and Children, but for the Sake of a little nasty Pay ; and, worse than Fencers at the Bear-Garden, you deliver up your Bodies to a slavish

Necessity of being killed, or yourselves killing others. And now after all your Boasting of your warlike Prowess, there is none of you all, but if you had once experienced what it is to bring a Child into the World, would rather be placed ten Times in the Front of a Battle, than undergo once what we must so often. An Army does not always fight, and when it does, the whole Army is not always engaged. Such as you are set in the main Body, others are kept for Bodies of Reserve, and some are safely posted in the Rear; and lastly, many save themselves by surrendring, and some by running away. We are obliged to encounter Death, Hand to Hand.

Eu. I have heard these Stories before now; but the Question is, Whether they are true or not?

Fa. Too true.

Eu. Well then, *Fabulla*, would you have me persuade your Husband never to touch you more? For if so, you'll be secure from that Danger.

Fa. In Truth, there is nothing in the World I am more desirious of, if you were able to effect it.

Eu. If I do persuade him to it, what shall I have for my Pains?

Fa. I'll present you with half a Score dry'd Neats-Tongues.

Eu. I had rather have them than the Tongues of ten Nightingales. Well, I don't dislike the Condition, but we won't make the Bargain obligatory, before we have agreed on the Articles.

Fa. And if you please, you may add any other Article.

Eu. That shall be according as you are in the Mind after your Month is up.

Fa. But why not according as I am in the Mind now?

Eu. Why, I'll tell you, because I am afraid you will not be in the same Mind then; and so you would have double Wages to pay, and I double Work to do, of persuading and dissuading him.

Fa. Well, let it be as you will then. But come on, shew me why the Man is better than the Woman.

Eu. I perceive you have a Mind to engage with me in Discourse, but I think it more adviseable to yield to you at this Time. At another Time I'll attack you when I have furnished myself with Arguments; but not without a Second neither. For where the Tongue is the Weapon that decides the Quarrel; seven Men are scarce able to Deal with one Woman.

Fa. Indeed the Tongue is a Woman's Weapon; but you Men are not without it neither.

Eu. Perhaps so, but where is your little Boy?

Fa. In the next Room.

Eu. What is he doing there, cooking the Pot?

Fa. You Trifler, he's with his Nurse.

Eu. What Nurse do you talk of? Has he any Nurse but his Mother?

Fa. Why not? It is the Fashion.

Eu. You quote the worst Author in the World, *Fabulla*, the Fashion; 'tis the Fashion to do amiss, to game, to whore, to cheat, to be drunk, and to play the Rake.

Fa. My Friends would have it so; they were of Opinion I ought to favour myself, being young.

Eu. But if Nature gives Strength to conceive, it doubtless gives Strength to give Suck too.

Fa. That may be.

Eu. Prithee tell me, don't you think Mother is a very pretty Name?

Fa. Yes, I do.

Eu. And if such a Thing were possible, would you endure it, that another Woman should be call'd the Mother of your Child?

Fa. By no Means.

Eu. Why then do you voluntarily make another Woman more than half the Mother of what you have brought into the World?

Fa. O fy! *Eutrapelus*, I don't divide my Son in two, I am intirely his Mother, and no Body in the World else.

Eu. Nay, *Fabulla*, in this Case Nature herself blames you

to your Face. Why is the Earth call'd the Mother of all Things? Is it because she produces only? Nay, much rather, because she nourishes those Things she produces: that which is produced by Water, is fed by Water. There is not a living Creature or a Plant that grows on the Face of the Earth, that the Earth does not feed with its own Moisture. Nor is there any living Creature that does not feed its own Offspring. Owls, Lions, and Vipers, feed their own Young, and does Womankind make her Offspring Offcasts? Pray, what can be more cruel than they are, that turn their Offspring out of Doors for Laziness, not to supply them with Food?

Fa. That you talk of is abominable.

Eu. But Womankind don't abominate it. Is it not a Sort of turning out of Doors, to commit a tender little Infant, yet reaking of the Mother, breathing the very Air of the Mother, imploring the Mother's Aid and Help with its Voice, which they say will affect even a brute Creature, to a Woman perhaps that is neither wholsome in Body, nor honest, who has more Regard to a little Wages, than to your Child?

Fa. But they have made Choice of a wholsome, sound Woman.

Eu. Of this the Doctors are better Judges than yourself. But put the Case, she is as healthful as yourself, and more too; do you think there is no Difference between your little tender Infant's sucking its natural and familiar Milk, and being cherish'd with Warmth it has been accustomed to, and its being forc'd to accustom itself to those of a Stranger? Wheat being sown in a strange Soil, degenerates into Oats or small Wheat. A Vine being transplanted into another Hill, changes its Nature. A Plant when it is pluck'd from its Parent Earth, withers, and as it were dies away, and does in a Manner the same when it is transplanted from its Native Earth.

Fa. Nay, but they say, Plants that have been transplanted and grafted, lose their wild Nature, and produce better Fruit.

Eu. But not as soon as ever they peep out of the Ground,

good Madam. There will come a Time, by the Grace of God, when you will send away your young Son from you out of Doors, to be accomplish'd with Learning and undergo harsh Discipline, and which indeed is rather the Province of the Father than of the Mother. But now its tender Age calls for Indulgence. And besides, whereas the Food, according as it is, contributes much to the Health and Strength of the Body, so more especially it is essential to take Care, with what Milk that little, tender, soft Body be season'd. For *Horace*'s Saying takes Place here. *Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem Testa diu. What is bred in the Bone, will never out of the Flesh.*

Fa. I don't so much concern myself as to his Body, so his Mind be but as I would have it.

Eu. That indeed is piously spoken, but not philosophically.

Fa. Why not?

Eu. Why do you when you shred Herbs, complain your Knife is blunt, and order it to be whetted? Why do you reject a blunt pointed Needle, when that does not deprive you of your Art?

Fa. Art is not wanting, but an unfit Instrument hinders the exerting it.

Eu. Why do they that have much Occasion to use their Eyes, avoid Darnel and Onions?

Fa. Because they hurt the Sight.

Eu. Is it not the Mind that sees?

Fa. It is, for those that are dead see nothing. But what can a Carpenter do with an Ax whose Edge is spoiled?

Eu. Then you do acknowledge the Body is the Organ of the Mind?

Fa. That's plain.

Eu. And you grant that in a vitiated Body the Mind either cannot act at all, or if it does, it is with Inconvenience?

Fa. Very likely.

Eu. Well, I find I have an intelligent Person to deal with; suppose the Soul of a Man was to pass into the Body of a Cock, would it make the same Sound it does now?

Fa. No to be sure.

Eu. What would hinder?

Fa. Because it would want Lips, Teeth, and a Tongue, like to that of a Man. It has neither the Epiglottis, nor the three Cartilages, that are moved by three Muscles, to which Nerves are joined that come from the Brain; nor has it Jaws and Teeth like a Man's.

Eu. What if it should go into the Body of a Swine?

Fa. Then it would grunt like a Swine.

Eu. What if it should pass into the Body of a Camel?

Fa. It would make a Noise like a Camel.

Eu. What if it should pass into the Body of an Ass, as it happened to *Apuleius*?

Fa. Then I think it would bray as an Ass does.

Eu. Indeed he is a Proof of this, who when he had a Mind to call after *Caesar*, having contracted his Lips as much as he possibly could, scarce pronounced O, but could by no Means pronounce *Caesar*. The same Person, when having heard a Story, and that he might not forget it, would have written it, reprehended himself for his foolish Thought, when he beheld his solid Hoofs.

Fa. And he had Cause enough.

Eu. Then it follows that the Soul does not see well thro' purblind Eyes. The Ears hear not clearly when stopped with Filth. The Brain smells not so well when oppressed with Phlegm. And a Member feels not so much when it is benumbed. The Tongue tastes less, when vitiated with ill Humours.

Fa. These Things can't be denied.

Eu. And for no other Cause, but because the Organ is vitiated.

Fa. I believe the same.

Eu. Nor will you deny, I suppose, that sometimes it is vitiated by Food and Drink.

Fa. I'll grant that too, but what signifies that to the Goodness of the Mind?

Eu. As much as Darnel does to a clear Eye-Sight.

Fa. Because it vitiates the Organ.

Eu. Well answer'd. But solve me this Difficulty: Why is it that one understands quicker than another, and has a better Memory; why is one more prone to Anger than another; or is more moderate in his Resentment?

Fa. It proceeds from the Disposition of the Mind.

Eu. That won't do. Whence comes it that one who was formerly of a very ready Wit, and a retentive Memory, becomes afterwards stupid and forgetful, either by a Blow or a Fall, by Sickness or old Age?

Fa. Now you seem to play the Sophister with me.

Eu. Then do you play the Sophistress with me.

Fa. I suppose you would infer, that as the Mind sees and hears by the Eyes and Ears, so by some Organs it also understands, remembers, loves, hates, is provoked and appeas'd?

Eu. Right.

Fa. But pray what are those Organs, and where are they situated?

Eu. As to the Eyes, you see where they are.

Fa. I know well enough where the Ears, and the Nose, and the Palate are; and that the Body is all over sensible of the Touch, unless when some Member is seized with a Numbness.

Eu. When a Foot is cut off, yet the Mind understands.

Fa. It does so, and when a Hand is cut off too.

Eu. A Person that receives a violent Blow on the Temples, or hinder-Part of his Head, falls down like one that is dead, and is unsensible.

Fa. I have sometimes seen that myself.

Eu. Hence it is to be collected, that the Organs of the Will, Understanding, and Memory, are placed within the Skull, being not so crass as the Eyes and Ears, and yet are material, in as much as the most subtile Spirits that we have in the Body are corporeal.

Fa. And can they be vitiated with Meat and Drink too?

Eu. Yes.

Fa. The Brain is a great Way off from the Stomach.

Eu. And so is the Funnel of a Chimney from the Fire-Hearth, yet if you sit upon it you'll feel the Smoke.

Fa. I shan't try that Experiment.

Eu. Well, if you won't believe me, ask the Storks. And so it is of Moment what Spirits, and what Vapours ascend from the Stomach to the Brain, and the Organs of the Mind. For if these are crude or cold they stay in the Stomach.

Fa. Pshaw! You're describing to me an Alembick, in which we distil Simple-Waters.

Eu. You don't guess much amiss. For the Liver, to which the Gall adheres, is the Fire-Place; the Stomach, the Pan; the Scull, the Top of the Still; and if you please, you may call the Nose the Pipe of it. And from this Flux or Reflux of Humours, almost all Manner of Diseases proceed, according as a different Humour falls down after a different Manner, sometimes into the Eyes, sometimes into the Stomach, sometimes into the Shoulders, and sometimes into the Neck, and elsewhere. And that you may understand me the better, why have those that guzzle a great Deal of Wine bad Memories? Why are those that feed upon light Food, not of so heavy a Disposition? Why does Coriander help the Memory? Why does Hellebore purge the Memory? Why does a great Expletion cause an Epilepsy, which at once brings a Stupor upon all the Senses, as in a profound Sleep? In the last Place, as violent Thirst or Want weaken the Strength of Wit or Memory in Boys, so Food eaten immoderately makes Boys dull-headed, if we believe *Aristotle*; in that the Fire of the Mind is extinguish'd by the heaping on too much Matter.

Fa. Why then, is the Mind corporeal, so as to be affected with corporeal Things?

Eu. Indeed the Nature itself of the rational Soul is not corrupted; but the Power and Action of it are impeded by the Organs being vitiated, as the Art of an Artist will stand him in no Stead, if he has not Instruments.

Fa. Of what Bulk, and in what Form is the Mind?

Eu. You ask a ridiculous Question, what Bulk and Form the Mind is of, when you have allow'd it to be incorporeal.

Fa. I mean the Body that is felt.

Eu. Nay, those Bodies that are not to be felt are the most perfect Bodies, as God and the Angels.

Fa. I have heard that God and Angels are Spirits, but we feel the Spirit.

Eu. The Holy Scriptures condescend to those low Expressions, because of the Dullness of Men, to signify a Mind pure from all Commerce of sensible Things.

Fa. Then what is the Difference between an Angel and a Mind?

Eu. The same that is between a Snail and a Cockle, or, if you like the Comparison better, a Tortoise.

Fa. Then the Body is rather the Habitation of the Mind than the Instrument of it.

Eu. There is no Absurdity in calling an adjunct Instrument an Habitation. Philosophers are divided in their Opinions about this. Some call the Body the Garment of the Soul, some the House, some the Instrument, and some the Harmony; call it by which of these you will, it will follow that the Actions of the Mind are impeded by the Affections of the Body. In the first Place, if the Body is to the Mind that which a Garment is to the Body, the Garment of *Hercules* informs us how much a Garment contributes to the Health of the Body, not to take any Notice of Colours of Hairs or of Skins. But as to that Question, whether one and the same Soul is capable of wearing out many Bodies, it shall be left to *Pythagoras*.

Fa. If, according to *Pythagoras*, we could make Use of Change of Bodies, as we do of Apparel, it would be convenient to take a fat Body, and of a thick Texture, in Winter Time, and a thinner and lighter Body in Summer Time.

Eu. But I am of the Opinion, that if we wore out our Body at last as we do our Cloaths; it would not be convenient; for so having worn out many Bodies, the Soul itself would grow old and die.

Fa. It would not truly.

Eu. As the Sort of Garment that is worn hath an Influence on the Health and Agility of the Body, so it is of great Moment what Body the Soul wears.

Fa. If indeed the Body is the Garment of the Soul, I see a great many that are dress'd after a very different Manner.

Eu. Right, and yet some Part of this Matter is in our own Power, how conveniently our Souls shall be cloathed.

Fa. Come, have done with the Garment, and say something concerning the Habitation.

Eu. But, *Fabulla*, that what I say to you mayn't be thought a Fiction, the *Lord Jesus* calls his Body a *Temple*, and the Apostle *Peter* calls his a *Tabernacle.* And there have been some that have call'd the Body the Sepulchre of the Soul, supposing it was call'd σῶμα, as tho' it were σῆμα. Some call it the Prison of the Mind, and some the Fortress or fortify'd Castle. The Minds of Persons that are pure in every Part, dwell in the Temple. They whose Minds are not taken up with the Love of corporeal Things, dwell in a Tent, and are ready to come forth as soon as the Commander calls. The Soul of those that are wholly blinded with Vice and Filthiness, so that they never breathe after the Air of Gospel Liberty, lies in a Sepulchre. But they that wrestle hard with their Vices, and can't yet be able to do what they would do, their Soul dwells in a Prison, whence they frequently cry out to the Deliverer of all, *Bring my Soul out of Prison, that I may praise thy Name, O Lord.* They who fight strenuously with Satan, watching and guarding against his Snares, who goes about as *a roaring Lion, seeking whom he may devour;* their Soul is as it were in a Garison, out of which they must not go without the General's Leave.

Fa. If the Body be the Habitation or House of the Soul, I see a great many whose Mind is very illy seated.

Eu. It is so, that is to say, in Houses where it rains in, that are dark, exposed to all Winds, that are smoaky, damp, decay'd, and ruinous, and such as are filthy and infected:

and yet *Cato* accounts it the principal Happiness of a Man, to dwell handsomly.

Fa. It were tolerable, if there was any passing out of one House into another.

Eu. There's no going out before the Landlord calls out. But tho' we can't go out, yet we may by our Art and Care make the Habitation of our Mind commodious; as in a House the Windows are changed, the Floor taken up, the Walls are either plaistered or wainscotted, and the Situation may be purified with Fire or Perfume. But this is a very hard Matter, in an old Body that is near its Ruin. But it is of great Advantage to the Body of a Child, to take the Care of it that ought to be taken presently after its Birth.

Fa. You would have Mothers and Nurses to be Doctors.

Eu. So indeed I would, as to the Choice and moderate Use of Meat, Drink, Motion, Sleep, Baths, Unctions, Frictions, and Cloathings. How many are there, think you, who are expos'd to grievous Diseases and Vices, as Epilepsies, Leanness, Weakness, Deafness, broken Backs, crooked Limbs, a weak Brain, disturbed Minds, and for no other Reason than that their Nurses have not taken a due Care of them?

Fa. I wonder you are not rather a *Franciscan* than a Painter, who preach so finely.

Eu. When you are a Nun of the Order of St. *Clare*, then I'll be a *Franciscan*, and preach to you.

Fa. In Truth, I would fain know what the Soul is, about which we hear so much, and talk of so often, and no Body has seen.

Eu. Nay, every Body sees it that has Eyes.

Fa. I see Souls painted in the Shape of little Infants, but why do they put Wings to them as they do to Angels?

Eu. Why, because, if we can give any Credit to the Fables of *Socrates*, their Wings were broken by their falling from Heaven.

Fa. How then are they said to fly up to Heaven?

Eu. Because Faith and Charity make their Wings grow again. He that was weary of this House of his Body, begg'd

for these Wings, when he cry'd out, *Who will give me the Wings of a Dove, that I may fly away, and be at rest.* Nor has the Soul any other Wings, being incorporeal, nor any Form that can be beheld by the Eyes of the Body. But those Things that are perceiv'd by the Mind, are more certain. Do you believe the Being of God?

Fa. Yes, I do.

Eu. But nothing is more invisible than God.

Fa. He is seen in the Works of Creation.

Eu. In like Manner the Soul is seen in Action. If you would know how it acts in a living Body, consider a dead Body. When you see a Man Feel, See, Hear, Move, Understand, Remember and Reason, you see the Soul to be in him with more Certainty than you see this Tankard; for one Sense may be deceiv'd, but so many Proofs of the Senses cannot deceive you.

Fa. Well then, if you can't shew me the Soul, paint it out to me, just as you would the King, whom I never did see.

Eu. I have *Aristotle*'s Definition ready for you.

Fa. What is it? for they say he was a very good Decypherer of every Thing.

Eu. The Soul is the Act of an Organical, Physical Body, having Life in Potentia.

Fa. Why does he rather call it an *Act* than a *Journey* or *Way*?

Eu. Here's no Regard either to Coachmen or Horsemen, but a bare Definition of the Soul. And he calls the Form *Act*, the Nature of which is to *act*, when it is the Property of Matter to *suffer*. For all natural Motion of the Body proceeds from the Soul. And the Motion of the Body is various.

Fa. I take that in; but why does he add *of an Organical*?

Eu. Because the Soul does nothing but by the Help of Organs, that is, by the Instruments of the Body.

Fa. Why does he say *Physical*?

Eu. Because *Dædalus* made such a Body to no Purpose; and therefore he adds, *having Life* in Potentia. Form does not act upon every Thing; but upon a Body that is capable.

Fa. What if an Angel should pass into the Body of a Man?

Eu. He would act indeed, but not by the natural Organs, nor would he give Life to the Body if the Soul was absent from it.

Fa. Have I had all the Account that is to be given of the Soul?

Eu. You have *Aristotle*'s Account of it.

Fa. Indeed I have heard he was a very famous Philosopher, and I am afraid that the College of Sages would prefer a Bill of Heresy against me, if I should say any Thing against him; but else all that he has said concerning the Soul of a Man, is as applicable to the Soul of an Ass or an Ox.

Eu. Nay, that's true, or to a Beetle or a Snail.

Fa. What Difference then is there between the Soul of an Ox, and that of a Man?

Eu. They that say the Soul is nothing else but the Harmony of the Qualities of the Body, would confess that there was no great Difference; and that this Harmony being interrupted, the Souls of both of them do perish. The Soul of a Man and an Ox is not distinguished; but that of an Ox has less Knowledge than the Soul of a Man. And there are some Men to be seen that have less Understanding than an Ox.

Fa. In Truth, they have the Mind of an Ox.

Eu. This indeed concerns you, that according to the Quality of your Guittar, your Musick will be the sweeter.

Fa. I own it.

Eu. Nor is it of small Moment of what Wood, and in what Shape your Guittar is made.

Fa. Very true.

Eu. Nor are Fiddle-Strings made of the Guts of every Animal.

Fa. So I have heard.

Eu. They grow slack or tight by the Moisture and Driness of the circumambient Air, and will sometimes break.

Fa. I have seen that more than once.

Eu. On this Account you may do uncommon Service to your little Infant, that his Mind may have an Instrument well tempered, and not vitiated, nor relaxed by Sloth, nor squeaking with Wrath, nor hoarse with intemperate drinking. For Education and Diet oftentimes impress us with these Affections.

Fa. I'll take your Counsel; but I want to hear how you can defend *Aristotle.*

Eu. He indeed in general describes the Soul, Animal, Vegetative, and Sensitive. The Soul gives Life, but every Thing that has Life is not an Animal. For Trees live, grow old, and die; but they have no Sense; tho' some attribute to them a stupid Sort of Sense. In Things that adhere one to another, there is no Sense to be perceived, but it is found in a Sponge by those that pull it off. Hewers discover a Sense in Timber-Trees, if we may believe them: For they say, that if you strike the Trunk of a Tree that you design to hew down, with the Palm of your Hand, as Wood-Mongers use to do, it will be harder to cut that Tree down because it has contracted itself with Fear. But that which has Life and Feeling is an Animal. But nothing hinders that which does not feel, from being a Vegetable, as Mushrooms, Beets, and Coleworts.

Fa. If they have a Sort of Life, a Sort of Sense, and Motion in their growing, what hinders but that they may be honoured with the Title of Animals?

Eu. Why the Antients did not think fit to call them so, and we must not deviate from their Ordinances, nor does it signify much as to what we are upon.

Fa. But I can't bear the Thoughts on't, that the Soul of a Beetle and of a Man should be the same.

Eu. Good Madam, it is not the same, saving in some Respects; your Soul animates, vegetates, and renders your Body sensible; the Soul of the Beetle animates his Body: For that some Things act one Way, and some another, that the Soul of a Man acts differently from the Soul of a Beetle, partly proceeds from the Matter; a Beetle neither sings nor speaks, because it wants Organs fit for these Actions.

Fa. Why then you say, that if the Soul of a Beetle should pass into the Body of a Man, it would act as the human Soul does.

Eu. Nay, I say not, if it were an angelical Soul: And there is no Difference between an Angel and a human Soul, but that the Soul of a Man was formed to act a human Body compos'd of natural Organs; and as the Soul of a Beetle will move nothing but the Body of a Beetle, an Angel was not made to animate a Body, but to be capable to understand without bodily Organs.

Fa. Can the Soul do the same Thing?

Eu. It can indeed, when it is separated from the Body.

Fa. Is it not at its own Disposal, while it is in the Body?

Eu. No indeed, except something happen beside the common Course of Nature.

Fa. In Truth, instead of one Soul you have given me a great many; an animal, a vegetative, a sensitive, an intelligent, a remembring, a willing, an angry, and desiring: One was enough for me.

Eu. There are different Actions of the same Soul, and these have different Names.

Fa. I don't well understand you.

Eu. Well then, I'll make you understand me: You are a Wife in the Bed-Chamber, in your Work-Shop a Weaver of Hangings, in your Warehouse a Seller of them, in your Kitchen a Cook, among your Servants a Mistress, and among your Children a Mother; and yet you are all these in the same House.

Fa. You philosophize very bluntly. Is then the Soul so in the Body as I am in my House?

Eu. It is.

Fa. But while I am weaving in my Work-Shop, I am not cooking in my Kitchen.

Eu. Nor are you all Soul, but a Soul carrying about a Body, and the Body can't be in many Places at the same Time; but the Soul being a simple Form, is so in the whole Body, tho' it does not act the same in all Parts of the Body,

nor after the same Manner, how differently affected soever they are: For it understands and remembers in the Brain, it is angry in the Heart, it lusts in the Liver, it hears with the Ears, sees with the Eyes, smells with the Nose, it tastes in the Palate and Tongue, and feels in all Parts of the Body which are adjoined to any nervous Part: But it does not feel in the Hair, nor the Ends of the Nails; neither do the Lungs feel of themselves, nor the Liver, nor perhaps the Milt neither.

Fa. So that in certain Parts of the Body it only animates and vegetates.

Eu. It should seem so.

Fa. If one and the same Soul does all these Things in one and the same Man, it follows of Consequence, that the *Fœtus* in the Womb of the Mother, both feels and understands, as soon as it begins to grow; which is a Sign of Life, unless a Man in his Formation has more Souls than one, and afterwards the rest giving Place, one acts all. So that at first a Man is a Plant, then an Animal, and lastly a Man.

Eu. Perhaps *Aristotle* would not think what you say absurd: I think it is more probable, that the rational Soul is infus'd with the Life, and that like a little Fire that is buried as it were under too great a Quantity of green Wood, it cannot exert its Power.

Fa. Why then is the Soul bound to the Body that it acts and moves?

Eu. No otherwise than a Tortoise is bound or tied to the Shell that he carries about.

Fa. He does move it indeed; but so at the same Time that he moves himself too, as a Pilot steers a Ship, turning it which Way he will, and is at the same Time mov'd with it.

Eu. Ay, and as a Squirrel turns his Wheel-Cage about, and is himself carried about with it.

Fa. And so the Soul affects the Body, and is affected by the Body.

Eu. Yes indeed, as to its Operations.

Fa. Why then, as to the Nature of it, the Soul of a Fool is equal to the Soul of *Solomon.*

Eu. There's no Absurdity in that.

Fa. And so the Angels are equal, in as much as they are without Matter, which, you say, is that which makes the Inequality.

Eu. We have had Philosophy enough: Let Divines puzzle themselves about these Things; let us discourse of those Matters that were first mentioned. If you would be a compleat Mother, take Care of the Body of your little Infant, so that after the little Fire of the Mind has disengaged itself from the Vapours, it may have sound and fit Organs to make Use of. As often as you hear your Child crying, think this with yourself, he calls for this from me. When you look upon your Breasts, those two little Fountains, turgid, and of their own Accord streaming out a milky Juice, remember Nature puts you in Mind of your Duty: Or else, when your Infant shall begin to speak, and with his pretty Stammering shall call you *Mammy*, How can you hear it without blushing? when you have refus'd to let him have it, and turn'd him off to a hireling Nipple, as if you had committed him to a Goat or a Sheep. When he is able to speak, what if, instead of calling you Mother, he should call you Half-Mother? I suppose you would whip him: Altho' indeed she is scarce Half a Mother that refuses to feed what she has brought into the World. The nourishing of the tender Babe is the best Part of Geniture: For he is not only fed by the Milk, but with the Fragrancy of the Body of the Mother. He requires the same natural, familiar, accustomed Moisture, that he drew in when in her Body, and by which he received his Coalition. And I am of that Opinion, that the Genius of Children are vitiated by the Nature of the Milk they suck, as the Juices of the Earth change the Nature of those Plants and Fruits that it feeds. Do you think there is no Foundation in Reason for this Saying, *He suck'd in this ill Humour with the Nurse's Milk?* Nor do I think the *Greeks* spoke without Reason, when they said *like Nurses*, when they would intimate that any one was starved at Nurse: For they put a little of what they chew into the Child's

Mouth, but the greatest Part goes down their own Throats. And indeed she can hardly properly be said to bear a Child, that throws it away as soon as she has brought it forth ; that is to miscarry, and the *Greek* Etymology of *Μήτηρ* from *μὴ τηρεῖν, i. e.* from not looking after, seems very well to suit such Mothers. For it is a Sort of turning a little Infant out of Doors, to put it to a hireling Nurse, while it is yet warm from the Mother.

Fa. I would come over to your Opinion, unless such a Woman were chosen, against whom there is nothing to be objected.

Eu. Suppose it were of no Moment what Milk the little Infant suck'd, what Spittle it swallow'd with its chew'd Victuals ; and you had such a Nurse, that I question whether there is such an one to be found ; do you think there is any one in the World will go through all the Fatigue of Nursing as the Mother herself ; the Bewrayings, the Sitting up a Nights, the Crying, the Sickness, and the diligent Care in looking after it, which can scarce be enough. If there can be one that loves like the Mother, then she will take Care like a Mother. And besides, this will be the Effect of it, that your Son won't love you so heartily, that native Affection being as it were divided between two Mothers ; nor will you have the same Affection for your Son : So that when he is grown up, he will neither be so obedient to you, nor will you have the same Regard for him, perhaps perceiving in him the Disposition of his Nurse. The principal Step to Advancement in Learning, is the mutual Love between the Teacher and Scholar : So that if he does not lose any Thing of the Fragrancy of his native good Temper, you will with the greater Ease be able to instil into him the Precepts of a good Life. And a Mother can do much in this Matter, in that she has pliable Matter to work upon, that is easy to to be carried any Way.

Fa. I find it is not so easy a Thing to be a Mother, as it is generally looked upon to be.

Eu. If you can't depend upon what I say, St. *Paul*, speak-

ing very plainly of Women, says, *She shall be saved in Child-bearing.*

Fa. Are all the Women saved that bear Children?

Eu. No, he adds, *if she continue in the Faith.* You have not performed the Duty of a Mother before you have first formed the little tender Body of your Son, and after that his Mind, equally soft, by a good Education.

Fa. But it is not in the Power of the Mother that the Children should persevere in Piety.

Eu. Perhaps it may not be; but a careful Admonition is of that Moment, that *Paul* accounts it imputable to Mothers, if the Children degenerate from Piety. But in the last Place, if you do what is in your Power, God will add his Assistance to your Diligence.

Fa. Indeed *Eutrapelus*, your Discourse has persuaded me, if you can but persuade my Parents and my Husband.

Eu. Well, I'll take that upon me, if you will but lend your helping Hand.

Fa. I promise you I will.

Eu. But mayn't a Body see this little Boy?

Fa. Yes, that you may and welcome. Do you hear, *Syrisca*, bid the Nurse bring the Child.

Eu. 'Tis a very pretty Boy. It is a common Saying, there ought to be Grains of Allowance given to the first Essay: But you upon the first Trial have shewn the very highest Pitch of Art.

Fa. Why, it is not a Piece of carved Work, that so much Art should be required.

Eu. That's true; but it is a Piece of cast Work. Well, let that be how it will, it is well performed. I wish you could make as good Figures in the Hangings that you weave.

Fa. But you on the Contrary paint better than you beget.

Eu. It so seems meet to Nature, to act equally by all. How solicitous is Nature, that nothing should be lost! It has represented two Persons in one; here's the Nose and Eyes of the Father, the Forehead and Chin of the Mother

Can you find in your Heart to entrust this dear Pledge to the Fidelity of a Stranger? I think those to be doubly cruel that can find in their Hearts so to do; because in doing so, they do not only do this to the Hazard of the Child; but also of themselves too; because in the Child, the spoiling of the Milk oftentimes brings dangerous Diseases, and so it comes about, that while Care is taken to preserve the Shape of one Body, the Lives of two Bodies are not regarded; and while they provide against old Age coming on too early, they throw themselves into a too early Death. What's the Boy's Name?

Fa. Cornelius.

Eu. That's the Name of his Grand-Father by the Father's Side. I wish he may imitate him in his umblemished Life and good Manners.

Fa. We will do our Endeavour what in us lies. But, hark ye, *Eutrapelus*, here is one Thing I would earnestly entreat of you.

Eu. I am entirely at your Service; command what you will, I will undertake it.

Fa. Well then, I won't discharge you till you have finished the good Service that you have begun.

Eu. What's that?

Fa. First of all, to give me Instructions how I may manage my Infant, as to his Health, and when he is grown up, how I may form his Mind with pious Principles.

Eu. That I will readily do another Time, according to my Ability; but that must be at our next Conversation: I will now go and prevail upon your Husband and Parents.

Fa. I wish you may succeed.

END OF VOL. I.

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